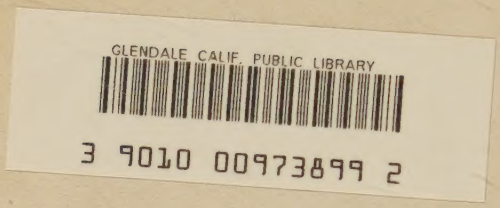

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H. L. VAN WINKLE
Secretary

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Editor

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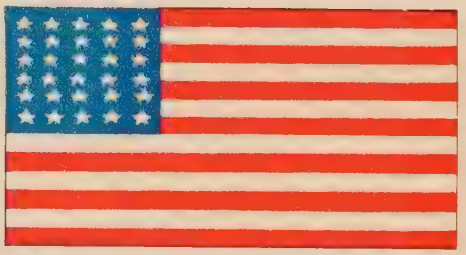

UNITED STATES
1846 ~ FOREVER

BUENOS AIRES
1818

MEXICO
1822 ~ 1846

BEAR FLAG
1846

FLAGS THAT HAVE FLOWN OVER CALIFORNIA

Flags That Have Flown Over California

By Philip Baldwin Bekeart

First, Spanish.	280 years, September 28, 1542 to April 11, 1822.
Second, English.	37 days, June 17, 1579 to July 23, 1579.
Third, Russian.	29 years, September 10, 1812 to December 12, 1841.
Fourth, Buenos Aires.	16 days. Between November 20, 1818 and December 16, 1818.
Fifth, Mexico.	24 years. April 11, 1822 to July 7, 1846.
Sixth, Bear Flag.	26 days, June 14, 1846 to July 9, 1846.
Seventh, The United States.	July 7, 1846 to FOREVER.

The following article is merely a brief review of some of the principal events occurring during the flying of the seven various flags in California. The Buenos Aires flag in California is an historic event that seems to have been overlooked by some of our best known historians.

First.

THE SPANISH FLAG IN CALIFORNIA

September 28, 1542, to April 11, 1822. 280 years.

Vasco Nunez de Balboa, at Darien, on September 29, 1513, clad in full armor, and with the banner of Castile and Leon in his hand, walked out into the Pacific Ocean, and with his sword pointing heavenward, claimed, as the discoverer, that ocean and all the lands that it washed, for the King and Queen of Castile, Leon and Aragon. This claim however, was not recognized as valid by the other maritime nations of that period. On the American side of the Pacific, Spain claimed absolute sovereignty as far north as sixty-one degrees latitude. In after years, when the United States argued the Oregon boundary—"Fifty-Four Forty or Fight"—the Secretary of State asserted that the claims of Spain had never been questioned by any European nation.

Hernando Cortez took possession of California (lower) for Spain, June 3, 1535, supposing it to be an island.

When Juan Rodriguez de Cabrillo, in September 1542, entered the port of San Diego, being the first white man, as far as there is any positive information, who cast his eyes or placed his feet upon its soil, he became the discoverer of Alta California. When, the next day, September 29, exactly twenty-nine years after Balboa's discovery, he planted the royal standard of Spain on the shore, and claimed the territory for Spain, theoretically that flag may be said to have remained in California, and this country was recognized as a Spanish possession until 1822, when Mexico revolted and declared her independence of Spain.

Sailing from Natividad, Mexico, on June 27, 1542, in command of two frail vessels, the *San Salvador* and the *Vitoria*, the latter without a deck, Cabrillo, in the course of his voyage, "discovered a land-locked and very good harbor," which he named San Miguel, and which has since been identified as San Diego. He entered the harbor Thursday, September 28, and the next day landed and took formal possession of the country for Spain. He remained in San Diego until October 3, and then continued his voyage along the northern coast of California. He stopped at various points, some of which have been identified as Santa Monica, San Pedro, San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara. He also located various islands along the

coast of California, meanwhile spending a week on an island he named La Posesion, which we now know as San Miguel. They anchored in a sheltered cove, now known as Cuyler's Harbor.

While on this island, Cabrillo had the misfortune to fall and break his arm near the shoulder. This caused him intense suffering, but did not deter him from continuing his voyage of discovery. He sailed into Monterey Bay, November 17, but owing to a storm did not land. He then sailed northwest, and reached Point Ano Nuevo, which is about thirty miles north of Santa Cruz, near the mouth of Waddell Creek. The weather was cold and foggy and the sea rough. Cabrillo was undoubtedly suffering from the pain of his broken arm, was sick and dispirited, so he turned back and sailed to San Miguel Island, where he arrived November 23. If he had sailed north from Point Ano Nuevo for another day or so, he might have discovered the greatest natural harbor in the world—San Francisco Bay.

On January 3, 1543, brave Cabrillo died from his injury, and was buried on San Miguel Island. No trace of his grave has ever been found.

After Cabrillo's death, Bartoleme Ferrola, a native of the Levant, as instructed by Cabrillo before his death, took command of the expedition and sailed along the coast as far north as the present Oregon line. Because of the fog, Ferrola also missed discovering the Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay. He finally returned to the home port in Mexico.

Although Spain claimed Alta California from the date of Cabrillo's entrance into San Diego Bay, no actual settlement was made for nearly two hundred and twenty-seven years. On April 29, 1769, the *San Carlos* sailed into San Diego Bay, under the command of Vincente Villa, with a party of soldiers and settlers under the command of Lieutenant Pedro Fages.

The Spanish Flag *actually* waved over Alta California, from the date of the first settlement, April 29, 1769, until April 11, 1822, a period of fifty-three years. *Theoretically* it may be said, however, to have waved over Alta California, from September 28, 1542, until the date of the Independence of Mexico, April 11, 1822—two hundred and eighty years.

Note—Greenhow says: "Juan Rodriguez de Cabrillo was a Portuguese navigator of considerable reputation in his day," and that he was "buried on the island of San Bernardo."
Chapman says: "His name was Rodriguez, improperly called Cabrillo, Rodriguez being his father's name and Cabrillo his mother's name."
Wagner indexes the name under R—"Rodriguez. Cabrillo Juan."

Second.

THE ENGLISH FLAG IN CALIFORNIA 37 days.

June 17, 1579 to July 23, 1579.

Drake, afterwards Sir Francis Drake, was one of England's greatest sea fighters. He has been called everything from preacher to pirate, admiral to buccaneer, and he was charged with almost every crime in the calendar, yet he was supposed to have sailed on this famous voyage that brought him to California under a commission from Queen Elizabeth.

The story of his voyage round the world and the immense treasure he took from the Spaniards, is too long for this article. Suffice to say, that Drake left England in November 1577, with five vessels, the largest the *Pelican*, one hundred tons, afterwards named the *Golden Hind*. He sailed around Cape Horn to the Pacific Ocean, looted and burned Spanish ships and towns, and remained in California, at Drake's Bay, for thirty-seven days. Not daring to risk capture by returning via the straits, he sailed across the Pacific Ocean, rounded Cape of Good Hope, and arrived in Plymouth, England, September 26, 1580. The *Golden Hind* thus became the first vessel that circled the globe under the same commander. Drake had but one ship left out of the five he started with, and some fifty men out of the original one hundred and sixty-four.

In the controversy over the boundary line between Canada and the United States, Great Britain used the landing of Drake as one basis for her claims to the Oregon territory.

Excerpts from Hakluyt's Voyages. 5 Vols., London, A.D. 1598, 1599, 1600. Reprinted verbatim, London, 1809, 1810, 1812.

The Commander—Sir Francis Drake.
The Ship— The Golden Hind, 100 tons.
The Place— Drake's Bay, Marin County, California.
The Time— June 17 to July 23, 1579.

Vol. III, Page 523.

Note the old English spelling, before U and V were transposed, and J put in the alphabet.

"The course which Sir Francis Drake held from the hauen of Guatulco in the South sea in the backe side of Nueua Espanna, to the North-west of California as far as foartie three

degrees: and his returne back along the said coast to thirtie eight degrees: where finding a faire and goodly hauen, he landed, and staying there many weekes, and discovering many excellent things in the countrey and great shewe of rich minerall matter, and being offered the dominion of the countrey by the Lord of the same, hee took possession thereof in behalfe of her Maiestie (Queen Elizabeth) and named it Noua Albion."

Page 524. Account by Chaplain Fletcher, of the *Golden Hind.*

"In this bay we ankered, the seuententh of Iune, and the people of the Countrey, hauing their houses close by the waters side, shewed themselues vnto us and sent a present to our Generall."

Page 525.

"In which to perswade us the better, the king and the rest, with one consent and with great reuerence, ioyfully singing a song, did set the crowne (of feathers) upon his head (Drake's head) inriched his necke with all their chaines (made of shells) and offered unto him many things, honoring him by the name of Hioh. Wherefore in the name, and to the use of Maiestie, he took the scepter, crowne and dignitie of the said countrey in his hands."

Page 526.

"Our Generall called this countrey Noua Albion, and that for two causes: the one in respect of the white bankes and cliffes, which ly towardes the sea: and the other, because it might haue some affinitie with our countrey in name, which sometime is so-called. There is no part of the earth here to bee taken up, wherein there is not some speciall likelihood of gold or siluer." (No gold or silver was found by them.)

"At our departure hence our Generall set vp a monument of our being there; as also of her Maiesties right and title to the same, namely a plate nailed vpon a faire great poste, whereupon was ingrauen her Maiesties name, the day and yeere of our arrivall there, with the free giving vp of the Province and people into her Maiesties hands, together with her highness picture and armes, in a piece of sixe pence of current English money vnder the plate, where vnder was also written the name of our Generall."

Third.

THE RUSSIAN FLAG IN CALIFORNIA 29 years.

September 10, 1812 to December 12, 1841.

The Russian settlement at Fort Ross, was the outcome of a plan conceived by Count Nikolai Petrovich Rezanov, a Chamberlain attached to the Russian Court, who arrived in Sitka in September 1805. Rezanov sailed from Sitka, Alaska, in the ship *Juno*, formerly an American vessel, on March 6, 1806, for the purpose of buying food from the Spaniards for the starving colonists at Sitka. The *Juno*, with her crew almost depleted by scurvy, entered the Bay of San Francisco, April 8 (March 28, old style).

The first reception extended to Rezanov was not very flattering. However he finally persuaded the Spaniards to furnish him with the much needed supplies. The romantic friendship of Rezanov and Donna Concepcion Arguello, undoubtedly furthered his mission. Rezanov and Concepcion Arguello plighted their troth, and Rezanov left for Sitka, and then for St. Petersburg via Siberia, to make his report to the Tsar, and to obtain the royal sanction of his marriage. He was thrown from his horse and killed, at Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, on March 1, 1807.

Concepcion waited many years for his return, and finally took the habit and devoted her life to the care of the poor and sick. She did not hear of Rezanov's death, until she was informed by Sir George Simpson, when he met her at Santa Barbara, in January, 1842, as related in his narrative published in London and Philadelphia, 1847. When the Dominican Convent at Benicia was founded, she entered it and passed the remainder of her life in that institution. She died in 1857, at the age of sixty-seven years.

Unquestionably, while anchored in San Francisco bay, the ambitious Rezanov formulated the plan of obtaining a foothold for the Russians in California, so that they could claim the country between San Francisco Bay and the Columbia River. The fur seals were plentiful along the coast of California and in San Francisco Bay, which was also an incentive for the Russian settlements a few years later, at Bodega and Fort Ross.

The first lengthy stay of the Russians in California, occurred when Captain Alexander Kuskof, in the employ of the Russian

American Fur Company, sailed from Sitka, Alaska, in the ship *Kadiak*, and landed on the shore of Bodega Bay, Marin County, January 8, 1809. He remained there eight months, hunting otter and seal, and then went back to Alaska. He returned in the spring of 1811, remaining only a short time

Late in 1811, Kuskof made a third trip to California, and obtained from the Indians, title to the land around Bodega Bay. It is written that the purchase price was "three blankets, two axes, three hoes and some beads." The Russians built a fort in a strong enclosure, on the bluffs sixteen miles north of Bodega, and named it Fort Ross. It was dedicated September 10, 1812. In 1836, the population of Fort Ross was about four hundred—sixty Russians, eighty Alaskans or Kadiaks, and the remainder Indians.

The Russians had been closely watched by the Spaniards, who claimed the entire coast country. The Spaniards had many times ordered the Russians to evacuate the country, but they were so well entrenched at Fort Ross, that no force the Spaniards in California could bring against them would have ousted them.

The United States Government was also watching the Russian activities on the Pacific Coast. The first report was made by J. B. Prevost, a special commissioner appointed by the government to receive Astoria when it was relinquished by the British. He wrote from "Monte Rey" to the Department of State, November 11, 1818, warning the government of "northern aggrandizement." The St. Louis Enquirer also warned the United States Government of the Russian advance.

On January 25, 1821, Mr. Floyd, chairman of the committee on the occupation of the Columbia River, issued a lengthy report and warning against the Russian peril, but it was in December 1823, that President Monroe made the first positive declaration "that the American Continents were no longer subjects for future colonization by any European Power." This positive declaration of the United States, undoubtedly stopped further Russian encroachmant in California, and also caused the Russians to withdraw their notice to other nations, that the North Pacific was closed to the entry of foreign vessels.

In 1833, Governor Figueroa of California wrote to the City of Mexico, in an endeavor to start some action to drive these intruders out of California, but nothing came of his protests.

Governor Wrangel, the Russian head officer at Sitka, Alaska, visited Fort Ross and then made a trip to Mexico, in order to purchase the territory north of San Francisco Bay, as far as Sacramento. The Mexicans refused to cede any part of California. Then came the decision of the Russian American Fur Company, to abandon Fort Ross and California.

On December 12, 1841, the Russians sold all their stock, and in fact everything movable, to that super pioneer, Captain John A. Sutter, who transported it to Sutter's Fort, in Sacramento. Their decision to evacuate their California foothold, was probably due to the fact that they had practically decimated the fur seal herds along the coast, and was hastened by the timely reiteration of the Monroe Doctrine, by the United States.

Thus ended the Russian flag in California, where it had flown for twenty-nine years, or thirty-two years, if the early visits of Kuskof are reckoned.

View of Fort Ross in 1828. From "Viaggio Intorno al Globo" by A. Duhant-Cilly, 1843

Fourth.

THE INDEPENDENTS OR BUENOS AIRES FLAG IN CALIFORNIA

November 20 to December 16, 1818. 16 days.

Two Buenos Aires vessels were the cause of this little known episode in the history of California.

During the war for independence between Spain, the mother country, and the Independents, consisting of Mexico and the Central and South American provinces, a raid was made by the Independents on Alta California; the only raid that was ever made by ships on the settlements in this state. (The United States occupation, could hardly be termed a raid.)

American built vessels found ready sale at Buenos Aires, where they were fitted out as privateers, sailing under the Buenos Aires or Independents flag. One of them, the *Santa Rosa*, left on a cruise to harass the Spaniards, but ere long reports were received that she was plundering vessels belonging to, or friendly with the Independents, and raiding towns along the coast of Chili and Peru, evidently more a "pirate than a patriot."

The *Santa Rosa* finally arrived at "Owhyee" (Honolulu) where the officers and crew attempted to sell both the plunder and the ship. These actions aroused the suspicions of King Kamehameha, who seized the ship and confined the crew.

Meanwhile, the man-of-war *Argentina*, also American built, but belonging to Buenos Aires, had arrived at Valparaiso, the naval base of the Independents, with instructions to capture the *Santa Rosa*. The *Argentina* was commanded by Captain Hippolyte de Bouchard, a Frenchman, who finally traced and followed the *Santa Rosa* to Honolulu. He demanded that the ship and crew be immediately turned over to him, and the King complied with his demand.

While in Honolulu, Bouchard engaged an educated English sailor, Peter Corney, as a navigator, and to take command of the *Santa Rosa*. (The Spanish records list him as Lieutenant Pedro Corvale.) Corney had spent five years in trading trips between the northwest coast of North America and the Hawaiian Islands. He was undoubtedly familiar with the California harbors, having visited Trinidad, Fort Ross or Bolinas, Drake's Harbor (probably Yerba Buena) and Monterey. In his book, Corney declares that some of the crew of the Santa Rosa had

deserted at Hawaii, and were hiding in the interior of the island. Bouchard finally captured some of them. "Mr. Griffiths was tried by court martial and three days afterwards, was executed." The other mutineers were pursued, captured and taken back to the ship, where one received "twelve dozen lashes which tore his back in a shocking manner." They were then forgiven by Bouchard and sent to their stations.

The *Argentina* mounted forty-four guns and carried a crew of two hundred and sixty men. The *Santa Rosa*, three hundred tons, mounted eighteen guns, with a crew of one hundred men. Both were truly motley crews, composed of Americans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Creoles, Negroes, Malays, men from Manila, a few Englishmen, and each crew had thirty Sandwich Islanders. Before leaving Honolulu, the two vessels took on supplies, hogs and vegetables, and then sailed for California "to cruise against the Spaniards." They duly arrived off the coast of California, and obtained a supply of eggs, oil, etc., from the Russians at Fort Ross. Both vessels, as subsequent events show, were continually in need of provisions.

The inhabitants along the coast had, for about three years, been expecting raids by Buenos Aires vessels. Whenever a suspicious vessel appeared off the coast, the villagers took to the hills. They were finally warned by the captain of the American ship *Clarion*, that two vessels were outfitting in the Sandwich Islands, for a raid on the coast of Alta California. The inhabitants took the warning, drove all their stock into the hills, and sent their valuables inland.

Monterey being the headquarters of the province of Alta California, the Independents set sail for that bay. The *Santa Rosa* led the way, anchoring off shore, at midnight, November 20, 1818. The next morning, November 21, Corney opened fire on the fort, which was briskly returned by two batteries. Finding that his fire was useless to demolish the high batteries, and Bouchard having approached with his boats, they made a combined attack by landing at Point Pinos. The small force of soldiers, about twenty-five, were driven out of the fort, and the Independents then took the town of Monterey. Their losses were three men killed and three captured. (One of the captured men, Joseph Chapman, remained in California, married, and reared a family in Santa Barbara, dying in 1848 or 1849.) The Independents took possession of Monterey, which they captured without opposition, taking several

"Creole" (Indian) prisoners. "The sailors searched the houses for money, breaking and ruining everything."

On November 22, the Commodore sent a flag of truce to the Spaniards offering an exchange of prisoners. Not receiving a reply, on November 24 he set fire to the town. They remained in Monterey until December 1, meanwhile taking on a supply of livestock, wood and water.

On December 4, the Independents landed near Point Concepcion, and took El Refugio, the Ortega ranch and family home, "all the inhabitants flying at our approach." They remained ashore all night, and plundered the place the next morning. About noon, Lieutenant William Taylor, of Boston, and two seamen, having strayed a short distance from town, were lassoed by the Californians and dragged up a neighboring hill before the Independents could render any assistance. Captain Bouchard then ordered the village fired, and embarked all his men. That night a party went ashore and endeavored to capture some Spaniards, but without success.

The two vessels weighed anchor on December 6, and sailed southward along shore, stopping on the way at the Island of Santa Cruz, for wood and water. They anchored off Santa Barbara on the evening of December 8. Corney says: "Bouchard fired a gun and hoisted his colors (and) with a flag of truce, sent a boat ashore to say that if they would give up our men, we would spare the town, to which the Governor agreed, and on the tenth we got our companions aboard."

Continuing southward, passing San Buenaventura, which had been deserted by the populace, the Independents arrived off San Juan Capistrano December 14. The Commander offered to spare the town, if they would give him an immediate supply of provisions. "They replied that we might land, and they would give us a supply of powder and shot." Bouchard was incensed over the answer, and after a consultation with his officers, decided to land and sack the town.

The next morning, December 15, Lieutenant Corney was ordered to land and bring back a sample of the "powder and shot." He landed with one hundred and forty men and two field pieces. A party of horsemen fired a few shots at the Independents, and then ran towards the town. "They made no stand, and we soon occupied the place." The Independents had breakfast ashore, and then began to plunder the town, which they found well-stocked with everything but money.

They destroyed much wine and spirits, all the public property, the King's stores, barracks, and the Governor's house. "And about two o'clock we marched back, though not in the order we went, many of the men being intoxicated." "We arrived with a loss of six men (four men were deserters) and the next morning, December 16, punished twenty men for getting drunk."

On the 15th or 16th, Spanish reinforcements having arrived from San Diego and Los Angeles, Jose de la Guerra sent a challenge to Bouchard, asking him to land and have battle. Bouchard evidently did not see the necessity for such action, for he hoisted his anchors and bore away south.

According to Spanish records, San Diego was prepared for the arrival of Bouchard, but he sailed past and on towards the Island of Ceres, arriving there December 23, 1818.

On January 19, 1819, they sailed for Valparaiso. The *Santa Rosa* reached that port, July 9, and the *Argentina*, July 17, "in great distress for provisions and water," the *Argentina* having lost forty men.

Corney resigned from service at Valparaiso, but Bouchard refused to accept his resignation or pay him any wages or prize money, unless he remained in the service. This Corney refused to do, and he therefore received no remuneration for his services. He afterwards secured passage on a vessel to London, where he "arrived February 15, 1820, after an absence of seven years full of vicissitudes."

Corney in later years, returned to Honolulu with his family. He died in 1826, while on a voyage to British Columbia in the bark *Columbia*. A number of his descendants still reside in Honolulu. His experiences were published in a book entitled "Voyages in the Northern Pacific," Honolulu, 1896.

The Buenos Aires flag may be said to have flown over Alta California, at various times and in various places, from November 20 to December 16, 1818, on shore all or part of sixteen days and in California waters, twenty-six days.

Fifth.

THE MEXICAN FLAG IN CALIFORNIA

April 11, 1822 to July 7, 1846. 24 years.

Mexico proclaimed her independence of Spain, as early as March 16, 1821, but the Californians paid no attention to the matter, and remained loyal to Spain until April 1822. General Augustin Iturbide, head of the Independents, after a number of engagements with the Spanish troops, finally captured and occupied the fortress and palace of Chapultepec, and was welcomed to the City of Mexico, September 27, 1821.

In the Spring of 1822, the Californians realized the fact that they were no longer subjects of Spain. Notices were received by various notable Californians, to attend a junta at Monterey. The delegates met on April 9, 1822, and on April 11, passed a resolution of loyalty to the Mexican Government; an oath of allegiance was taken by the junta, and Alta California declared dependent on the Mexican empire only, and no longer under the control of Spain. The meeting ended with a celebration.

Between that time, and the occupation of the State by the United States forces, California experienced three revolutions against Mexico, was victorious in all three, but still remained under the Mexican flag.

The first revolution was in January, 1832. The Californians deposed Governor Manuel Victoria, and made Pio Pico governor. A year later, they welcomed the Mexican governor, Jose Figueroa, who held the office until Jose Castro was appointed. January, 1836, saw Governor Nicolas Gutierrez holding office, and he was succeeded in a few months by Mariano Chico, whose tyranny caused his downfall. Gutierrez again took the office, and held it a few months, when he was deposed by a Californian, Juan B. Alvarado, who forgot California independence when the Mexican government appointed him Governor of Alta California. This ended that revolution.

In December 1842, Manuel Micheltorena took the reins of government in the province, and continued until February, 1845, when a revolution headed by Ex-Governor Alvarado, General Vallejo and Ex-Governor Castro, ended his rule. Micheltorena was put aboard an American vessel bound for San Blas, Mexico, and Pio Pico was again made Governor,

which office he held until the American occupation. It is said that three persons were killed in the three revolutions. Pablo V. De Sola was the first and Pio Pico the last Mexican Governor of California.

In the Mexico-United States war of 1846, peace in California was not actually agreed upon until January 13, 1847, and the province did not pass under American control until the signing of the treaty between the United States and Mexico at Guadalupe de Hidalgo, Mexico, February 2, 1848. The United States paid Mexico fifteen million dollars for California and other ceded territory. Nine days before the treaty was signed, on January 24, 1848, James W. Marshall discovered gold at Sutter's Mill—a little flake worth fifty cents.

The Presidio and Pueblo of Monterrey, Upper California, from Alexander Forbes' "History of California," 1839

Sixth.

THE BEAR FLAG IN CALIFORNIA 26 days.

June 14 to July 9, 1846.

The American revolt which caused the raising of the Bear Flag was started quickly and ended quickly. The claims and assertions of the various participants who have left records of the Bear Flag revolt make the story a very complex one.

The Mexicans and native Californians had, long before the revolt, come to the conclusion that the increasing numbers of Americans settling in California were detrimental to their safety. Governor Pio Pico, in his proclamation of June 23, 1846, said: "The North American nation can never be our friend. She has her laws, religion, language and customs, totally opposed to ours." The Texas revolution, when a few thousand Americans won their independence from a nation of eight million population, showed the Californians the possible end of California as a Mexican province.

When General Jose Castro usurped Governor Pico's position in northern California, he showed by numerous proclamations, that he was antagonistic to Americans. He ordered them to leave the country, and in fact this was the first news heard by some of the immigrants from the east when they came over the mountains into California.

William B. Ide, who instigated the Bear Flag revolt, was a comparatively recent settler, having crossed the plains with his family in a wagon train. Ide was a well educated man, of New England ancestry, born in Rutland, Massachusetts, March 28, 1796. He arrived at Sutter's Fort in October, 1845, and was induced by Peter Lassen to settle on one of Lassen's ranches, in what is now Tehama County. Ide's proclamations, issued when he was Commander of the Bears, are a trifle verbose and over-patriotic. He was honest in his opinion that Fremont had let him do all the work, and had then taken the honor. All reliable records prove his contention. Fremont intimated in after years that he conceived the Bear Flag revolt, whereas records show that the settlers had banded together before he had heard of the reason.

Bancroft says: "The testimony is clear and to the point. It is to the effect that the revolt was purely a movement of self-defense on the part of the American settlers," and that "Fremont was mean enough, in the hour of success, to ap-

propriate to himself, credit for actions in which he really took no part."

There are hundreds of letters, books, documents and manuscripts relating to the Bear Flag war. This article is necessarily short, merely giving the few salient episodes that occurred during the eventful days immediately preceding the raising of the Bear Flag, the capture of Sonoma by William B. Ide and his followers, and the subsequent events up to the forming of the California Battalion.

It is this writer's observation that nearly all the books written on Fremont, including those written in 1848 by himself, were written before the full facts of Fremont's activities with The Bear Flag Party were known, and before the records held by participants could be examined and compared. The reputation of Fremont's father-in-law, Senator Thomas H. Benton, who was for three decades a "power behind the throne" in Washington, was of great assistance to Fremont in his urge for publicity, when he became a popular subject for the writers of his day. This writer has no intention of criticizing or commending any of Fremont's prior explorations or activities. They had no special bearing on California. Fremont's activities in California, however, are California history and therefore open to criticism. No book yet written, has shown the truth of his career in this state. It is to be hoped, for the sake of "truth in history," that a writer will some day publish the United States Government's findings of Fremont's career in California, with some of the mass of documentary evidence now in the hands of collectors of Californiana and in the files of California libraries. Such a book would change the school histories of this State and take the halo from Fremont's brow. It would also end the laudatory flabberdash that is being continually written about him.

Fremont's "Narrative" regarding California, was published in 1848; Emory's "Document 41," also in 1848. Fremont and Emory collaborated. Other books regarding Fremont were published by various authors in 1849 and 1851. Bigelow, Smucker and Upton published books in 1856 on Fremont, and possibly eighty pamphlets, pro and con, were published about him in that year. All of these books extolled Fremont. The writers did not have the records contained in hundreds of manuscripts, now in the Bancroft Library, which Bancroft obtained in after years, or compiled from personal interviews

with the participants in the Bear Flag and Mexican wars; nor were the collections of the California State Library at Sacramento, and the H. E. Huntington Library at San Marino, available. In 1926 the Fremont fever again broke out and many writers copied what had been previously written, some of them giving nothing to the reader but panegyrics of the "pathfinder and conqueror (sic) of California."

To resume: In April, 1846, General Castro issued a proclamation warning American immigrants and settlers to leave the country or they would be driven into the mountains and in case of resistance, would be imprisoned or shot.

The Americans paid very little attention to this threat, until a young man, Henry L. Ford, arrived at Ide's ranch, and stated that rumors were rife that Castro had left Monterey, with the intention of driving all Americans out of the country. It was also said that he had hired and bribed Indians to burn the settler's crops, and had furnished one Indian with a rifle with which to shoot Captain John A. Sutter.

Ide and Ford did not lose an hour; they saddled horses and rode towards Sutter's Fort, stopping to warn some settlers, sending out riders to notify others. They found a number of trappers camped near the Marysville Buttes. Fremont was also camped near the Marysville Buttes, about three miles away from the trappers, having been stopped in his sudden retreat from California by Captain Gillespie, whose messenger, Neale, had caught up with Fremont while he was camped with his sixty-two men near Klamath Lake, Oregon. Incidentally, in a night raid on the party, the Klamath Indians had killed four of Fremont's men.

Ide rode over to Fremont's camp with his band of exactly eleven men—trappers, settlers and emigrants. They begged Fremont for assistance, which he refused. Ide writes: "Fremont pledged himself to remain neutral, and said he intended to leave the country in two weeks." Kit Carson requested permission from Fremont to join the settlers, but was refused. Had Ide and his followers known of Fremont's attitude they might not have attempted this revolt. They had seen him leave California, apparently driven out by Castro; now he was back, and the settlers assumed that they could rely on his assistance, though he made no promise to aid them.

Meanwhile, Ide gathered a few more recruits. In a few days the Americans had more than a score of men in their

camp. Hearing that Castro had sent Lieutenant Alviso to Sonoma for two hundred horses, with instructions to drive them to Monterey, and rightly judging that they were to be used in the Castro offensive against the Americans, this brave little band decided to capture the escort and the horses.

On June 10, 1846, Ezekiel Merritt and a dozen settlers made the first offensive movement in this war. They rode hurriedly to Murphy's Corral on the Cosumnes River and at dawn, captured Lieutenant Alviso and eight or ten men. The captives were released and each given a horse with which to get home. Merritt sent word to General Castro, "to come and get the horses if he wanted them." He then joined Ide and left the horses with Fremont.

Ide's little band now numbered thirty-three men, "all mounted, wearing buckskin shirts, some of them greasy." They were, without doubt, an unprepossessing company of patriots; but everyone had a good rifle, a pistol or revolver and a bowie knife, and best of all, they knew how to shoot and were glad of an opportunity for a fight.

Not one of Fremont's men was in this party when, commanded by Ide, they set forth for Sonoma. They received no help from Fremont until their objective had been won. At daybreak, on Sunday, June 14, they arrived at Sonoma, made prisoner of General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, his brother, Captain Salvador Vallejo, Lieutenant-Colonel Prudon, and eighteen soldiers.

General Vallejo was surprised at this apparent outrage, and insisted on seeing their orders for such action. He asked if Fremont had given them orders. "All the party replied that they had decided to take the matter into their own hands." The Americans took from the garrison, nine brass cannon and two hundred and fifty stands of arms. They did not loot the town nor trouble the inhabitants. General Vallejo requested that he and the other prisoners be taken to Fremont, with whom he was friendly, fully expecting that Fremont would accept his parole. Guarded by nine Bear Flag men, with Merritt in command, they set out for Sutter's Fort, taking with them, Jacob P. Leese, as interpreter, though he was not under arrest.

Meanwhile, Fremont left his camp at the Buttes on June 13 and camped at the mouth of the American River, a few miles from Sutter's Fort. Fremont then called on Sutter and

informed him that it was necessary for him to take possession of Sutter's Fort, to which Sutter immediately agreed, for he liked Fremont, was friendly to the Americans, and saw that it was only a matter of time when they would be paramount in California. Sutter was possibly expecting the United States to take the Fort.

On the afternoon of June 16, Merritt arrived at Fremont's camp with the prisoners. General Vallejo offered his parole, which Fremont curtly refused. Leese was arrested and the prisoners sent to Sutter's Fort. No reason for this action was given by Fremont. General Vallejo was rightly indignant at such discourteous treatment from a man whom he had treated with respect and consideration. He and his companions were kept in close confinement until August 16. James W. Marshall, who was there at the time, says that Sutter treated the prisoners with great respect and allowed them to walk around the Fort enclosure on parole, and, that Fremont objected to this, and threatened to hang Sutter if any of the prisoners escaped.

Ide says that Vallejo was much loved and esteemed, and his subsequent career proved his admiration and friendship for the Americans. He is one of California's most cherished historical characters.

The best deductions regarding the making and raising of the Bear Flag, set the time on the afternoon of the day the Americans captured Sonoma—June 14, 1846; though the time has been variously stated to have been the following day and even the third day, but the fourteenth seems to be the accepted date.

After the capture of Sonoma, Commander Ide, as he designated himself in his patriotic proclamation, had a force of forty men. Nothing seemed impossible to Ide and his followers. On June 15, he sent a letter and a verbal message to the commander of the United States Squadron at Saucellito stating the object of the Bear Flag revolt, and requesting ammunition and assistance. William Todd, the man who painted the Bear and Star on the flag, volunteered to carry the message. He delivered his message and came back on the seventeenth, but without any powder.

On June 17, Lieutenant John S. Misroon arrived at Sonoma, having been sent up by Commodore Montgomery, commanding the U. S. S. *Portsmouth*, anchored off Saucellito. General

Vallejo had requested Montgomery to send some one up there to protect his family and the residents of Sonoma. Commodore Montgomery said, through Misroon, that in the event of war with Mexico, he would send reinforcements and supplies to Ide, who records in his book: "Hitherto, not a single voice had spoken encouragement, not a man of influence had come to our assistance."

The Bears obtained their powder shortly afterwards, as stated in a manuscript in Bancroft's collection, written by Thomas C. Lancy. He writes: "James W. Marshall, one of the Bears (who afterwards became the discoverer of gold at Coloma) told him that when they applied to the *Portsmouth* for ammunition, they were met with an indignant refusal, but were told where a large quantity of powder would be put on shore to dry. By a pretended surprise, they overcame the guard and took the powder, whereupon the ship went through the form of firing four guns in their direction."

The first bloodshed in the war occurred on June 19. Ide sent two young men, George Fowler and Thomas Cowie, on a journey to the Russian River, where they were to obtain a keg of powder from Dr. Bale. They were surrounded by a band of Californians commanded by Juan N. Padilla, and Ramon Carrillo. Fowler and Cowie were apparently ready to fight, but were promised protection if they would surrender their arms. They did so, but were seized, tied to trees, tortured and brutally mutilated and murdered. The writer has read a manuscript written shortly after this event to a prominent Californian, by a man who was in the midst of the Bear Flag Revolt. His description of this terrible affair is unfit to print.

Ide despatched Lieutenant Ford, with nineteen Bears, to punish the murderers. Ford encountered the Californians at Olampali, several miles from San Rafael. He expected to find about twenty or thirty men, but actually found there from sixty to eighty men, reinforcements under Captain de la Torra, having come from San Pablo and joined Padilla and Carrillo. Ford dismounted his men and placing them behind trees, awaited the attack. The Californians made one attack and were beaten off with a loss of from four to eight men killed and two wounded, then retreating towards San Rafael. On June 24, Ford returned to Sonoma without the loss of a man. He also brought back William Todd, who had evidently been sent on another errand, and had been captured and held prisoner in a ranch house.

While these events were taking place around Sonoma, Fremont decided on June 18, that it was time to take a hand in the events and share in the glory. He had left his camp at the Buttes and was camped at the mouth of the American River. Up to this time he had done nothing to help the settlers or The Bear Flag Party. As stated above, he had demanded and received Sutter's Fort from Sutter. He now left the Fort, leaving a few men to guard the prisoners, and on June 25, exactly eleven days after the capture of Sonoma, he appeared at that place with his exploring party and a few settlers, a total of seventy-four men. This was Fremont's first open affiliation with the Bears.

Ide states that Fremont approached him without any salutation, and in a sarcastic and commanding tone, said: "Who wrote that proclamation for you?" Ide records that two hundred and seventy men were on the Bear Flag rolls at that time. Fremont made a statement that he had come down, "not to take any part in the matter, but only to see the sport and explore around the bay, and that he would be pleased if our company would accompany him." The leaders of the Bears and Fremont finally got together, Fremont being made commander. According to Ide's account, Fremont bullied the head men of the Bears into this plan.

On July 5, Fremont made a proposition to the Bears to go south with him for the purpose of capturing Castro. He promised to support their independence and to furnish military stores and provisions.

Lieutenant Ford, with nineteen men, had driven General de la Torres towards San Rafael, so Fremont decided to go after them. Reinforced by Ford's men to a total of one hundred and thirty men, he set out for San Rafael. On this march an incident occurred which has been branded a foul murder.

A boat containing four men, in crossing from San Pablo to Point San Pedro on the San Pablo Bay, landed near Fremont's men. Kit Carson and two others were sent to intercept them. Jasper O'Farrell, who was standing near, says: "After starting, Carson turned back to ask Fremont,"Captain, shall I take these men prisoner?" "I have no room for prisoners," replied Fremont. Carson and his companions approached the men, then took aim and shot three of them, namely Ramon and Francisco de Haro, about twenty years

old, twin sons of the former Alcalde of San Francisco, and an old man, Jose de los Reyes Berreyesa. Descendants of these families still reside in San Francisco. This was the only enemy blood ever spilled in California by Fremont, or anyone under his command, if these two youths and an old man, could be designated as enemies.

These wanton murders, by Fremont's orders, caused considerable criticism. Various excuses were made—one that incriminating documents were found on them, though these documents were never produced. The men were executed first, and tried afterwards. Not a word was spoken to them before they were killed.

General Torres, who was defeated by Ford's score of men, evidently did not want to meet Fremont's force, so he wrote a note and gave it to an Indian, with instructions to let the Americans capture him. The note stated that Torres intended to attack Sonoma the next morning. The ruse succeeded, and Fremont hastened back to Sonoma. Meanwhile, Torres and his band rode to Saucellito, where he commandeered a launch from Richardson and escaped to San Francisco, completely deceiving Fremont. This ended any offensive movements north of San Francisco Bay.

On July 1, Fremont persuaded Captain Phelps, of the U. S. S. *Moscow*, at Saucellito, to furnish him with a launch, in which, accompanied by Phelps as pilot, and about twenty men, they rowed across the bay to the beach near Fort Point. The old castle fort of the Spaniards, situated on the bluff above the present Fort Point, had long been unoccupied. There was not a man, nor an ounce of powder in it. Fremont then achieved his "bravest action" in the Bear Flag or the Mexican war—he and his men waded ashore, spiked the guns, and returned as usual, without the loss of a man!!

The Hon. J. R. Thompson delivered a speech on Fremont, in the Senate of the United States, on August 9, 1856. Amongst many truths, he asserted, referring to the Bear Flag War and the Mexican War: "There is nothing from his own pen, or that of others, nor is there evidence of any sort, that Fremont ever had an encounter with the enemy in California."

The Bear Flag actually waved over Sonoma, from June 14 to July 9, 1846, twenty-six days. On July 9, 1846, the Bear Flag was lowered from the staff and Old Glory raised.

Seventh. THE UNITED STATES

July 7, 1846 to Forever.

All of California, north of San Francisco Bay, had been won and was in the hands of The Bear Flag Party. On July 2, 1846, Commodore John Drake Sloat arrived at Monterey. On July 7, 1846, he landed his forces at Monterey and took possession of the city.

He had in port at that time, the frigate *Savannah*, his flag ship, and the sloops of war *Cyane* and *Levant*. Midshipman Wm. P. Toler hoisted Old Glory to the top of the flag pole on the Custom House, which was the signal for raising the American flag all over the state. Toler again hoisted the flag on the same building during the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary, July 7, 1896.

On July 9, acting under orders from Commodore Sloat, Captain James B. Montgomery, commanding the sloop of war *Portsmouth*, raised the United States flag in the Plaza at Yerba Buena, now Portsmouth Square, San Francisco. The same day, July 9, the Bear Flag was lowered at Sonoma and the Stars and Stripes raised by Lieutenant Revere of the *Portsmouth*. Two days later, July 11, the flag was officially raised (possibly by General Sutter) at Sutter's Fort.

On July 17, Purser Dangerfield Fauntleroy, of the *Savannah*, who was acting captain of the Volunteer Dragoons from the ships, raised the flag at San Juan (Bautista.) This ended the flag raising at all the important places north of San Luis Obispo.

The story of the battles and skirmishes in California is too long for this article; suffice to say that General Flores, Jose Antonio Carrillo, Andrea Pico and other Mexican and Californian officers, who had broken their parole given at Los Angeles, surrendered with their troops, January 13, 1847, to Acting Major Fremont, and thereby escaped paying the penalty via a yard arm or a firing squad. Fremont had no authority to accept their surrender.

Contrary to popular misunderstanding, Fremont did not direct nor participate in any battle or skirmish in California where blood was shed—the Point San Quentin massacre excepted.

The treaty of peace between Mexico and the United States was signed at Guadalupe de Hidalgo, Mexico, February 2, 1848.

End.

Our Masonic Pioneers

By Oliver P. Stidger

How often do we hear the phrase, "There is only one California!" California was the thirty-first State admitted to the Union, and her romantic history, her natural endowments, her amazing progress, and the pluck and courage of her people all combine to give her a glamour equaled by no other State in the Union. The story of what her people have accomplished in literature, art, education, commerce, transportation, mining, horticulture and agriculture is an historic epic; while the men who are responsible—Mills, Stanford, Haggin, Keene, Sutro, Mackay, Huntington, Crocker, Scott, Phelan, Hearst, Loeb, Muir, Belasco, Harte, Mark Twain, Burbank, Markham, Bierce, Jordan, Wheeler, Field, and hundreds of others too numerous to mention—made their mark and set the world aflame by stimulating the love of adventure and travel, the hope of conquest, and the desire to do greater and better things.

What may interest many of the members of this Society is the fact that Freemasonry was one of the most important factors in the making of California. In the very early days after the discovery of gold, we find that the mystic Masonic tie was, as it still is, most potent in times of great adventure. Kit Carson, George C. Yount, Robert Semple, Peter Lassen, Commodore John D. Sloat, Jonathan D. Stevenson, George H. Derby, Thomas Starr King, Governers John Bigler, John G. Downey, Romaldo Pacheco, George C. Perkins and George Stoneman were all Freemasons.

Kit Carson came overland to Los Angeles in 1829 with some fur trappers. Later, in 1844, he was John C. Fremont's guide. In fact history *should* relate that he, rather than Fremont, was the "Pathfinder." Still later he acted as Kearny's guide. He was the man who wormed his way through the enemy lines at San Pascual and brought aid from San Diego, a deed that in other lands would have been related

by historians and sung by poets. When California came under American control it was Kit Carson who carried the news from Los Angeles to Washington. It is not strange that his name is very much venerated by the Freemasons, and that once a year a pilgrimage of Masons wends its way to his grave which stands within a little enclosure at Taos, New Mexico.

George C. Yount is a real American California pioneer. He came here in 1831, remaining in San Francisco (then Yerba Buena) and Benicia for two years. In 1836 he set up a block house in Napa Valley and it was the only American outpost between San Francisco Bay and the Columbia River. How few of us ever think of him, and how easily we step aside to place laurels on others, later pioneers.

Robert Semple was intimately related to George Rogers Clark of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. He arrived in California in 1845 and became the publisher of our first newspaper, *The Californian*, at Monterey; was Secretary of the Bear Flag Party and President of the Constitutional Convention, which framed the structure of this State.

Peter Lassen was a pioneer of 1840 who met tragic death at the hands of the Indians in 1859. His body rests near the huge pine tree under which he camped on his arrival at Honey Lake, though seldom does a sojourning traveler pause at his monument to think of the fortitude and zeal with which this true pioneer worked for the welfare of this State.

Commodore John D. Sloat carries us far back in the annals of our country. Like Yount, he served in the War of 1812, though he was a naval officer, while Yount was a Captain in the land forces. Searching for something connected with the history of our State which lends itself to the dramatic, we can find nothing more colorful than the story of the landing of the Marines at Monterey, and the hoisting of the American flag over the Custom House in July 1846 by Commodore Sloat. It is interesting to note that his active Aide in asserting American rule was Lieutenant Joseph Warren Revere, a grandson of the redoubtable Paul Revere, himself also a Mason.

The first Masonic Lodge in California was instituted under a charter from the Masonic Grand Lodge of Missouri in 1848, and was known as the Western Star Lodge. Jonathan D. Stevenson was the first Most Worshipful Grand Master of Freemasonry for the State of California. He sailed from

New York City in September 1846 as a Colonel of the New York Volunteers, which served as a garrison in California from May 1847 until August 1848; and, as the close friend of Andreas Pico, who represented the early Californians, he did much to conciliate the natives.

George H. Derby, better known as John Phoenix, graduated from West Point and served with distinction in our War with Mexico. He was internationally famous as the first humorist of the modern American school, the progenitor of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Bill Nye and others who wrote in his style. Phoenixiana, a collection of his articles published in his own paper, the San Diego Herald, merits reading, and his descriptions of California pioneer towns are entertaining, for in all his work we find the American quick twist of wit, exaggeration, and the constant play of extravagance in its full flowering.

Thomas Starr King, whose name has been mentioned as one of California's two representatives in the National Hall of Fame, was a preacher of great eminence who won everlasting fame as an orator in behalf of the Union at the time of the Civil War. His address, delivered before the Grand Lodge of Masons in May 1863, is considered one of the greatest Masonic classics.

Most of us do not realize how active the early mining camps were, or how unsettled and indefinite life was in them. In California, Masonic Lodges antedated most of the Protestant churches, and the Lodge rooms came to be the meeting places of all Protestant faiths, while the members of these Lodges became the founders of churches, schools, hospitals and libraries.

Many Masonic Lodges in this State are now celebrating the seventy-sixth anniversaries of their Masonic Charters. Tuolumne Masonic Lodge (the first mining town Lodge) had its home in an adobe building which was completely dissolved and washed away by a storm. Thereafter their meetings were held in a little valley out under the stars. The records of this Lodge show that in 1853 it expended forty-five hundred dollars in aiding non-affiliated Masons in distress. The San Diego Masonic Lodge No. 35, organized in the early fifties, had but twenty members among whom were James W. Robinson, who had been Lieutenant-Governor of the Lone Star Republic of Texas, and John C. Cremony, one of the founders of

the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. In 1853 Columbia, Tuolumne County, was trying to become the Capitol of the State. During the preceding year seventy-five millions in gold had been shipped out of this town, where there were forty saloons, forty theatres, a bull ring, four hotels, four banks (one of them having a marble front and mahogany furniture), one hundred and forty-three faro banks with a combined capital of two millions, and one Masonic Lodge with forty-five members. This Lodge was headed by James W. Coffroth, who was called the "Life and Soul of Columbia," for he and the members of his Lodge brought order, law, and respect to this striving community.

In fancy we can recall these old mining towns. We see active, homesick young men from all the world, scattered far through the canyons, all laboriously working the streams. We see them in their rude huts eating their griddle cakes and jerked beef, and longing for the comforts of their old homes. We see them clad in their red flannel shirts and slouch hats, drifting into the towns on Sundays in hope of finding a familiar face; of getting a letter from home. We see the nabobs strutting about in long blue coats with brass buttons, topped with fur plug hats and carrying arsenals in their belts. About us is every form of excitement and enticement to riotous living. We find, too, misfortune, disappointment, sickness and death. The helping hand is the Masonic Lodge, the nucleus of the forces of order, stability and progress, for the Brethren of the Masonic Craft had come into these wilds as individuals, had gathered themselves together in little Lodges, and their influence upon the civilizing of the wilderness had begun.

The era of pioneering in the rough has been passed, and since that day, now two generations ago, change and progress have been of a whirlwind sort. The fruits of our grandfathers' labors have been passed on to us by our fathers, but so distracted have we been by the rush and bustle that we have almost forgotten that they existed. Every part of California is reaping the fruits of the labors and sacrifices of our Masonic pioneers, and in neglecting to render honor unto them we honor ourselves the less.

Telygraft Hill*

By Wallace Irwin

O Telygraft Hill she sits mighty and fine,
  Like a praty that's planted on ind,
And she's bannered wid washin's from manny a line,
  Which flutther and dance in the wind.
O th' goats and th' chickens av Telygraft Hill
  They prosper all grand and serene,
For when there's short pickin' on Telygraft Hill
  They feed their swate sowls on the scene.

For the Irish they live on the top av it,
And the Dagos they live on the base av it,
And every tin can in the knowledge av man,
Is scattered all over the face av it.
Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
Nobby owld, slobby owld Telygraft Hill!

O Telygraft Hill she sits proud as a queen
  And th' docks lie below in the glare
And th' bay runs beyant 'er all purple and green
  Wid th' ginger-bread island out there,
And the ferry boats toot at owld Telygraft Hill,
  And th' Hill it don't care if they do
While the Bradys and Caseys av Telygraft Hill
  Joost sit there enj'yin' th' view.

For th' Irish they live on th' top av it,
And th' Dagos they live on the base av it,
And th' goats and th' chicks and th' bricks bats and shticks
Is joombled all over the face av it,
Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
Crazy owld, daisy owld Telygraft Hill!

Sure Telygraft Hill has a castle from Wales
  Which was built by a local creator.
He made it av bed-slats wid hammer and nails
  Like a scene in a stylish the-ay-ter.
There's rats in th' castle o' Telygraft Hill,
  But it frowns wid an air of its own
For it's runnin th' bloof that owld Telygraft Hill
  Is a sthrong howld of morther and shtone.

For the Irish they live on the top av it,
And th' Dagos they live on the base av it,
And th' races they fight on the wrong side and right
To th' shame and onendin' disgrace av it,
Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
Windy-torn, shindy-torn Telygraft Hill!

And Telygraft Hill has an iligent lot
  Of shanties and shacks, Hivin knows!
An' they're hangin' on tight to the jumpin' off spot
  Be th' grace av th' Saints and their toes;
And th' la-ads that are livin' on Telygraft Hill
  Prefer to remain where they're at,
And they'd not trade a hen-roost on Telygraft Hill
  For a mansion below on th' flat.

For th' Irish they live on the top av it
And th' Dagos they live on th' base av it,
And th' owld sod-gossoon sits as high as th' moon
And there's nawthin he'd take in th' place av it,
Lumpy owld, bumpy owld Telygraft Hill!

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*Note—One day in April, 1928, the Curator of this Society, Miss E. M. Kline, again revealed her untiring spirit of research by making known to me her desire to find both the text and the name of the author of a poem with the refrain, "The crazy owld, daisy owld Telygraft Hill!" The brothers Will and Wallace Irwin were suggested, as they had lived here in the early days of this century. A correspondence with both of them brought the information from Will that his brother was the guilty one, and the latter wrote:

Garden City, N. Y.
April 25, 1928.

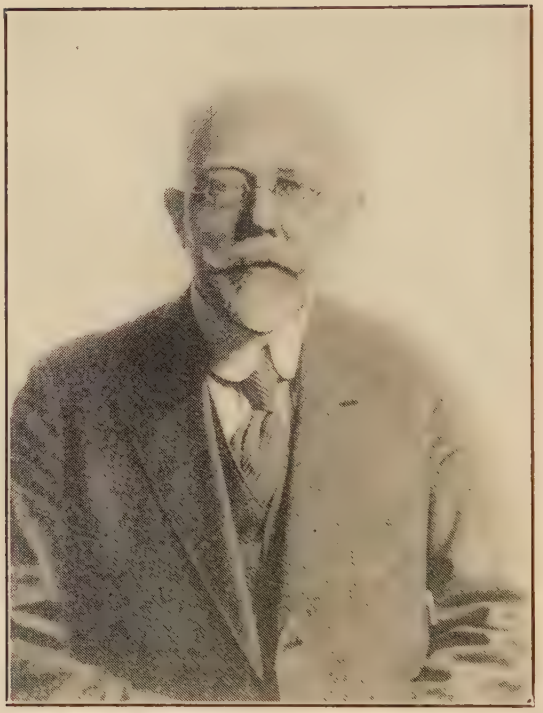
My dear Mr. Jordan:

I haven't a copy of my poem "Telygraft Hill," but it was republished recently in a San Francisco poetry magazine called "Westward." I should be pleased to have The Society of California Pioneers use it as they wish, and thank you for remembering me in that connection.

Very sincerely yours,
Wallace Irwin.

Though there may still be seen on late afternoons a flock of pert-faced and sure-footed goats gamboling down its dizzy slopes, homeward bound for milking time, the great fire has purged the hill of its oddities. Now this former watchman of ships coming through the Golden Gate rears its proud head seemingly rejoicing that "the good old days" slumber in the past. For, in place of the silent and forlorn "castle of Wales," there is on its top a fine rotunda with stone balustrade, accessible even to languid autoists. Here the tourist and the "Californiac," undisturbed by past poetic irony, may survey this windswept town and still "Feed their swate sowls on the scene."

R. J. Jr.



Robert E. Lowar

The Pioneers of California

By Robert Ernest Cowan

Within these historic halls upon this memorable occasion, and in the presence of their devoted successors, it is but natural and fitting that our thoughts should revert to their illustrious progenitors—The Pioneers of California.

An extraordinary individual was the Pioneer, for collectively the one hundred thousand who arrived in California in the earliest period of the "Gold Rush" formed the most unusual and the finest body of men that the world has ever seen; or, will ever again see gathered at one time and in one place. It was pre-eminently a survival of the fittest for the physically weak failed to survive the hardships of the long journey, and the kid-gloved fraternity properly and wisely remained at home.

Whether by sea or land, the journey to California in 1849 occupied five or six months, and the hardships by either route were about equal. If by Panama, there were the usual storms; the deadly cholera and the Chagres fever which frequently followed them on board the vessels; and the intolerable tedium of waiting day after day for the outgoing ship. Over the longer route "Around the Horn" the dangers and discomforts were no less, for in addition to storms and cholera there were the serious drawbacks of wretched food and unwholesome water. Mutinies occasionally broke out, and at all times during the voyage were the sullen apathy, the increasing discontent and the violent antagonism that are always manifest when for a long period men are confined face to face in overcrowded quarters.

The overland journey occupied from four to five months. With the prairie schooner or the bull-team, the caravan, if fortunate, might cover twenty-five miles in a day, but frequently it was considerably less. There were long stretches of monotonous prairie lands, inhospitable deserts, blinding

*Note—Remarks made by Mr. Cowan at the Members' Meeting of the Society of California Pioneers on October 2, 1928, at the time he was elected an Honorary Member of the Society.

storms, swollen and dangerous rivers, cholera and fever for which they rarely had either medical science or benefit of clergy. Finally, the hostile Indian with his deadly arrow hovered always within the horizon. But of those survivors who came from all sources and over all routes, it is conservatively estimated that there were nearly one hundred thousand who arrived in California before January 1, 1850, and among them were some women and children.

Gold was the lodestone that had drawn them here and naturally upon their arrival these men gravitated to the diggings. Much of the population was transient and entirely unsettled in character. Many came with the sole intention of adding to their resources, and this being accomplished, to return whence they came. Some who realized their ambitions remained to profit further. Others, disappointed in the results of their efforts, remained because they were unable to leave. The population was as varied in its features as was the complexion of the coat worn by that ancient Semite who sometime governed Egypt. In this flotsam and jetsam of shifting humanity, were men of many nationalities and all vocations. Assimilation was not necessary. Common purpose had brought them together, and whatever may have been the individual ambition, they one and all possessed alike the same spirit. The degrees of social distinctions were easy, and the lines were not too tightly strained. The professional man, the preacher, the gambler, and the red-shirted miner were brothers, and in the earliest days they were largely upon the same social basis.

It is to the supreme credit of these pioneers that long before the gold excitement had subsided or even had waned, they interested themselves in the welfare of the territory which was as yet without boundaries, and for which, other than a constantly changing military rule, there were neither laws nor responsible officials. The Congress of 1849 convened at Washington, had adjourned at the close of its session in happy

oblivion in so far as the establishment of California as a territory of the United States was concerned.

The Californians held an election in August, 1849, which resulted in the formation of the Constitutional Convention. The delegates assembled in Monterey in September and for several weeks the debates were active and vigorous. The outcome was that California was declared a Territory of the United States, and for that Territory a Constitution had been adopted. Also, an initial veto of slavery was strongly indicated. A year later by the action of Congress this self-constituted Territory became one of the United States. California has always been a land of anomalies, not the least of which is that of all the states admitted since 1850, as well as many that were admitted before that year, California is the one alone that under all legal construction never was a Territory of the United States.

The Territory having been duly created, the first act of the Pioneers was to provide laws for the government of its people. The legislature was assembled in San Jose, then the Capital, in December 1849. San Jose was a place of primitive conditions and the delegates were almost entirely young men. There were the distractions of poker and monte and faro; there were quarter racing and bull-fighting and billiard matches and fandangoes. And, this legislature has been called in terms of derision, "The Legislature of a Thousand Drinks." It is saddening, no doubt, that our pioneer legislature is known by a name so unworthy, but these men found time to draw up laws which were for the benefit of no class nor corporation, but solely for the people of California. It has never been stated nor has any historian ever recorded that one measure was drawn up under undue influence or the sinister shadow of a bribe. These laws have been more or less amended to suit modern times and conditions, but four-fifths of them yet remain in force in the statute books of California in this year of 1928. The work accomplished by that "Legislature of a Thousand Drinks," and the honorable record of its constituent body form a legacy the like of which has never been inherited from any subsequent legislature. Many bright minds were there which for a brief time illumined this old world and then went, leaving behind the faint perfume of a pleasant memory. Gone, too, is the freedom of that day, and—the brand is forgotten!

Much has been written concerning the Pioneers of California. An extensive literature exists in history, fiction, poetry, drama and sermon. Much of it has been written in fairness and justice, but much more has been written wherein the view has been distorted by a persistent mental strabismus, and the writers have been disturbed by a consistent inability to grasp the truth. In Christian charity however, we may perhaps exempt some of the latter class. The truth was not in them. *Ergo, ex nihilo, nihil fit.*

It has been said that the Pioneers were crude and uncouth. Some of them certainly were, for they were recruited from many lands and out of all grades of society. But in those early days every good woman, even absolutely alone, was perfectly safe in the rude cabin of the "rough" miner, and the tender care and thoughtful consideration of children where the Pioneer was concerned have become proverbial.

It has been stated that the Pioneers were illiterate. Doubtless some of them were, but by that same token illiteracy is not entirely uncommon in this present year of grace, and the 49'ers did not enjoy the broad educational advantages which form perhaps the chief ornament among our present day institutions. Why cite the statute of limitations in disfavor of the Pioneer? Many of them were of gentle birth, well-bred, cultured and refined. Many of them were college men and as they brought with them all of these refinements of education and culture they were speedily communicated to their less fortunate associates.

It has been said that the Pioneers were profane. This statement is accepted without contention, although there have been many exceptions. We have known many Pioneers who have risen to the occasion beautifully and effectively when the time was propitious and the emergency appeared to be urgent. We honor them for it. They never strayed afar from the stout and substantial oaths of their vigorous old English ancestors.

It has been asserted that the Pioneers were a godless community. Doubtless some of them were wanting in faith, but which is the community in which it has not been ever so? The Puritans have been known to discourage with the most drastic measures the unholy activities of some of their own people. Not every one of that noble army that followed Washington was an inspired and god-fearing patriot. And at a certain

memorable supper where thirteen sat together there was one at least who was not sincere in his love of Jesus Christ. When the Pioneers came in 1849, there were no churches in California, but before 1850 five had been organized in their respective demoninations by five pioneer clergymen. There were others as well, but these five men were also highly respected members of this honored Society, and for many years one of them was its beloved chaplain. But who built these churches and gave the support so vital to their welfare? The godless Pioneers, of course, for there were none other than Pioneers in California.

Not only were they men of decisive action but they possessed iniative, foresight, imagination and wide vision. Of the many institutions that today exist in California, the majority were projected, planned, wrought out, and brought to successful completion by these same men. Their labors were extended in many directions. Governments, both state and municipal, were formed. Villages and towns, many of which are now populous and prosperous cities, were founded. Ownership of property and adjudication of land titles were effected. Banks, courts, churches, schools and similar institutions were organized. Incidentally, the great University of California is the superb monument of one inspired Pioneer, and the world-known Lick Observatory was the noble benefaction of another. Railroads, steamship lines and telegraphs were projected and later completed to operation. Great feats in mining and engineering were not unknown to them. The United States Board of Engineers had ignominiously failed to remove that dangerous Blossom Rock from San Francisco harbor, but that feat was successfully accomplished by an eminent engineer who was sometime president of this distinguished Society. The legal fraternity of 1849 has never had its superior. Aviation in its present development was unknown, but it is of more than transient interest to note that in San Francisco nearly sixty years ago, one of those early-comers had already organized a stock company for "Aerial Navigation."

Those among us who knew the Pioneer sufficiently well to enjoy the precious freedom of intimately understanding him, will tell you that we admired and respected him for qualities of mind and attributes of heart; his mind for its depth and breadth, its calm and fearless outlook upon the things of life and its intimate knowledge of mankind; his

heart for its tenderness, its sympathy, and its unfailing and ever ready generosity. And these have been the attributes which, drawn from poor humanity's choicest graces, form a kind of enchanted mantle which veils the frailer side of human existence and hides the poverty of human limitations.

In that splendid company was another rarely mentioned in books of history—a gentle Pioneer—the Pioneer Mother. Faithful, affectionate, devoted and domestic, she accepted bravely and without complaint her share of the dangers, hardships and discomforts of pioneer life. She was a power in the home and a strength in the community, and she brought into the world splendid young manhood and womanhood. If she had her faults, none knew them, nor have they ever yet been named.

These have been the Pioneers—men and women, who shaped the great destinies of California. It is a current fiction but not based upon substantial fact, that the day of the Pioneer is done and that his work is forgotten. True, his work is long since ended. Four decades ago he was here in the full flush of mature manhood and in the strength of his mental vigor. Yesterday he was but a faded remnant of what he once was, and tomorrow to the last Pioneer, California will say *Vale!*

Had the Pioneers not come to California two-thirds of its history and development might well be erased. The day of the Pioneer is done, but will his name and deeds pass into oblivion? Never, so long as California rests serenely and securely upon the edge of the Western Ocean. Never, so long as his proud young Commonwealth adorns with its brilliance the galaxy of States. Never, so long as institutions obtain and history exists. And never, so long as one drop of Pioneer blood pulses in the hearts of those who will come hereafter, will there be forgotten the proud names and the illustrious deeds of the Pioneers of California.

The Bark Huntingdon

In our last Quarterly we published an article entitled "The First Remasting of a Vessel in the Bay of San Francisco" by Alfred DeWitt. Unfortunately, as explained in a foreword, the date on which the remasting took place, was omitted from the original manuscript.

Recently, however, from Mr. Frederick C. Matthews, author of "American Clipper Ships," came a letter containing the following data: "My records show that the Bark *Huntingdon* first arrived in San Francisco Bay on June 27, 1850 from Philadelphia, under command of Captain Cookey, or Coockey, as spelled when she cleared for China on August 24, 1850. This would establish July and August 1850 as the time during which her masts were refitted. She was here again on March 31, 1852, Captain Jones, from Philadelphia, via San Diego.

"According to a Register of 1858 the *Huntingdon* was built at Baltimore in 1846-47 by John A. Robb, and launched in February 1847. In 1858 she was owned by Corner & Sons of Baltimore."

Announcements and Reports

SECRETARY'S REPORT

With the beginning of the New Year our Third Generation Committee decided to hold an Open Forum at the first Members' Luncheon, January 8th, to give all those who had answered their questionaire an opportunity to voice their criticisms or constructive suggestions. Their remarks were most helpful, and for the good of the Society the discussions were carried over into the February 5th Luncheon Meeting.

Our outstanding speaker was Mr. W. T. Hale, who gave an illustrated talk on Alaskan Fisheries at the March 5th meeting, being introduced by Mr. I. M. Peckham, Chairman of the Day. The announcement of this talk brought out the largest attendance for many months, and those present were unanimous in praise of the way Mr. Hale had covered the field.

The following new members have been elected to membership:

William G. Drum
Harold Farnsworth Gray
Theodore Gray
Charles J. Heeseman, Jr.

The constantly increasing interest of our members shown by the increased attendance at the Members' Meetings and luncheons, is most gratifying and reflects the good work of our Third Generation Committee.

Respectfully yours,

H. L. Van Winkle,
Secretary.

CURATOR'S REPORT

Accessions to Library and Museum

The following gifts have been received since January 1, 1929:

Mr. C. M. Baker. Twenty-five cent piece of 1853; silver half dollar of 1855; Canadian one cent piece, 1913, a coin no longer issued.

Dr. V. M. Berthold. Copy of The Collector's Club Philatelist for January 1929 containing an article by Dr. Berthold on William H. Russell, originator and developer of the Pony Express.

Mr. Daniel J. Buckley. Photographs of the *Alta California*, San Francisco, June 7, 1849.

Mr. John W. Classen. Pamphlet, "Frederick Jerome, the Ocean Hero and San Francisco Boatman."

Mr. W. R. Conrad. Small photograph of an oil portrait of John A. Sutter.

Mr. Frank J. Devlin and Mr. W. H. Kemp. Framed schedule of San Francisco Fire Insurance rates adopted at a convention of the various companies, May 1, 1856.

Mrs. L. M. Doxey. Oil painting of the Cliff House by William Keith.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Graves. Six scrap books of Dr. William Gibbon, containing manuscript notes of weather reports; inventory of patients; Tuolumne County Medical Society records, 1856; description of trip to Columbia; geology of Tuolumne County; Organization of "The San Francisco Dispensary," February 1854.

Mrs. Lydia Hardy Jewett. Photographs of a lithograph of the Constitutional Amendment Abolishing Slavery in California, 16th Session, 1865-66; Society of California Pioneers Membership Certificate of Thomas Hardy; Home of Phineas Hardy in Hollis, N. H., 1764.

Mr. R. Jordan. Pamphlet, "The American Emperor" by David Warren Ryder; and a small silk Bear Flag.

Miss Elizabeth W. Latham. Regular election ticket containing names of candidates seeking election as delegates to the State and Congressional Convention of 1871.

Mr. Charles A. Lawley. Photographs of the Toll House, the Russian Tablet, and the Tablet marking the site of Robert Louis Stevenson's cabin on Mt. St. Helena. Two stock certificates of the Aetna Mining Company, 1875-76.

Mr. W. J. Lillie. Sight draft of Wells Fargo & Co., Sacramento, California, September 1, 1856.

Mr. L. M. MacDermot. Dueling pistol that belonged to Charles Main, brought around the Horn by him in 1849. Photograph of Main and Winchester's Exhibit. Italian copper coin, dated 1826.

Mr. R. W. Neal. Diamond Jubilee Edition of the Pacific Underwriter and Banker, Sept. 25, 1925.

Mr. Frederick W. Payne. Four Biographical sketches with pen and ink portraits of Col. John C. Hayes, Kit Carson, Stephen W. Kearny, Gen. George Rogers Clark; and several articles by Mr. Payne published in the Hartford Daily Times.

Mrs. George W. Percy. Three letters written by George F. Hubbs, to his sister in Maine, one dated "On Board the Bark Sarah Warren, Jan. 6, 1850, and the others dated Jacksonville, California, Nov. 22, and Dec. 22, 1853.

Dr. Henry duR. Phelan. Several silver and copper coins partly melted in the San Francisco fire of April, 1906. Among these is a twenty-five cent piece of 1846 and a ten cent piece of 1849.

Mrs. J. P. Sargent. Framed oil portrait of Jesse B. Carr.

Spring Valley Water Company. Magazine, "San Francisco Water" for 1928.

Mr. O. P. Stidger. Album of fifty photographs of old Chinatown; and photographs of the reception to Gen. Lan Ten Wai at Angel Island Emigration Station in 1912. Congressional Record, Jan. 4, 1929, containing Address by Mrs. Henry W. English on George Rogers Clark.

Mr. R. W. Stockwell. List of Californians and dates of their deaths.

Mr. James H. Tennent. Letter of Lieut. Geo. W. Harrison, dated San Francisco, Jan. 20, 1850, to H. Gordon, challenging him to a duel. H. Gordon's reply and apology, same date.

Waters & Company. Two panoramas of San Francisco, photographs taken in 1906 and the same view in 1928, showing the growth of the business portion of San Francisco.

Mr. C. E. Wooley. Letter written by L. H. Wooley, dated Forksville, August 25, 1850, and a tin box used by him for gold dust in early days.

LOANS

Dr. A. T. Leonard. Framed Spanish document: Thos. O. Larkin's announcement to his friends that he had been appointed U. S. Consul to California, Monterrey, 1844.

SARAH S. ODDIE,
Acting Curator.

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of
The Society of California Pioneers

H. L. VAN WINKLE
Secretary

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Editor

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FROM JULY 1928 TO JULY 1929.

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From July 1928 to July 1929

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George and Lydia Waters

Account of A Trip Across the Plains in 1855

By Lydia Milner Waters

FOREWORD

Lydia Mary Milner was the daughter of a missionary sent by the Church of England to Nova Scotia in 1818. She was nine years old at that time. In those days a missionary was not just a teacher and preacher. It also devolved upon him to supply all the needs of his people, physical as well as spiritual, so "Parsy" Milner was of necessity doctor, dentist, lawyer, judge, adviser and minister. Thus quite naturally leadership was forced upon his twelve young children, particularly Lydia, who absorbed considerable knowledge of the simpler medical practices, knowledge of great value to her and others in the years to come.

In 1845 she and George Gilbert Waters, a farmer's son, were married, and after a few years (1851) they started the procession of emigrants from New Brunswick to the United States, settling on the banks of the Mississippi at Bellevue, Iowa.

Twenty-two years later, years that had been filled for the Waters family with the varied interests of farming, mining, and toll-road building and operation in California, Mrs. Waters wrote the following account of their trip across the plains in 1855. It was written as a record for her eldest son, who was a child of five at the time of the trip.

"My dear Cochran," she began. "I wish you would keep this account of our crossing the plains until the year 1900. It will then be amusing to read of things many years past and forgotten. In these dull times it has taken me back to some pleasant scenes. You will always remember riding the black horses.

Your mother,

May 22, 1877. Lydia Waters."

Through the interest of her two sons, Mr. William Cochran Waters and Mr. R. J. Waters, this chronicle has been placed in the keeping of The Society of California Pioneers, and with their permission we are printing it here in part.

Early in the morning of May 15th (1855) we began yoking the oxen. There were twenty head and two cows, and only one pair had ever been yoked before. It was a great undertaking and it was four o'clock in the afternoon before it was done. George had two wagons of his own, and he also employed a man and his brother with another, as he was to take a woman and four children to California. Our party numbered twelve.

The ox wagons were started on the road. Then George,

Cochran and myself waited until George could collect a few bills, for we had a light wagon, and a large pair of young black horses, and could overtake the oxen. Following was no task, for the oxen had run away, thrown bags out of the wagon, and burst a sack of sugar on the road.

Reached Keisters about six p. m. and about four miles from town concluded to sleep in the hotel as our wagons were well stowed. Found the hotel full of travelers. It was built of oak logs and the main dining room was very large, with a fireplace that held a back-log eight feet long. Rolled in our blankets, we slept in a half circle around that fireplace, sixteen persons in all. I slept by George, Corny by me. Martha banked George on the other side. How the others were arranged I don't know. I have never met any of our bedfellows since or before.

Just as we were leaving, a tremendous hail storm came on. Hail as large as pigeons' eggs came down the large short chimney, and bounced off the floor as high as our heads all over the room. But the day was fine after the hail and we reached the Maquoketa early in the afternoon.

Isaac George, one of George's men, ornamented himself with gun, pistol and bowie knife, and strutted about the town. That night we camped a couple of miles beyond the town, and in the morning the Constable arrived and arrested Isaac for debt. It seemed he had been to the Seminary there to study for the ministry, and had not paid his way. As drivers were scarce George had to pay it, though he never got a cent for his trouble.

Some days afterward we forded the Wapsipinicon, the worst ford on our trip. It was a wide stream with steep banks and a deep channel on each shore. Isaac was terribly afraid of the water, but he went into the stream before our wagon. When the wagon box dipped into the water he jumped up on the back of it, and standing with one foot on each corner of the wagon box, his arms spread on each side of the bows, he looked just like a spread eagle. But the oxen stopped and with all his shouting would not move, so he finally had to get off his roost and into the water up to his armpits to drive them. This was in the early afternoon, and about two o'clock a heavy thunderstorm came up and poured until eleven that night. I had to wring out our blankets for they got soaking wet at the ford, and we made our beds and soaked in them all night.

In a few days we fell in with a party of young men with five hundred head of cattle and a few horses. One of them, Mr. Neal, was a very nice person. He was the owner and had driven the cattle all the way across Wisconsin. He and his men were not afraid of the Indians, and would not be turned back by them. Not they!

Forty-two miles beyond Winterset, we camped on a large rolling prairie, with only grass and sky to be seen. About midnight a coyote stampeded all the horses. Some had been tied head and foot, others hobbled, but in the morning not a horse was in sight. Three of the men found their trail and followed it. In the meantime the ox wagons drove on, thinking we would overtake them in a few hours. Mr. Neal, George and I stayed there two days, but as luck would have it we had one day's cooked provisions in our small wagon.

It was twenty-four hours before the horses were found. Tired as they were, they had run all the way back to Winterset, forty-two miles in seven hours. And, as a blacksmith had picked them up and shut them in a barn (with neither hay nor water) very early in the morning before anyone was stirring, no one had seen them when our men inquired. The men were cross and drove them back as fast as they had left. We started the next morning and overtook the wagons which had laid by for us.

A few days after this, hoping to catch a train we wished to travel with, George and I started for Kanesville, leaving the wagons to follow. But we missed that company by a few hours, and had to camp a short distance from the town on the banks of the Missouri River, to wait for a train to gather, for only a strong party could safely face the Sioux Indians, who were then at war with the States. Poor Neal and his men became frightened, and backed out, and he took a contract for plowing in the neighborhood. All his stock was stolen and the next year he came to Marysville, California. I should say we had some mighty men of valor with us. The Indians would die of fright as soon as they saw them! These mighty men could fire forty shots out of their wagons without reloading!

At Kanesville we saw the first calico ceilings, which when they lifted up with the wind seemed very curious to me. Also the first Indians walking about the streets. Their uniforms were neat but not gaudy—a breech-clout and moccasins. They did not approve of water—used instead the entrails of some

small fat animal, a skunk or raccoon, which looked as if it were dried in the smoke. They were dirty and took the greatest comfort lying in the sun rubbing themselves with these greasy insides. I don't know where they kept them except in the breech-clout.

We laid eight days by the river, and to pass the time, we often crossed over to Nebraska on the steam ferry boat. Omaha had only a few houses. The town plot was staked out in streets, avenues, and lots for over two miles, but there was only one insignificant brick building—the post-office.

At Mosquito Creek we camped and organized our company, and the next morning started with thirty wagons. Our rule was—as many wagons as a man had, so many days he drove at the head of the train, then dropped to the back end. When we stopped we always drove into the camping ground in this order, so we knew where our places were. The wagons were always drawn up in a half circle, ox chains from the hind wheel of one to the front wheel of the next wagon, the tongue of the wagon resting on the wagon box before it. This formed an enclosure for the cattle at night, the guards being on the open side. The tents were then pitched by the wagons to which they belonged so as to be safe if there were a stampede of the cattle. This train was mostly composed of men with families, and they always kept a guard with the stock from the time the yokes were taken off until put on again.

Ten wagons had horses only, which made their owners our "aristocracy." They would not conform to the rules, would not stand guard, and made themselves very disagreeable. The ladies dressed in their merinos, white collars, chains, rings, and brooches. They had their crockery ware instead of tin, and late into the night they danced and sang and fiddled, so hardly anyone could sleep for the noise they made. Soon they found it too slow to travel in a train with oxen, and left us, expecting to gallop into California. With them also went a chap named Hargraves, who had been cruelly offended when the young fellows called his "the calf train." None of his steers were over two years old. He had only one wagon, and with him were his wife and brother and nine children.

From Omaha to the Elkhorn we made a road for ourselves for some thirty-five miles on account of a large body of Sioux who were about fifteen miles below on the regular ford. The day after we crossed the Elkhorn the Shawnees and Omahas

had a great battle with the Sioux. The Elkhorn ford was very similar to the Wapsipinicon, only we had to go much farther down in the center of the river. Men were placed a few rods apart in the center of the stream, and stood there, in water up to their waists, to show the teams where to go. The bottom was quicksand, so we did very little stopping.

Along the Platte River we traveled some time, and left to cross Loup Fork where there was a ferry. Loup Fork was a full half mile wide there. But the ferry price was so enormous, the men concluded to find a ford for themselves. However, after a little bargaining they agreed on the two dollar a wagon ferry fare, and we were ferried to a quicksand bar in the center of the river, and had to ford the rest of the way.

Just as Isaac got his oxen well in the water, he thought he must hunt for something in his wagon. As luck would have it, I saw his wagon sinking into the sand and called him, but he would not stop his hunt. George saw it, too, and made the cattle start just as the wheels were in the sand to the hubs and sinking fast. That night when we camped, Indian fires were in all directions about us, but we were not molested.

A few miles farther on, on the Wood River, just as we were eating our supper a very unlooked for and violent thunder storm began and continued until nine p. m. After it was over we found four men who were on guard, had been knocked down. One man in a tent was insensible. A Mr. Myers, who had a nice carriage, got into it to keep the blinds down to prevent the lining from getting wet, and was found sitting on the front seat dead. The lightning had struck the top of his head and run down his neck and side, escaping out of the carriage without leaving a mark, except for a very small bit of broken moulding on top. He had a wife and three months old child in the train. To gratify her we rubbed and worked over him, though all knew he was dead.

Early the next morning he was buried. Of course there was no coffin. He was dressed in his best clothes, wrapped first in a sheet and then in a patchwork quilt. The men dug a deep grave and cut cottonwood and laid it over him to quite a thickness to prevent the coyotes from unearthing his body—which no doubt they did anyway. We had seen numbers of graves destroyed that way. As soon as the burial was over, we started, and the last thing we saw was his wife clasping the grave in her arms and screaming. We were driving first that

day, and her wagons were the last of the train. We could not lay over as we were in the midst of hostile Indians. I kept a lock of his hair which was burnt off by the lightning and gave it to his wife some days afterward. No one else had thought of cutting it for her.

From this time for two months we had, every day and night, fearful thunderstorms. Reached the Platte River again and traveled about two hundred miles. There was not a stick in that distance large enough for a switch. For fires we used buffalo chips.

The old trail was about one hundred feet wide. The grass had been killed by travel, but along it for nearly a hundred miles was the most beautiful bed of flowers, portulaca in bunches four feet high, and a great variety of other flowers. We were now on the buffalo range and the hills on the opposite side of the Platte were perfectly black with them. Five of them came near where we were laying over one afternoon and would have run over the tents had the women not shaken their aprons and sun bonnets, and shouted at them, which made them turn to avoid us.

In a small, deep ravine nearby, we overtook the horse train laying over for a child to die with the whooping cough. A little girl just four years old. George, Corny and I crossed the stream to them, but were obliged to leave soon as our train was on the move.

From here we had nothing but sand hills until we reached Fort Laramie. It appeared as though each train passing over had broken the roots of the grass, and the wind, blowing only in one direction, had blown the sand away leaving a chasm seventy or eighty feet deep. I should judge that about every train made a new road. About seventy-five miles from Laramie we saw London Jack, the first trader who had crossed the Platte the day before. He had nothing to sell, but wanted to buy supplies from the Emigrants. With him was his Indian wife and little half-breed son.

Across the Platte from Fort Laramie we laid over one day and George and I went over to the Fort. It was pleasant to see the Officers' wives, children, and nurses gaily dressed and out walking. In the graveyard close by we saw the grave of a trader, around which was a stone wall nearly, if not quite, five feet high. The space inside was about eight by ten feet and was filled with buffalo bones. This had been done by a

tribe of Indians with whom he had lived when he was killed by a tribe with whom they were at war. When we got back our concern had eaten their supper and left nothing for us except the tins and pans to be cleaned before I could cook ours.

We were now five hundred miles, or thereabout, from the Mississippi River and had four miles to go before beginning to ascend the Black Hills. The road was of sharp grit and very winding, and after traveling some hours, part of the train was over our heads very much like the views I had seen of traveling in the Alps.

The hoofs of the cattle became so worn they had to be shod. Now the amateur blacksmiths had to show their skill. George became quite proficient shoeing both horses and oxen, for he shod those belonging to the widow (Mrs. Myers) which, with our own left him little spare time. To shoe the cattle a trench the length of the animal and the width and depth of the shovel was dug. The animal was then thrown and rolled over so that its back bone lay in the trench and all four of its legs were up in the air. In this position it was helpless and the shoes were nailed on readily.

At the Upper Crossing of the Platte, some two hundred and fifty miles above Laramie, a letter written on a bone and placed on the side of the road on which the drivers walk, was picked up. It was from the horse train, and told us that a few days before, the Indians had robbed them of sixteen horses and had tried to carry off Hargraves' eighteen year old daughter. The girl had gone a little distance to milk their cow and before they knew it, a band of Indians was upon them. When one tried to carry her away, and she had struck him with a pail half full of milk, he speared her twice with a spear fastened with a long sinew to his wrist. She fainted, and likely he thought her dead. Then an Indian on the identical pony Black Jack had, and which we had so much admired, made a tremendous noise with a thing like a watchman's rattle and stampeded the horses. Hargraves fired one shot right up into the air and the valiant men who could fire forty shots out of their wagon without reloading were paralyzed with fear. London Jack was supposed to be dyed like an Indian and riding his own pony. The particulars we had from one of the train who lost his horse at the time, and traveled with us for a long time afterward. A trader let them have some odd stock, and they were thankful enough to get an ox and cow, as well as a horse and cow, as

pairs for their wagons. They reached California in rags, toes out, and in poor condition. Most of their horses were very valuable.

Four days before we reached the crossing a band of cattle were being driven over by their owner and some other men. An Indian galloped up, asked for the "captain," and after they had shaken hands and as soon as the "captain's" back was turned, he shot him through the heart. Then he galloped to the hills again and escaped! The "captain" was buried at the crossing. We saw Indians buried here on scaffolding on which was hung all their traps; and some distance farther up the Platte there were a few large Cottonwood trees in the tops of which some Indians wrapped in their buffalo robes were bound.

The day we left the Platte we had no water to drink except what we carried, though there was plenty of alkali water the color of brandy. It was a long hard day's drive through deep dust—and hot. I was driving loose stock and got nearly choked. One of our oxen got alkalied and couldn't reach Willow Springs, our intended camping ground, so we had to camp two miles before we reached the Springs. The men dug a hole where there was some green grass and it soon filled up with water. That night there was so much talking in the train that no one slept. Luckily, for about three o'clock in the morning a band of Indians tried to surprise us. Being awake we were ready. Then they galloped toward a small train of Irishmen who had a drove of cattle and always camped a few rods from us for protection. They fired a pistol or two and the Indians left. We counted sixteen against the eastern sky as they went over the top of a hill. We had been aware that a party of Sioux had been following us for two weeks, but this was the last we saw of them, except a war party up the Sweetwater.

As we were passing Saleratus Lake, one of our men saw an antelope, and took a heavily loaded gun, which was prepared in case of an Indian attack, out of the wagon. He couldn't get near enough to shoot the animal so put the gun back in the bow of the wagon, and left it cocked. I was driving oxen in the wagon at that time, resting from driving loose stock. In moving, the skirt of my dress caught the hammer of the gun. Off it went. Our horses were tied with long ropes behind, and luckily the whole charge raked only one side of the horses. They broke loose and ran away. We were the last of the train,

so no one was shot. The wagon cover caught fire and, as usual, our water had been given away. Someone ran to a forward wagon for water. I thought of the leaves in the teapot, and filling my hands with them patted on the fire. The wind was very strong, but I almost had it out when the water came. Had a patchwork quilt over the traps inside, and it was burnt considerably. George got the horses. The one we called Sam was well peppered, and the slugs did not all work out until five months afterward. My hands were so scorched that they did not get well for two months.

We were now in the Sweetwater valley. Independence Rock was like an island of rock on a grassy plain. As high as a person could reach or climb on it, it was covered with names, some of which we knew. Two miles from this noble rock was the Devil's Gate which deserves its name. It is a cleft through a point of granite mountain where the Sweetwater rushes through eight hundred feet from the top of the rocks. George and I climbed on top—had to go through the granite like a mouse in a stone heap. He laid down flat and looked at the Falls, which I dared not. We picked an abundance of gooseberries which I made into pies.

Just above the Devil's Gate we laid over for half a day. There was a trader there, and George bought a pair of half breed buffalo oxen which resembled the buffalo more than the the American cattle and were real pretty. We stayed at this camp one night and towards morning a heavy thunder storm with plenty of snow came on. About six inches of snow fell where we had picked gooseberries the day before. So, we were glad to move even in the storm. It cleared off by noon, and the sun shone warm and soon dried those whose clothes were wet.

A long way up the Sweetwater we fell in with a war party of the Sioux. They were in their war paint, rawhide shields, and other fixings. They were civil, only wanted provisions, so every wagon contributed what they could spare. The men of the train made as great a display as they could clanking their firearms and walking by their wagons.

In going to our camping ground the last night on the Sweetwater we crossed over a flat a quarter of a mile wide and covered with clear buff colored pebbles. I filled my pockets with them, but they were afterwards begged from me.

July fifth we entered the South Pass in the Rocky Moun-

tains—seventy-four hundred feet above the level of the sea. A beautiful pass—sharp grit road. The wind was blowing hard and the grit cut into our hands and faces. As soon as we got through the Pass we came to a flat spot on one side of the road, about forty acres as green as an emerald. It was an immense quagmire. We went four miles and stopped for the night, using water that came from the morass. This was the first water running west. We camped right in the road, a most miserable looking place.

After crossing Little Sandy and Big Sandy we traveled two days' journey on the Salt Lake Road in order to avoid as much as we could the Green River Desert, which it took us two days to cross before we reached the Green River. Then we had to travel down a stony canyon to a narrow flat by the river. The next morning the cattle were swum over and the wagons taken over in a ferry boat, for the river here was very deep and middling wide. We laid over until six, then moved six miles up the stream. The cattle had eaten nothing save Cottonwood leaves for thirty hours.

A number of Snake Indians came to our tents. Likewise the traders who had the ferry visited us. The Snake Chief had been down to Fort Laramie, and the Commandant had given him a colonel's dress coat, a sword and belt, a large Scotch plaid cap with a ball of wool on the crown, and a pair of moccasins, all of which he had on. His spindle bar legs, especially when the sword was between them showed to advantage. He was a great beggar, and we gave them all some biscuit. The traders had the scurvy and wanted tartaric acid, which George gave them.

Hans Stork was a Shoshone Indian who spent all day in the tents. All hands endeavored to fill him up. But after he'd eaten steadily all day, and still had not enough, we gave up. Shoshone Indians were in the camp all night—the only time they were allowed to stay—and they sang and danced. A tall old fellow would stand up, another stood behind him with a hand on the first one's hips, and so on until there were eighteen or twenty in a row, the small ones at the end. When the leader spoke they all jumped as high as they could, and gave the most terrific yells. Sleep was out of the question until they were tired.

The next morning we had to climb the Hog's Back, and a bristly one we found it, so steep and stony, to a high table land.

About noon we came to a twenty acre grove of spruce or fir trees. They were the size of good poles, about sixty or seventy-five feet high, and growing as close as they could stand together. A rabbit could not much more than get through them. The Emigrants had cut a narrow road through the grove instead of going around. As far as the eye could see the country was bare except for a few stunted weeds.

Camped one night by the Malad River, a swift running stream and good clear water; and had the pleasure of seeing the first Digger Indians. Greater brutes nature never made. They had never cut their hair which was full of sticks, dried grass and dirt, and their heads looked as large as bushel baskets for their hair stuck out straight. Their bellies were tremendous from eating so much when they could get it. They were very saucy and would have taken the guns out of the wagons in spite of all the women could do. But they soon behaved themselves when the men, who had been looking after the cattle, returned.

An old Mormon camped with us. He was going, so he said, to Raft River where he had a shanty and a patch of potatoes. The last must have been in his mind's eye, as we never saw anything of it. He had a dashing turn-out; a cart with two wheels of different sizes, a wooden axle on which he never put any grease, a tongue made of a sapling with the bark still on, and his team consisted of a horse and cow with its calf. Whatever filled his cart was covered with rags. He sat on the front with his feet on the tongue, and when the wheels would give a terrible screech, he would turn his head first to one wheel and then to the other. That cart could be heard easily a mile away. He had intended to stay to rest a day, but because of the Indians, left just after we did.

The road was most terrible that day. For five miles we had to go up a steep ravine in a dry water course, and when we reached the top the road was scarce wide enough for a wagon to stand. All but one yoke of oxen were taken off the wagons and chained on behind to prevent the wagons from turning tail over head. When the road was bad all the men had to be with the teams, so I had all the loose stock of the train to drive. As soon as I'd get one ox a little way down, I'd go back up after another. Then the first one, afraid of the steep decline, would follow me back up again. I would have been there a life time if George, after he had driven down, had not returned to help me. Then we had to go a mile through

IDAHO
WYOMING
IOWA
NEBRASKA
NEVADA
UTAH
CALIFORNIA
Soda Springs
Big Blue
Bear River
Salt Lake City
Laramie
Platte River
Omaha
Bellevue
Sacramento
Sacramento River
Truckee River

a seven foot chasm cut by the water. It was twenty feet deep and in some places the axles scraped against the sides of this cut and the oxen had to be driven from below. In some places ledges of rock ran across and the axles had to be wedged up to get them over. Only one wagon at a time went into this place.

This day we had to go thirty-one miles to water and we reached it a little after eleven p. m. As the night was dark we could not find buffalo chips for the fires, so made our supper of biscuits and stagnant water. After such a heavy drive it was necessary to lay over a day to rest the stock. In the morning we had a view of our watering place, a small swamp hole in a bare dismal valley.

About nine that evening two Mormons, on a prospecting trip, came on horseback and with one loaded pack horse to our tents. During the night their horses were stolen by the Diggers, who had been following us for several days. After a few days we parted from our Mormon friend with the musical cart. We saw his house which was small enough and built of logs from the ravines. It had a door but no window. As the door had been left open an ox had wandered into it and died about ten days before. He had a nice smell for a while.

Next we came to the Bear River, almost the headwaters of it, and traveled due north on this river for many days. Near the great bend at the Soda Springs, which are worth going to see, we laid over. The Soda Springs were in a large grassy plain. Some were like little rills running over the grass, while one was a circle twenty feet across, sparkling and clear as dew. A few hundred yards away other springs had formed islands which looked and glittered like white china in the sun. One of these was fully one hundred and fifty feet long and probably twenty-five feet high. Several springs had walls four feet high around them with small openings where the water escaped, which turned into this white formation by the time it reached the plain. I broke some of it off and it looked quite like jelly cake, but after a few weeks turned pure white. As we had acid, essence of lemon and sugar, we had the best kind of soda water from these springs.

About two miles farther on was Beer Spring on the bank of Bear River. Its water looked exactly like Lager beer, and tasted as if it were, only flat. We left the Bear about a hundred miles north of Salt Lake to travel exactly west. When we were within three miles of the crater of an extinct volcano I

got some one to drive the loose stock and started for it over a flat country, rough though, and covered with greasewood and sage brush. I ran all the way except where there was an immense circle of volcanic rocks in small square pillars eighty-five to ninety feet high. The plain I had just crossed was on a level with the top of these rocks and I had a hard time to find a place to get to the plain below as the pillars stood straight on end. I was still a mile from the crater which looked to be about a hundred feet high, and put me in mind of an immense bowl with a perfectly round bottom, as if choked with lava and volcanic stone. I caught up with the train a little later, and though I had not reached the crater I was well pleased with what I had seen.

We now traveled over monotonous hills until we came to Circular Valley and its pyramids. It was a charming, *circular* valley, perhaps half a mile in diameter. A small brook ran through and the ground was covered with the brightest of short green grass. The pyramids, eleven or twelve of them, were like ice-bergs in fanciful shapes, some a hundred and fifty feet high, arched, with holes through them. I saw some stalactites in them which must have been limestone.

Two miles beyond we came to the junction of the Salt Lake road and there found a letter written on a bone. It was from some one in the train which had left us on the Big Sandy and was written to tell us that Indians had stolen horses and oxen from them at that camping ground.

We found terrible slopes on the Goose Creek Mountains. In one place stout scrubby trees had been nearly cut off by the ropes with which the Emigrants had let their wagons down. We followed in the same fashion, fastened a rope to the back of the wagon, made one turn around the trunk of a tree, and had men hold on to the end of the rope while the wagon was eased down.

On August fifth we reached Thousand Spring Valley. Traveled four miles farther and laid over half a day. The grass was two feet high and as thick as it could grow, and everywhere were natural wells of unknown depth. Some of them were round, some were long, but the grass being so thick, would lay over the water entirely covering it. One of our large horses went to one to drink, and fell in head over heels. By the time the men reached him with ropes, he was swimming and managed to climb out the other end. It was a discon-

certing place, and I was thankful to leave before Cochran should fall into one. At the lower end of this valley the water was so full of alkali that it was the color of brandy. Any number of streams of this kind ran across the road.

A few days afterward we came to the Humboldt natural wells at the head of the Humboldt River. A long way down the Humboldt the train had to stop, for a child was born, a boy. The Indians were troublesome, so one of the men told them that the woman had smallpox, and they left in a hurry. Some of the women were much frightened. The mother of the woman who was confined cried and cried, fearing her daughter would die. Then the others followed suit, and so, as usual when there was trouble, I had to boss the job. We laid over one day, and then moved on. The mother and child did well, could not have done better anywhere else.

A day and a half's journey below Stony Point in the Humboldt, we met two men, Captain Johnston and Mr. McCoy. The latter was a Californian and was going east to meet his brother who was coming with a drove of cattle. The Captain had a Trading Post a good way down the river and intended to buy stock from McCoy's brother. They had some Indians from the Captain's Post with them. As I bade the Captain goodbye I said, "You have more courage than I'd have. There is an Indian out there to every willow."

"Meaning murder if they get a chance at the Whites," he answered with a smile.

We then each went our way, but the next day he fell with a treacherous Indian bullet through his heart. McCoy rode twenty-two miles in two hours to get help from the boys in the Irish train which still camped near us; so they all went back the next day to bury Johnston, and to find that the Indians had cut his heart out for the bullet!

At the Big Meadows on the Humboldt we laid over one day to cut grass and to get water for the stock in the desert. It was the greatest place for garter snakes I ever saw. There were thousands of them. Some of the wagon boxes were calked and, with the casks brought from Missouri, were soaked and filled with water; and when the hay was ready we started again, and reached the lower end of the Humboldt Lake late that evening. Saw lots of young foxes and pelicans on the south side of the Lake.

Some traders were there who urged us to go the Carson

route. We had intended going by way of Truckee, but this trader had a partner on the Carson River, and he insisted there was a good trail for eight miles that way which would take us toward Truckee. We started early as we had to cross the desert, but found the trader had tricked us, for we went almost square off the road, and at sundown could see where we camped the night before. From the lower end of the lake a stagnant slough ran eight miles or so and dried up, and there an amount of cattle had died. The ground was covered with bones and carcasses.

We had twenty-eight miles of desert before us, so traveled until midnight. The moon was full, and from a long way off we could see the steam of the Boiling Springs rising from the ground. The noise of these springs was like that of a large wagon being driven rapidly over rough frozen ground. The water glittered in the moonlight like diamonds, but it was poisonous. For some acres the surface sounded hollow. Two miles beyond the Springs the water sank into the sand, and smelled worse than carrion.

By daylight we found ourselves in another valley on each side of which was a chain of mountains entirely of black volcanic rock. It was a very curious valley, about two miles wide, and the wind in it must have prevailed always in one direction. For miles the train had to wind in and out between great bunches of sage brush growing on pyramids of sand held together by the sagebrush roots. Some were twelve and fourteen feet high. The cattle would not touch a drop of the water we had carried, and had had none for twenty-four hours.

Finally we came out onto a sandy plain. At every step our feet sank into the sand to our ankles. We were only eight miles from the Truckee River. Before now I could hardly get the cattle along. They would turn every way but the right one, and I was continually running through the deep sand after them. But when they smelled the water it was hard work to keep up with them. There was a long ravine to go down and we could see the tops of the Cottonwood trees on the banks of the river. If I ever saw Heaven, I saw it then.

Well, the cattle rushed into the river up to their ribs and drank. I had my tin and joined in. Two hours afterward George arrived with the horse wagon, uneasy because I had been out of sight so long. Now he and the horse did their share

of drinking, too. The cattle were still at it. No wonder. They had been traveling over thirty hours without water. I cooked our dinner and finished before the rest of the train came in. After they had had as much water as they wanted, we went down the river two miles to a grove of Cottonwoods and stayed there for a day's rest.

On the other side of the ford which was two hundred feet wide, was the trader's house, built of willows like a champagne basket. Something was wrong. At the end of the house was a newly made grave, half filled. In a short time we learned that some trader on the Carson did not want any competition, so had sent his Indians over to "clean out" the Truckee trader. The first warning he had was a volley of bullets through the window. A man lying there ill was killed. As soon as the Carson Indians left, the Truckee trader and his men dug a grave for him, but were so frightened they had not the courage to stay to fill it. This had happened a day or two before we arrived.

It was rough travel up the Truckee. One day we forded it fifteen times. The water was very swift and up to the bottom of the wagon boxes. The boulders in the stream were slippery, too, and the cattle struggled to keep their footing. One day we crossed a belt of boulders half a mile wide. Some were quite round and they ranged in size from that of a bushel basket to a large barrel. Others were sharp, jagged, black volcanic stone. The wagons sounded like thunder going over them. I was driving as usual, and the soles of my boots were almost worn off, what was left had turned back to the heel. My feet were cut and bruised.

Just before we reached the last crossing, now called Stone and Gates, we had an oxen die of poisoning, just what kind we didn't know. Mr. Riggins was driving a pair in his carriage and when he had a few minutes to spare, was currying them. It was while we were stopped for dinner, not more than an hour, that he observed it was sick. Before dinner was over it had died.

We left the river at this crossing and went to Peavine Spring where we crossed the State line into California—by our guide's records, twenty-two hundred miles from the Missouri River. A day and a half later we crossed Beckwith's Pass and camped at the headwaters of the Feather River.

Mr. Sharp, one of Mr. Day's men left the train here to go

fishing, thinking he could make a short cut. However he got lost and was nearly starved when found by some Indians who fed him grasshopper bread and put him on the road. He was thankful to join the old train again. Poor Sharp. At Jamison City we heard that it was he who had been on guard the night the Indians had stolen the horses and oxen from the Day train. He had fallen asleep. The owners had been more than angry, so the next night he was extra vigilant. Thinking he saw an Indian, he fired and shot a white faced ox in the head. That finished his standing as a guard!

We reached Mohawk Valley over fearful ground, as we made our own road. September 8th, the next day, moved about two miles up among the large pines. Here we stayed a month and had fine times, although surrounded by grizzly bears and large wolves.

Two miles above us was a Bathhouse with water from a warm sulphur spring. Harris and Groves, who owned it, gave us liberty to use it and we did—every day. The water had an exhilerating effect, made one feel as lively as champagne. Harris and Groves did treat us handsomely. They always had a houseful and finally ruined themselves by their hospitality. Among other things they gave a ball for us, inviting the Jamison City and Eureka people. Most of their supplies they had sent from Marysville, and they sent to Jamison City to borrow all the dishes the town could spare. The dishes were packed up on a mule, which stumbled as it got to the top of the trail, and down went dishes and mule for a couple of hundred of feet. The music was good and we danced until daylight.

Another time we went to a ball on Eureka Peak, nine miles away, so Mr. Harris sent a mule for me to ride. We did not reach the foot of the peak until after dark. The road there had been made to haul quartz down on, and was the steepest I had ever been on. It felt like the mule was going up a flight of stairs. But it was the best party I'd ever been to, and at daylight we returned.

One day during our rest at Mohawk Valley a stranger, obviously searching for someone, came into the camp. Mrs. Myers saw him and dashed into her tent, but he had recognized her, and quite a scene was enacted when he met her with her baby in her arms. It seemed that back in Illinois this stranger had been engaged to her, and that he had come to California to make his fortune. He and Myers became partners in a

mining venture and prospered. Then as soon as his finances warranted he decided to return to the east for his bride. Somehow, during their discussion of the care of their mine during his absence, it was decided that he and Myers should draw lots to determine which of them should make the eastern trip. Myers won, so he was to bring the girl back and the wedding was to have been held in California. He made the trip, but himself became infatuated with the girl and succeeded in gaining her acceptance. After their baby was born he decided to return to California, and joined the train where he met his fatal ending.

We left Mohawk Valley after a month and when we reached Rough and Ready we saw the first deserted town. Here were several quartz mills, closed because of litigation. The inhabitants had left, had not even closed the doors of some of the houses. We picked up some very amusing letters. For some miles from this place we traveled over boulders, and thought it was bad; but it was not dangerous when compared to our next day's climb up the side of a mountain. It took nine yoke of oxen to haul one wagon up and then the men were holding ropes around them to prevent their rolling down the steep bank more than one thousand feet below. The oxen might easily have been pulled over too. The trail had been made by mules, and was so narrow that, when loaded, they had to go on the lower track so their loads would not rub against the rocks. When light they walked on the upper one, about four feet above. These tracks did for the wagon wheels. Our horse wagon got up first.

I had carried up and was boiling the water for tea when I looked down and saw George driving that long string of loose cattle. In such a long string they would not drive with one driver, so I caught up a stick and ran to help him. I forgot to say I had learned to drive an ox team on the Platte, and my driving was admired by an Officer and his wife who were going with mail to Salt Lake City. I heard them laughing at the thought of a woman driving oxen. Maybe.

The peaks of the mountains on this range looked exactly like the pictures in my old geography. I climbed up one, tore off my petticoat and put it on a long cane and piled stones about it. Later, many miles away we could still see my flag. It is likely I was the first white woman who had ever been on that peak.

I forgot to say that when we left Mohawk Valley George discharged the men and drove all the cattle on one wagon, so I should not have to drive loose stock any longer. I was to drive the horses. We got on pretty well for part of a day. I was driving first and came upon Miss Fellows, Mrs. Myers's sister, sitting on the road crying. She had to drive her own loose stock as there was now no excuse for me to do it. The cattle had all run away from her and were in the manzanita on the steep side of the mountain, and she was sitting there crying instead of running after them! I let her take my place driving my horses, which she was glad to do, and I had a fine time. The manzanita bark was as slippery as ice, and the snow had pressed it straight out from the steep hillside. Sometimes my feet would slip off the limbs and I would be hanging by my arms. You may be sure my skirts were not where they ought to have been then. However, I got the stock and drove them until we reached Marysville.

We passed through Whiskey Diggings. It was covered with large pine trees, and full of shafts sunk a hundred feet or more to an ancient river bed that had been traced for full twenty-five miles below the surface. On the hill opposite Rabbit Creek we camped and saw the first hydraulic ram which drove the water up a long hill. Many of our cattle were poisoned with the poison that abounded there, but none died.

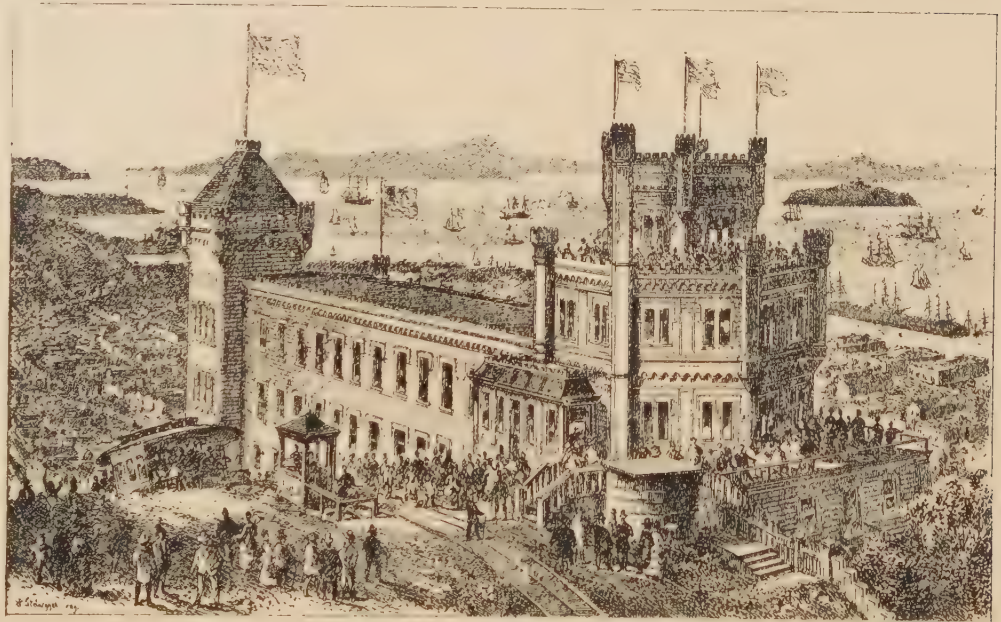
The roads to Marysville were rough and dusty. Arriving there we ferried the Sacramento River to Grand Island, and George put the stock to ranch with a Mr. Graham. We stayed, too, a day and night, and then boarded a steamer for Sacramento City. Sometimes it would run stern foremost, sometimes bow foremost. At last it ran aground. We had taken a stateroom and I thought I should suffocate for the want of air.

For six months and three days we had lived in our wagons and traveled many a weary mile. Many a laughable incident comes to my mind which would make this account too lengthy. I think the only nights I slept soundly on the plains were those when Mr. Riggins or George or Foss Walker were on guard. Too good a watch was kept for an Indian attack when one of those three stood guard. Foss always laid in a supply of "ammunition stones" before dark, and he would herd the cattle so close to the wagons that one feared their horns would come into our beds. George had one ox with lop horns and

Foss was always growling at it. Towards morning Lop would get up, and then Foss would throw stones enough at him to break his ribs, scolding all the while. The women would get so angry at Foss for disturbing their sleep, but George and I would laugh heartily. There were many things to laugh about.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE EARLY '80's

This is a reproduction of a colored Britton & Rey lithograph of postcard size, the reverse side of which carried the advertisement of the Telegraph Hill Railroad Company quoted below. It is printed here through the courtesy of Mrs. John Keefe.



"TELEGRAPH HILL OBSERVATORY," SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TELEGRAPH HILL is a precipitous and rocky bluff, three hundred feet high, in the northeastern part of the city, from the summit of which is obtained the grandest panorama of San Francisco and the surrounding country possible to be had except from a balloon. It was used as an observatory in the early days of '49 and '50, and from here was signalled the arrival of vessels through the Golden Gate. To climb its steep and rocky sides is no easy task, though the view from the summit well repays the effort, and it is safe to say that thousands of old residents of the city have never set foot upon its top. But now all this is changed. The Telegraph Hill Railroad Company has made the ascent but a pastime, and the expense but five cents from almost any part of the city, by transfers with the Omnibus Railroad lines (Montgomery, Third and Howard Street cars). At an outlay of over $100,000 they have constructed a wonderful electric cable railway to the summit, and there erected a splendid building, in which is combined a concert hall, on the main floor; a bar-room, restaurant, and private dining rooms below, and in the upper turret the Observatory, where are kept a powerful telescope and marine glasses, and from which point may be obtained a view which for extent, grandeur and beauty can scarcely be excelled in the world, embracing the entire city and bay, the harbor with its forest of masts, the islands and fortifications, the hills and suburbs surrounding the bay, and the far-famed Golden Gate, with its glorious sunsets on its moonlit shores; in short, Telegraph Hill has now become one of the sights and resorts of San Francisco, and one of the pleasantest to visit, even on a windy day, as the protection against the wind and weather is perfect. No stranger should leave the city without a trip to Telegraph Hill—it is an event to be remembered."

Note: The intention back of the building of the old castle had been to make a high class pleasure resort where people could enjoy the magnificent panorama of the Bay and surrounding country. It was erected in 1883 by a company of which Gustav Sutro was President and F. O. Layman manager; and, to facilitate matters the Telegraph Hill Railroad was built to connect with the Omnibus Railroad Lines.

This was before the days of searchlights, but a fifty thousand candle power lamp was put up; the strongest, they maintained, on the Pacific coast; and the crowds that gathered under it every night were as moths before a candle. A time ball topped the highest turret and was so easily seen that mariners in all parts of the harbor watched each day at noon for it to drop, and regulated their chronometers thereby.

Gustav Walter was its first proprietor, but within a year he decided there were no great profits to be made from the place, and abandoned its fastnesses for the lower valleys. About 1885 the doughty swordsman, Duncan Ross, took over the place, which for a few halcyon years thereafter was the resort of many of the best known sportsmen of San Francisco and visitors from afar. John L. Sullivan climbed the steep slope to grasp the hand of Ross on more than one occasion. It was the haunt of Charlie Mitchell, Paddy Ryan and other lights of the ring during the middle eighties. Then followed a time when vaudeville performances were held there and when the upper rooms were used, free of charge, by a group of art students. Its last owners were the Gray Brothers, Contractors, who used it for a time as a barracks for their men engaged in blasting rock at the base of the hill.

Gradually it fell into almost complete disuse, and the origin of the fire which destroyed it was never quite established. The following quotation is from the San Francisco *Chronicle* of July 26, 1903.

"One of the most picturesque and exciting fires for many a day in San Francisco was that which destroyed the famous Telegraph Hill Castle an hour before noon yesterday. It will go down in the annals of the Fire Department as a day to be remembered for the fact that a fire engine reached the highest point ever attained by a piece of fire apparatus in this city, and it will long be remembered in the neighborhood because of the thrilling accompaniments to the fighting of the fire. Eleven engines made brave attempts to get up the steep incline, but the nearest they came, with one exception, was two blocks away. Then six horses coupled to Engine No. 5 drew it to the top of the steep hill at Filbert and Kearny streets. From there, with a cheer and a rush, a hundred or more sure footed little lads eagerly carried up the lines of hose with which the firemen were tugging and struggling. Strong winds swept around the exposed crest of the hill from the Bay and Ocean, and so far as saving the old building was concerned, the fight was hopeless from the first. In a few short minutes the flames had spread along the main structure and undermined the central tower which settled like the joint of a great telescope into the burning mass."

JAMES D. HAWKES

The Diary of James D. Hawks

FOREWORD

On the twenty-first of April, 1849, the new schooner *San Juan* (twenty-three tons), which had just been bought by James D. Hawks and a group of traveling companions, sailed from the Port of Panama bound for San Francisco. Twenty-three men were on board.

Forty-nine days later she made the harbor of Acapulco, and on August tenth put in at Point San Domingo, Lower California, for water. A spring was found near the shore and some three hundred gallons of its sparkling fresh water were taken in India rubber bags through the surf to the schooner. From this point six of the passengers—J. D. Hawks, Daniel S. Hulett, George H. Davis, John C. C. Gilsey, H. M. Smith, and I. I. Ellis—decided to proceed to San Diego on foot. They were able to procure but one pack horse from some Spaniards who were traveling south, so with their luggage on their backs they started over "the road which was made by the Jesuits some two hundred years since."

They nearly starved to death, but Mr. Hawks kept a daily account of the journey in a tiny brown leather-bound diary, which was recently given to The Society of California Pioneers by his son, Mr. Harry D. Hawks. Much of it was published in J. Ross Browne's "Resources of the Pacific Slope." So while the pages which follow are as Mr. Hawks wrote, they present a very much abbreviated account of the trip. The tiny pen and ink sketches were drawn by Mr. Hawks.

August 12, 1849. Started at four o'clock by moonlight—the road so blind we were obliged till daylight to feel our way with our hands. Traveled six miles and were overjoyed at finding water in the nearly dry bed of what in the rainy season must be a large river. Caught some fish. Made a meal, and at four p. m. started again on our journey. Traveled six miles farther and encamped at seven.

August 13th. Started at four a. m. and after two miles came to a small valley—the Valley of the Cactus I called it. The species known as Cereus is here in immense quantities. It is eighteen inches in diameter and twenty to thirty feet high. There was not a breath of air in some of the ravines among the mountains. Eight miles travel brought us to water and within sight of the Rancho San Jose de Grasse, which consists of five or six houses. Don Jose de Grasse, the owner, will be home tomorrow. The soil is very fine and there are all kinds of tropical fruits—figs, grapes, pomegranates, peaches, oranges, lemons, tobacco, cotton, corn, wheat, melons, etc. The oranges are not ripe yet.

The people were at first quite suspicious of us, not knowing whether we were friends or enemies, as they had not heard of the cessation of hostilities and the treaty between Mexico and the United States. But soon we had their confidence. We spread our blankets in a small storehouse and slept.

August 14th. Breakfast consisted of some wasted corn and gruel, which with a little salt was very good. Finished with some grapes. Washed our clothing. Will start by three a. m. A guide, Don Jose, will lead us to the ranch of Senor Ramon Argular, some nine leagues distant. We pay him twelve dollars. We learn here that two Americans have but recently passed by the rancho; that they were cast on shore near the place where we procured water. We think they must be from the Schooner *Cascaras* which was built by some Americans at the Port of La Union. If so they are the party who were wrecked in the Steamer *Galveston* in the Bay of Honduras. They then crossed the country and built this little steamer of thirteen tons and put to sea in her. We hope to overtake them.

August 15th. Started three a. m. We have procured some mules and are now doing our first mule riding. It was also our first introduction to mountain climbing. An hour's ride up a zigzag trail brought us to the top of the mountain, and at eight o'clock we halted, fifteen miles on our way. We found water in a deep ravine into which we descended by a very precipitous road, in some places fearful to ride over.

Breakfast consisted of raw pork, tortillas, grapes and figs. There is a great relish in a fine piece of raw pork. At one p. m. we started again and at five-thirty reached the Rancho Patroeruna where we found Senor Ramon Argular. He was very kind to us and soon furnished us with a house which at home would do very well for a pig pen. But it was the best he had to give. A shower came up suddenly and drenched us to the skin. For nineteen dollars Jose is to go with us to the Pueblo of San Ignacio, two days' travel. We have now four mules, one for luggage, one for the guide, one for Hulett whose feet are in a bad condition, and the other we ride alternately.

We met here Joseph Adams of Baltimore, one of the two Americans who had passed the ranch of San Jose de Grasse. It appears that when the schooner *Cascaras* was in about latutide 25° 30′ north they were on short allowance of water. Four of the passengers left in the only boat, intending to pro-

ceed by land. They were taken off by the Steward of the schooner, who was to have returned to the vessel. But he did not come back. They then set sail, and at about latitude 26° made a raft of some barrels. Joseph Adams and Dr. Phillips of Mississippi, volunteered to land on it through the surf. They needed water very badly. But as the raft went to pieces in the breakers and they were not able to regain the schooner, Adams and Phillips were left on the desolate coast without food or clothing. For two days Captain Hamilton of the schooner sent food to them in a barrel which was washed ashore by the tide. Then the Captain sent them a note stating that the water on the schooner was exhausted, and directing them to proceed to the Bay of San Bartolome, saying that he would put in there for them. They wandered on to the northwest and in two days arrived at San Jose de Grasse. Dr. Phillips has gone on, but Mr. Adams intends to go to San Rosalia on the Gulf of California to get passage to Mazatlan. Dr. Phillips *was* in the Steamer *Galveston* when she was wrecked in the Bay of Honduras.

16th August. The ground for the entire distance today was covered with immense quantities of stones, as though they had been emptied from carts and spread around. Quantities of cochineal were in our path.

August 17th. Passed today over the well defined road made by the Jesuits some two hundred years ago. But since their expulsion from the country everything has gone to decay. The road is washing in places and has never been repaired. At 7.30 p. m. we arrived at the Rancho of San Joaquin which is one of the old missions gone now entirely to ruin, and consists of two stone buildings, or rather parts of their walls. The place is occupied by an aged American named Noah Hall, who has been in the country some thirty-five years. He landed at the Bay of San Bartolome from a whale ship that put in there.

We proceeded over a good road to the Mission of San Ignacio. Here we overtook four of the passengers from the *San Juan* who had left two days before we did. They had taken up quarters in a large room attached to the church and we joined them there.

August 18th. This Mission of San Ignacio is in better condition that some of the others, and we find the Padre who has charge a very excellent man. He has been constant in his

attentions to us, and assisted us materially in making our purchases of animals, etc. He invited us into his library where we found a fine collection of books, maps, etc. From a map of Mexico, including Lower California, we have made notes for our further guidance. The Padre has kindly offered to send letters for us through Mexico and I shall avail myself of his offer and write home. He has given me a letter to the Padre of San Tomas, and I think this may be of service to us as we journey through the country.

Beside the church buildings the town is composed of a few miserable huts. The whole of the country appears to be under the proprietorship of a portly Castilian named Don Buenaventura. He owns all the cattle and horses, and we are endeavoring to make some purchases from him.

August 19th—Sunday. But little attention is paid to the Sabbath here. Mass in the morning and a sermon in the afternoon. We were invited to Don Luis' home, one mile from the church, and found it delightfully situated in the upper part of the valley. His map of Mexico by Tanner, 1847, makes it four hundred and seventy-five miles to San Diego.

We bought one mule and three horses and hope to get more tomorrow. Horses and saddles are very scarce here. There have been a number of foreigners here who have bought the whole of them.

It now rains every afternoon and the water comes down in sheets. Much wind accompanies the rain. The thunder and lightning are very heavy and sharp, at times terrific. Here we had the Padre's best plate to dine from. San Ignacio is situated in latitude 27° 35′.

Wednesday—22nd. Started for San Diego with four horses and one mule. Packed the mule. Went on a north course in a wide road. We passed through some passes in the mountains that were awful. We were obliged to take the pack from our mule at one place as he could not get through. Our horses have been without much food all day. Fear we may have missed the road as we were told the Rancho of San Martha was seven leagues from San Ignacio, and we did not reach it. Today's was the roughest road we have yet seen. The mountains are piled up on top of each other. They are terrific.

August 23rd. This morning we fed our horses a short time on

the mesquite, and found the Rancho of San Martha was about one mile ahead. This rancho is a miserable hut situated

Santa Martha
but he had no horse. The whole of

in an extensive but unproductive valley. They raise nothing but cattle, and live on milk and cheese, the fruit of the prickly pear, and cactus. The keeper of the rancho had no horse, but after we rested a short time, he guided us out of the valley. We have traveled about six leagues today. The horse that gave out soon began to eat, and we hope he will be able to go on without a load tomorrow.

The road today has been better than yesterday. Our encampment is on the Rosaletta River. The colocynth apple is found here in great abundance. The mosquitoes and ants were very troublesome during the night and prevented sleep. We started several rabbits and also saw a rattlesnake.

August 24th. It was sultry and we suffered for want of water, having but little with us, and the prospect of passing the night without any. The whole country presents the same barren appearance as below. The cactus and a few thorny shrubs are all that appear except on the margin of the dry rivers where the locust and a species of willow are seen. About ten o'clock our old horse gave out again, and we were obliged to abandon him.

We met two boys and three men going south. They are one month from San Diego.

August 25th. Passed immense beds of copper ore in the form of an epidote. The sides of the mountains are covered with it and it shows in definite veins. But it can never be of any avail as it is in almost impassable mountains and there is no fuel or water near.

This morning we met two men and three women going south. They were thirty-five days from San Diego. We are in some doubt as to the road, but took the most traveled one. It was very steep, some of the way almost perpendicular. From the top the Gulf of California was directly at our feet. The night was very cold, but we were not troubled with mosquitoes.

Sunday—August 26th. We made the Mission of Santa Gertrude which is in a state of dilapidation. There is an old church in which two or three families appear to live; a cross in the center of the "Plaza"; and a kind of wall standing alone in which are hung three bells. Beside the church there are three houses built of stone and plastered over. The name of our host is Jose Maria. Made three and a half leagues today.

We were very hungry as we had been without much food for nearly two days. Our supper last night was a small piece of dried beef, and we had nothing this morning. The people at the Casa shared a pot of "ortola," a pudding made of fresh corn, with us. They are a very poor people. We could not get any tortillas made for the road for us until it was found out that I had some medicines, and would prescribe for them. We have bought a mule for twenty dollars which will help along much.

August 29th. We were in doubt today about the road, as we could not trace it beyond the water. Explored and soon found one leading over the mountain. This we took and descended into a large valley where the road appeared to assume much the form of a track. The rain had been very severe at this point and had obscured the track in many places. While the animals were grazing we explored up and down the stream. Found several old campfires, but beyond that little evidence of any travel. At one o'clock we started again still doubtful as to the road, but soon determined to retrace our steps to the valley to try again to find the road from the foot of the mountain. Smith and I went across the valley north to see if any road passed. It was about five miles across and bad walking. No road could be found. Two others, Hulett and Davis took horses and went back to the foot of the mountain, but found no trace of a road except the one we had taken. It was dark before the parties returned, so we camped for the night.

August 30th. We are now in a bad fix as we are in great doubt

as to our course, in fact we do not know where to go. George Davis is exploring a ravine below this and we are somewhat apprehensive that he has missed his way. A person could be lost within thirty rods of our stopping place and search all day for it. We shall soon determine on a course to pursue as ours is a case that requires prompt action.

Four p. m. We are all in camp and will remain here tomorrow. Smith and Davis are to go ahead up the valley to explore the country around before we send back for a guide, as that would detain us six days or more. There is some game in this valley and we hope to be able to kill some tomorrow.

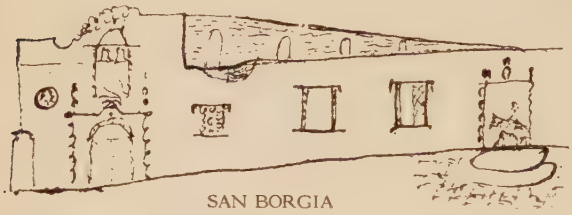
August 31st—Friday. Smith and Davis started early up the valley. Hulett and I went down the stream bed to see if there were any ravine where the road might pass over the mountain, and also to kill some game if possible. Gilsey and Ellis stayed in camp to take charge of the animals. Now (at 4 p. m.) Smith and Davis have just returned and they report a good road ahead bearing northwest by west, which is our course. On in the morning!

We all feel better, but we have very little to eat. Supper last night was one fig and about one ounce of dried beef each. This morning we had about the same allowance of raw pork for breakfast. Hulett and I found some nuts which we ate, and were soon taken sick. I have killed four birds today, two young partridges and two pigeons.

It is a piece of great presumption to attempt to travel through this country without a guide, especially at this season of the year, when the heavy rains wash the road completely away. Sometimes we cannot find a trace of it for a mile in these ravines. We hope to reach San Borgia tomorrow. The sand of this valley is full of yellow mica which sparkles like gold. I am not quite positive that there is not gold among it. The mosquitoes are very thick here.

September 1, 1849. Left our encampment in the valley at five o'clock, and by hard walking soon reached the road at the foot of the mountain. Without doubt we are on the old Mission Road. I do not think there could be a worse country to travel through than this. There are so few people and nothing to subsist on but the fruit of the cactus and what is obtained at the ranchos and missions. Figs appear to be the staff of life around here.

Sunday—September 2nd. We were somewhat encouraged today by the appearance of very fresh tracks in the road, and we know there is some party ahead of us. At 4 p. m. we were overjoyed at the sight of a cross on a hill, and in a few moments the church of the Mission of San Borgia appeared to view We were very tired and faint for want of food and were disappointed when told that a little corn, some figs and pomegranates were all that they had. We also went into the field, picked some corn and boiled it. The party ahead of us left here yesterday by the upper route. There are two roads from here, the coast and the old road which we are traveling.



SAN BORGIA

This mission was quite extensive in its day. The grounds are enclosed by a high adobe wall. It is now entirely in ruins. There are a few grape vines and the grounds show that there have been quite a cultivation of them. The figs are good. The few people here are mostly Indians and very indolent. It was with great difficulty that we could get them to supply us with corn to subsist on while here. We obtained about two hundred ears. Some we have eaten, and the balance boiled and cut off the cob to carry along. This will be our only food for about a week. The natives would rather trade for a few small articles than for money. A good striped shirt would sell for three dollars and a half; an old handkerchief for seven cents.

September 3rd. Spent this day in preparations for our going. We have traded a gun for a fine mule, and exchanged an old mule for a horse, and bought another horse. We have now six horses and two good mules. The old mule we bought in Santa Gertrude gave out entirely. We have made some small trades with the natives, but they do not like to spare corn. A guide will go with us to El Rosario which is about fourteen days' travel. We will follow the coast road from here.

September 6th. We struck the beach this forenoon and traveled for about two miles on the sand along the edge of the water. Picked up a few clams, some oysters and abalone,

which we cooked. The clams are large and tender. The oysters are the large oval pearl shelled ones, such as we often see used for ornament on parlor shelves. Went twenty miles today. Rested at a place called San Nicholas.

September 7th. It is just six months today since we left New York in the Steamer *Falcon*, at which time we expected to be in San Francisco in forty-five days. We left encampment at one o'clock this morning in the moonlight. Obliged to move slowly as our animals are reduced by want of water and food. The mule we bought in San Ignacio gave out entirely this afternoon. George Davis and I drove and led him until 5.30 when we were obliged to leave the poor creature to his fate in a barren country with but little food and no water. It is too much for horses and mules to undertake to go over this road at this season. There is too little food and water. The road for most of the way has been level, sometimes on the ocean beach. Our provisions are getting scarce, but we have no fear as we have a good guide, Capistan; and we will go through. We marched about twenty-five miles today.

This forenoon my horse gave out and fell down a ravine where it was impossible for us to get him up, so we were obliged to leave him. Some of our other horses are failing and we fear trouble in getting along. I have walked for two days entirely.

We have this afternoon struck off towards El Rosario, leaving San Fernandez on our right. Our guide "savys" this way, and we shall save a day by it. We are nearer to El Rosario than we anticipated, and shall reach there in about four and a half days. We have too much baggage. If we can get it to El Rosario, shall sell some of it. No one should travel through this country who has not plenty of time and means, and his means should not be in money, but in guns, powder, clothing, etc. Traveled about twenty miles today.

September 9th. After I finished writing yesterday our guide came into camp with a fine lot of California mussels which he had obtained on shore. They were very acceptable as we were hungry. We cooked them by placing the flat edge down in the sand and built a fire over them. They soon roasted and were delicious.

This morning another horse gave out, the fourth since we

left San Borgia. We sold the saddle to our guide for five dollars, as we could not carry it. We sold him an old one yesterday for two dollars.

This is a rolling country. Some of the hills are pretty steep, but could not be called mountains. They are all covered with broken stone. We are camped now just below Point San Francisco. I wish it were Port San Francisco instead of Point.

September 10th. This has been a day which we shall all remember. On wakening this morning and going for our animals we found that our mule was missing, and our guide was not to be found either! He has stolen our mule and left us in a country where we are entirely unacquainted, and where the roads are mere cow-paths. We trust in God to get along, but He only knows whether we shall get through with our lives. Thanks be, we are in good health, and our misfortune does not cast us down.

We determined to retrace our steps to the road to San Fernandez, and packed our best horse, putting some of the load on the other two. But they are nearly worn out. Started at seven o'clock. Left a good saddle and some clothing. We found our tracks of yesterday and followed them most of the day. About ten one of the horses gave out, and we had to leave him and a saddle and some other things. At the beach we gathered about three hundred clams. Cooked them, ate what we wanted and carried the rest along in a pail. Later Davis' horse gave out, and we left him and another saddle. This leaves us with one horse and a pack, but no saddle. At four o'clock we reached the river bed we had encamped on Saturday night, and by digging found good water. No salt in it. This is truly a Godsend. We encamped here for the night. George Davis went back to the plain and brought up his horse. Two of the party went in search of clams, but found none. We ate a few of those we had with us and were soon asleep.

Tuesday—Sept. 11th. We did not awaken this morning till nearly five o'clock, but we at once prepared our packs, and by six were under way. Each one carries as much as he can. I have my India rubber portmanteau with my clothing. We had a blind path to follow, but we knew the general direction and kept on. The hills are so much alike, so little to distinguish one from another that it would trouble one ac-

quainted with the country to get along. We found the road at 7.30. It bears north and away from the coast. Our horse seems to get along very well. At nine o'clock we found good water where we all drank and filled up our pouches, and started again, traveling very slowly over a heavy rolling country. Stopped at ten o'clock where there were some dried grapes for our horse to eat. Our own provisions are scarce, but if we have no serious detention, we will have enough to last us to San Fernandez, probably two days' journey. The situation is not as bad as though we had been shipwrecked. We have one horse to carry our baggage.

We tracked our stolen mule today as far as where we struck the road. The scoundrel has gone back with him. We had nothing we could follow him on, or, I believe, we should have spent a fortnight in hunting for him. The water here is a little bitter owing to its being impregnated by some weed or shrub. For several nights past the dews have been very heavy, wetting our blankets through and through. It is now a month since we left the schooner.

We have traveled slowly all day. The thoughts of home and of my family come to me as I journey along. It is a blessing they do not know what a situation I am in. At San Francisco I shall hear from my wife.

September 12th. Recommenced our pilgrimage this morning after filling all our bottles with water, and traveled about three miles in the dry river bed. The sand was deep and it fatigued our horse very much. On our way I started a fine deer, but I had no gun. Halted a little after nine o'clock as our last horse appeared to be giving out.

At two o'clock he could go no farther, and we were obliged to kill him for food for ourselves. This is the first horse flesh I ever ate. It is sweet, and if we did not know, we could not tell it from beef. It was a hard and disagreeable duty, but the horse could not have lived there as there was no food or water for him. We made over our packs, each one taking as much as he could carry. We had to leave a fine pack saddle here and an India rubber bag full of clothing and other things. We may be obliged to leave more before we get through, but we shall try to carry what we now have. Encamped for the night. Very tired and will soon sleep.

Thursday, September 13th. Left at daylight up the river bed. We found fine water this morning. We *can* drink any kind,

and most that we have had for the last eight days has been bad. We look for water here with great anxiety as the days are very hot and the earth is parched. In passing through some of the ravines it is almost suffocatingly hot.

14th September. The walking has been better today and we have made very good time. We have found a little fruit of the cactus which has revived us. It is quite large here, and when we are fortunate enough to get it before the ants do, it is a great treat. When ripe it is a bright red with small black seeds. It is a little tart, and very refreshing. We halted at noon under a small tree and slept for an hour or so. This afternoon passed some fine iron ore. It was strewn around in masses, and I should think was full seventy or eighty per cent.

Just at nightfall we saw the ruins of the old Mission of San Fernandez. The houses and church were gone to decay. Not a roof was standing. We hunted in vain for the inhabitants, and then encamped for the night under a pomegrante tree.

September 15th. Arose early and commenced a reconnaissance of the place. A short distance away discovered some huts occupied by three Indian men one of whom made us a dish of "ortola." It was sweet and delicious for they had salt to

season it with. We were not able to procure horses here, not even one to transport our baggage. We boiled and roasted corn to carry along and started again at three o'clock. One of the old men guided us to the right road.

Monday—17th. We arrived at El Rosario at ten o'clock and soon had a substantial breakfast. Our feet were very sore. George Davis and Smith are quite ill owing to bad living and fatigue. We are trying to make a bargain to be carried on to San Diego, but I do not know yet how we shall succeed. They ask us two hundred dollars to take us and our baggage there.

There appears to have been two missions here, one on the stream on the side of the mountain and one where we are now staying, and which is used as a sheep and cattle pen.

September 18th. Awoke early. Davis and Smith are better and we shall start day after tomorrow for San Diego. The people here are sharp at a bargain, and we are obliged to pay heavy prices to get along, but we are not in a position to walk any farther.

This is the most fertile valley we have seen in Lower California, and it is the only place where, without asking three or four times over, we could get enough to eat. I have drawn a map of the coast and given one of the men here a description of where our horses and goods should be found. Tomorrow he goes in search of them. He says we were within two days of this place and one of San Fernandez when our guide left us. Shooting would be too good for that fellow. Here we begin to hear about the placers, and the boys and women show their lumps and sacks of gold. We tried to buy shoes here. They ask six dollars a pair for them.

We start on the morning of Thursday and will have a train of ten mules.

September 19th. I am called on to prescribe for divers maladies. Headaches and pains in the breast and stomach. One quite sick boy is in my charge. Today we feel in earnest the effects of our walk. A kind of lassitude prevails and we are very much disposed to sleep.

Thursday. I was very ill today from improper eating.

Friday—September 21st. Started this morning at 5.30 towards San Simon, a small rancho a short distance ahead. Last evening we heard from a Spaniard that a vessel had put in at this place for provisions, and today as we neared it we met some of our men from the Schooner *San Juan.* We hurried down to the beach and soon found D. Shanceley and Thomas Overton on the shore near the skiff. The surf was very high, but Davis and Shanceley finally succeeded in getting through, and they brought off some blankets, boots, and other cloth-

ing for us. We could not stop but a short time. The schooner has experienced all sorts of times and weather, having just come into port through a northwest gale.

Sunday—23rd. Our mules went off again last night in search of water and we did not get ready to start until seven, but we were soon at the Rancho Talmomieto. It is owned by Ignacio Arso, a fine looking, fat, old man who is a perfect Sir John Falstaff. They have fine vegetables, but no fruits. Most of the day our road has been through the mountains. At seven we reached the valley of the Rancho of San Rafael, a mere cabin.

September 24th. This day passed over a rather uneven but good road for four and a half leagues, when we arrived at the Rancho of El Salado, owned by a brother of Sen. Nicholas, our guide. Had a pleasant breakfast on clean plates and bowls! We remain here until tomorrow. Expect to reach San Diego in six days. At this rancho we saw some of the carts we have read about. The wheels are made of logs and the axles hardly fit at all. The oxen yokes are also of a very primitive type. They use no bows but tie the cattle by the horns. I have not yet attempted to count their dogs. They may not know themselves how many there are. It is fine land, and Senor Mario (the owner) plans to bring water from some distance to irrigate it. He has plenty of chickens, cheese, etc.

Editors' Note:

Now for a few days they sped along easily and confidently from San Vicente to San Tomas; from La Greuria to Los Anstos where lived "an elegant Spanish gentleman, Senor Francisco Gustalo," and where they saw "the first knives and forks we have seen in the country"! No harm came to them, though they had been warned to guard against Indian attacks; and they passed San Miguel and El Descanso, which, like the other missions lay in ruins.

October 2, 1849. At eleven o'clock we came to the camp of the American and Mexican Commissioners of the Survey. Mr. A. B. Gray's camp is about four miles from the camp of Col. Weller. Here we saw a copy of the New York *Tribune*, where we learned of the death of Polk, and that cholera is raging in the United States. It seemed good to see a paper and to hear the English language spoken. We are now within nine miles of San Diego and shall reach there this afternoon.

Same day—later. This afternoon we reached San Diego. Mr. Moses M. Conner, the carpenter of the Surveying Commission gave us free access to everything he had.

This town is just like all the other places occupied by the Mexicans. There is no public house and no place to get a meal except at some of the private houses.

October 3rd.—We have spent the day in writing letters home and getting them ready for the Steamer *Oregon* which is expected down from San Francisco.

October 5th. The *California* came in this morning, and we at once took our baggage down to the beach. She is so crowded that it is doubtful whether we can get passage.

6th October. We *shall* get off on the *California* for we procured our tickets this afternoon. Forty dollars in the steerage.

Sunday—7th. This morning we were under way. I slept on a couple of trunks on deck last night. On looking around among the passengers I soon recognized my old friend, Mr. V. B. Fowler of New York. We were both surprised at meeting. He told me he had letters for me from my wife, so we went down to the baggage room and soon broke out his trunk. Mr. Fowler provided me with a stateroom berth in which to sleep. We fare pretty well on board, but some of those who have not been accustomed to such living, think it pretty bad. We have plenty of good substantial food, well cooked, but we are obliged to eat standing up on the deck. It is not very comfortable. We have some four hundred passengers on board.

9th October. At noon we made Monterey. A pretty town. Governor Riley came on board while we lying off the harbor; also Mr. Semple, a tall sample of the sons of Kentucky, and Mr. Grayson, who was a passenger on the *Falcon* with us. We stopped but an hour and are now on our way again.

October 10th—Sunday. This morning we made the Harbor of San Francisco. The shipping that lies in the Bay is almost

equal to that which presents itself to the stranger approaching the Harbor of New York. There must be at least two hundred and fifty or three hundred sail. The town lies on the southwest shore of the entrance and has sprung up as if by magic. We have found that our goods, sent by the *Samoset* have been in for some time and are nearly all landed. We have them in storage in the store of Bingham, Reynolds & Bartlett, and will sleep in the upper story of the store. Letters have been written home of my probable loss, but my own letters from San Diego, sent by the *Oregon*, will tell the real story of our adventure.

Announcements and Reports

A Letter from
President Oliver P. Stidger

July 9, 1929.

To the Officers and Members of
The Society of California Pioneers:

Fellow Members:

I again desire to express to you my grateful appreciation of the honor you have conferred upon me by electing me your President for the third time.

I feel deeply the importance and responsibility of the duties, and your assurance of my continued devoted interest and attention to them is by reference to the past two years. As for an indication of any new policy during my administration as President, I have only to say that that must be left to the developments of the future. No doubt things of vital importance will need consideration and action. The course which I have taken for the past two years, and in which I have been so ably assisted by the splendid men you have also re-elected to your Directorate, must be regarded as a guaranty for the future. Our best energy is being spent in endeavoring to perpetuate the ideals of this Society, so we want and need your encouragement and cooperation, and I feel confident that you will heartily respond to whatever call we may make upon you.

The finances of the Society are in excellent condition and there has been a steadily increasing interest in the assembling of our Library and Museum.

I rejoice whenever an occasion arises which draws our attention to topics historical. Topics which illustrate the relationship of *our* efforts in historical research to the art and literature and science of today. The great increase of wealth of this nation, and particularly of the individuals who comprise it, leads me to the thought that with the powerful stimulus of all that we have and now stand for, we should strive to house our historical library and exhibition in more commodious and

fitting quarters. No doubt a block of land could be assigned to us in Golden Gate Park by the City and County of San Francisco. Then in the center of this square could rise an imposing monument to the Pioneers, in memory of those courageous and fearless men and women who builded this State and did so much to make this nation great in the eyes of all the peoples of the world. Architects have always paid high tribute to the leaders of mankind, but never has a more worthy memorial been planned, nor one that would have more grateful acceptance.

It is said that a great deed is imperishable, great names immortal, but I claim that the memory of the character and services of our Pioneer pathfinders and nation builders will grow dim, and in time be forgotten as a tale that is told, unless *we*, and those who come after us, keep their memory green by the faithful and fearless teaching of their history. To exalt their names into their deserved places in history, in the affections of all peoples, and to hold their memory in high esteem forever should be our duty.

This memorial which I suggest, a building to house the records and relics of this great Pioneer Society, should be a free offering from those who are able, out of their great abundance, to give in architecture and sculpture a noble edifice worthy to honor the memory of their pioneer fathers and mothers. We have noted the passing of many immensely wealthy men and women in this State, men and women who owed practically everything to the success of their fathers and grandfathers who came to California in Pioneer Days. Many of them left nothing to this or to any other Society to commemorate their names. Perhaps, had their attention been called to such a plan as I now suggest, many would have assisted it gladly.

The American people have learned to know the quality of the Pioneer stock and to value its courage in time of trial, its faithfulness to the State, its love of home life, its capacity for generous emotion; and above all, its love of truth and honor, its constancy and honesty of purpose—virtues without which no people can long be great.

To the great and magnificent future which lies before our country, it is rightly expected that *we* will contribute largely.

Can we begin more fittingly than by erecting a monument to commemorate the deeds of our revered forbears—a monument that will stand forever an exalted beacon to show the whole world that we never will forget?

OLIVER P. STIDGER,
President.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

July 9, 1929.

FELLOW MEMBERS:

It is my privilege to announce that at the Annual Election of Officers of The Society of California Pioneers held July 8, 1929, the same officers and members of the Board of Directors who served during the past year, were unanimously reelected for the year ending June 30, 1930.

Four Members' Meetings have been held since my last report to you. April 2nd was designated as Flag Day and the presentation of the new American and Bear Flags took place, accompanied by the very interesting talks of several members of the Third Generation Committee. On May 7th Mr. Henry C. Mathews read an account of the history of Masonry in early San Francisco. "China of today as Viewed by a Member of the Shrine Party of 1928," was the subject of Mr. G. J. Weigel's talk on June 4th; while on July 2nd Mr. Henry F. Phelan, who is Assistant Headmaster of the Moro Agricultural Foundation at Jolo, Sulu Archipelago, gave a thrilling account of a nine weeks hiking trip from Jolo to Manila through almost impassable jungles.

During April Mr. Samuel Harris Hobron and Mr. Hugh Shepard Jones were elected to membership.

It is a pleasure to announce that a fund to pay for the designing and printing of a Book Plate for our Library has been provided through the generosity of the following members:

MR. PHIL. B. BEKEART
MR. ANSON S. BLAKE
MR. FRANCIS DOUD
MR. J. H. P. GEDGE
MR. M. Y. SMITH
MR. C. H. VAN ORDEN
MR. HOWARD VAN ORDEN
MR. WALTER A. WHITE
DR. JOSEPH A. OLIVER

The good fellowship at our luncheon meetings (the first Tuesday of each month) is making them more and more popular, and it is hoped that members who have not heretofore been present will come to see for themselves what is being accomplished.

Respectfully yours,
H. L. Van Winkle.
Secretary.

CURATOR'S REPORT

In submitting this report of the gifts made to the Library and Museum during the past three months, I wish also to gratefully acknowledge the many suggestions which have been so wisely and generously given, and which have helped materially toward furthering the interest of the collection.

In my last report a group of books containing very interesting records of Dr. William P. Gibbons, given to the Society by Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Graves, were acknowledged, but unfortunately Dr. Gibbons' name was mispelled.

One gift of particular interest is the scrap book of Fitzhamon articles "Streets of San Francisco" published in the San Francisco *Chronicle* during 1928-9. The story of how these articles came to be written and something of the trials of the writer in gathering the material for them, as told in a letter from Mr. Fitzhamon, reminds us so forcibly of the "General Public's" keen interest in California's early history that we are printing his letter here.

Editorial Rooms, The *Chronicle*,
San Francisco, California,
May 7, 1929.

Mr. R. Jordan, Jr.,
333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Sir:

I thank you for your letter of May 1st and for the compliment you have paid to my tales of the streets and people of the old San Francisco.

It was such a strenuous job that appreciation is welcome. Originally I was asked to do eight articles with a couple of old time pictures for each. They were to run from one Sunday to the next Sunday.

Having done the eight, and before any had appeared, I was asked to make it *twenty*. I agreed to that, but rebelled against the *two* old time pictures per story.

When the twenty were done, publication began. Having no further concern, and being busy with other work I paid no attention. If I happened to look one over after it appeared, there was always some idiotic omission of a line or two, or some absurd typographical error in a date, such as 1886 for 1836, or 1947 for 1847, or some silly slip I had made in hurried work.

I should worry! In three weeks they would come to an end and be forgotten; and a few years hence, when too old for further newspaper work, I'd do them over again and do them right, and publish them in a little brochure with the pictures. That was sufficient for the present. My other work went on.

But not for long. Scarcely a week had passed before letters began to pour into the *Chronicle*. People remembered this or that, or were present on such and such an occasion, or had been told about it by their parents. So they wrote to say they were "delighted to read about it," and so on and on.

And about ninety-nine per cent of the letters pleaded for more.

When I heard about it I was amazed—for a moment. Then I forgot it. But the Managing Editor came over to my desk and asked if I could do some more. The Circulation Department was excited about it.

"How many more?" says I.

"Well—just keep on and do some more," says he vaguely.

That's all that was ever said between us. But I had stepped innocently into a lot of trouble and work and worry, and endless research and hunting for the kind of old-time pictures that I wanted, the kind that would reproduce on news-print paper. A strange feature was that I soon had to change my working hours because it developed that whether I were here forenoon or afternoon, I could get nothing done because of the numerous visitors and frequent telephone calls. I was spending most of my time either in a telephone

booth in the Editorial Rooms or in the Reception Room listening to visitors who wanted to talk over with me the stories that *had been published* and reminisce about what was past—so far as my work was concerned.

So what I had to do outside I did in the afternoons, not showing up at the office until five or six p. m., and worked through the nights, sometimes until daylight. Otherwise I could never have kept it going *two hundred* days without a skip.

Among those who telephoned me was the last surviving employee of the old Woodward Gardens. In a picture I had published he was standing up in a boat that went around and around in a big circle in the old gardens. We had quite a chat.

Ditto with good old Jerome B. Stanford, who died at Palo Alto last month, aged about eighty-five or six. Ditto with old John Adcock.

Believe me, when I'd done *two hundred and eleven* it was some relief to make way for the syndicated serial fiction, "Young Pretenders." The odd eleven are being published as a Sunday feature now.

I wonder whether in the collection that you presented to The Society of California Pioneers, you had one of a certain overnight edition in which the Concordia Club on Van Ness Avenue appeared *upside down*, and looked like a cliff-dwellers pueblo. Then there was another overnight edition in which the picture of Selby's Shot Tower appeared with the tower *cut off*—no shot tower at all.

Some of the funniest things happened. Some amazing errors appeared. You may find it hard to believe, but I *never once* saw a story's proof in advance of publication. So there was no chance to catch a slip. It was a fierce handicap. For which reason I would like the privilege some time of making at least a few corrections in that set you so generously presented to The Society of California Pioneers after being at great pains to compile it in a scrap-book.

At first I dictated answers to all letters that came to me personally. But before Christmas I had the flu twice, and about two hundred letters accumulated. So I just had to let them go. Many of them never were opened while I was ill. They were returned, lest they contain some souvenir of value. Really it was remarkable how folks trusted me with their heirlooms, etc.

Never again! I was "under the whip" from start to finish. Two hundred days or nights! Only a trained newspaper writer of long experience could have done such a hurry-up-and-keep-going job. An "author" would have mulled around a year or two on it. For it would make a large volume.

With kind wishes, I am
Sincerely yours,
(Signed) E. G. FITZHAMON.

Accessions to the Library and Museum

The following gifts have been received since March 31, 1929.

Mr. Lynn S. Atkinson. A group of nine coins found in the sand and gravel during the construction of the Pardee Dam. These coins were evidently pocket money of the miners of the fifties and were lost in the diggings far up in the hills.

Miss Mabel Adams Ayer. A letter written by Washington Ayer in April, 1853, describing San Francisco to his mother.

Mr. Alex. R. Balm. Several newspaper articles written by Waldemar Schlieden during his European travels, and published in a San Francisco newspaper.

Mr. George W. Bates. Copy of the "Resolution of Appreciation" of "a beautiful banner presented by the Ladies" to the Young Men's Whig Club. Printed on satin and dated Sept. 24, 1852.

Mr. Victor M. Berthold. Photostat copy of a broadside of the History of the Steamship *California*, and official data concerning that ship; Cancelled check of Page, Bacon & Company signed by I. L. Folsom Sept. 24, 1854; two photographed copies of lithographs of San Francisco in 1851; portrait of "Emperor Norton" taken when he was first overtaken by misfortune, and piece of his "script" for fifty cents; a list of Western Express Companies as revised July 1927.

Mr. Julian H. Biddle. Framed portraits of the Judges of the Superior Court, San Francisco, 1880.

Mrs. Angus Gordon Boggs. Portrait and brief biography of Williamson Lincoia Smith.

Mr. George L. Buckingham. Passport of T. R. Church into the United States from Mexico in January, 1852.

Capt. A. J. Capron. Magazine and newspaper articles on local street railway transportation.

Mr. Charles S. Cushing. Jodocus Hondius' map of the Americas and the oceans adjacent thereto. Dated 1588.

Mr. Milton J. Ferguson, State Librarian. Photostat copy of the names of the members of the Sacramento Society of California Pioneers.

Mr. Walter Smiley Goldberg. Short manuscript account of the life of Thomas J. L. Smiley.

Mr. E. Holden. Eight photographs as follows: Vallejo Warehouse near Petaluma, Bronz tablet to Gen. M. G. Vallejo, Vallejo's Barracks, Vallejo Home, Sonoma Mission, Blue Wing Adobe, and Donahue Landing showing Steamers Donahue and Antelope.

Mrs. John Keefe. Small colored lithograph by Britton & Rey of the Telegraph Hill Observatory.

Mr. J. G. Kent. Colored photograph of the oil portrait of Edmund Randolph in the E. B. Crocker Gallery.

Dr. A. T. Leonard, Jr. Billhead of George North of Marysville; Regular Democratic Ticket headed by Hugh J. Glenn for Governor; Collection blank used by Judge O. P. Stidger at San Juan.

Mr. W. J. Lillie. A copy of Gen. M. G. Vallejo's official card, made from the original copper plate sent by the Mexican Government in 1832; Birdseye View map of California, Schmidt Lithograph Co; envelope bearing three cent stamp and marked "Haste Delivery," 1873; strip of Wells, Fargo & Company newspaper stamps.

Mr. N. B. Malville. Two deeds and a mortgage for Sacramento property, executed in 1852 and signed by N. B. Malville and Peter H. Burnett.

Mrs. Herman Meyer. Framed photograph of George Herman Eggers.

Mr. L. M. McDermot. Cast bronz spike from the Ship *Euphemia*, found by Mr. McDermot on the corner of Battery and Sacramento streets, the present site of the Federal Reserve Bank.

Mr. Thomas L. Newport. "Reminiscences of the Gold Days on the Mother Lode," a series of articles by Matthew Hamilton published in the Mother Lode Magnet.

Mr. Fred'k W. Payne. Two manuscripts entitled "The Noble action of Lieut. Beale" and "Gold, Geld, d'or!"

Mr. Philip Schuyler. A number of San Francisco newspaper clippings dealing with local history.

Mr. Leslie Simson. Miniature of Mr. N. W. Chittenden.

Miss Almira Starr. Lapel badge worn by the members of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce in 1850.

Mrs. F. W. Warren. Photographs of Judge and Mrs. Robert Thompson.

Western Newspaper Union. Twelve syndicated newspaper articles by John F. Carrere on California history.

Mr. C. E. Wooley. Four early American coins bearing dates from 1821 to 1859.

Books and Pamphlets

(*Donations are followed by the name of the Donor*)

Bartlett, W. P. Happenings, vol. 1, and More Happenings, vol. 2. Times-Mirror Co., 1927-8.

Berthold, Victor M. and Needham, H. C. Ahead of the Mails, the story of the transportation of the United States mail by sea, 1848-60. 1929.

Berthold, Victor M. "Hand stamped Franks used as Cancellations on Pony Express letters, 1860-61." "Pony Express stamps and their use." "Vias de Comunicaciones existententes en los Estados Unidos, 1849-70." Gifts of the Author.

Bonfils, Winifred Black. Life and Personality of Phoebe Apperson Hearst. J. H. Nash, 1928. Gift of William Randolph Hearst.

Browne, J. Ross. Etchings of a whaling cruise. Harper & Co., 1846. Gift of Mr. Harry D. Hawks.

Cossley-Batt, Jill L. The last of the California Rangers. Funk & Wagnalls, 1928. Gift of Mr. Robert E. Cowan.

Cowan, Robert E. The Pioneers of California. Privately printed, 1929. Gift of the Author.

d'Auvergne, Edmund B. Lola Montez, an adventuress of the forties. Laurie, 1909. I. S. Pine Memorial Fund.

Ghent, W. J. The road to Oregon. Longmans, Green Co., 1929. I. S. Pine Memorial Fund.

Gregory, U. S. Recollections of an old time Sheriff. Privately printed, 1929. Gift of Mrs. Selim Woodworth.

Hill, Laurence L. La Reina, Los Angeles in three centuries. Privately printed, 1929. Two copies, being the gifts of Mr. Robert E. Cowan and Mr. A. Wackerbarth.

Illinois State Historical Society. Journals and Transactions of the Society from 1913 to 1928. Gift of Mr. William S. Drum.

Johnson's New Comic Songs. Appleton, 1863. Gift of Mr. W. J. Lillie.

Los Angeles County Pioneer Society. Historical Record and Souvenir. Times-Mirror Press, 1923. Gift of Mr. August Wackerbarth.

Lyman, Dr. George D. "The Sponge," an article republished from the Annals of Medical History. Gift of the Author.

Macarthur, Walter. Last days of sail on the west coast. Barry Co., 1929. Gift of the Alaska Packers Association.

Nixon, R. T. A history of Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 44, F. & A. M., San Francisco. Privately printed, 1929. Gift of the Author.

Paz, Irene. Life and adventures of Joaquin Murrieta. Translated by Frances P. Belle. Regan Publishing Co., 1925. I. S. Pine Memorial Fund.

Perkins, J. R. Trails, rails and war, the life of General G. M. Dodge. Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1929. I. S. Pine Memorial Fund.

Put's Golden Songster. Appleton Co. Gift of Mr. W. J. Lillie.

Ritchie, Robert W. The Hell-roarin' Forty-Niners. J. H. Sears & Co., 1928. I. S. Pine Memorial Fund.

Root, Henry. Personal history and reminiscences. Privately printed, 1921. Gift of Miss Stella Huntington.

Rourke, Constance. Troupers of the gold coast; or, the rise of Lotta Crabtree. Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1928. I. S. Pine Memorial Fund.

The San Francisco News Letter, December 1893. Gift of Mr. W. J. Lillie.

Scherer, J. A. B. The first forty-niner. Minton, Balch & Co., 1925. I. S. Pine Memorial Fund.

Sellers, Alvin V. Classics of the Bar. Classic Pub. Co., 1915. Gift of Mr. O. P. Stidger.

Shafter-Howard, Emma. Life, diary and letters of Oscar Lovell Shafter. Blair-Murdock Co. 1915. Gift of Mr. Chauncey Shafter Goodrich.

Vandiveer, Clarence A. The fur trade and early Western exploration. A. H. Clark Co., 1929.

Scrap Books

Scrap Book of Newspaper articles entitled "Streets of San Francisco" by E. G. Fitzhamon, published in the San Francisco *Chronicle* during 1928-29. Gift of Mr. R. Jordan, Jr.

Scrap Book made during 1849-57 in San Francisco, and containing newspaper clippings and a number of rare lithographed letterheads.

Respectfully submitted,
SARAH S. ODDIE,
Acting Curator.

QUARTERLY
of
The Society of California Pioneers

H. L. VAN WINKLE
Secretary

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Editor

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OCTOBER, 1929.

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Organized August 31, 1850

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From July 1929 to July 1930

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EDITOR'S FOREWORD

We are presenting in this issue of the QUARTERLY an unusually interesting article by Mr. John M. Cushing, an account of his trip, during 1849, from New York to San Francisco by way of the Isthmus of Panama.

Because he pictures so vividly the problems and occupations, during their enforced delay in Panama, of the vast crowd of men who gathered there in the summer of 1849, it seems appropriate to reprint the account of the famous "American Meeting" at Panama, just as it was first reported in the *Panama Star*. Then, because the last part of Mr. Cushing's journey, from Panama to San Francisco, was made on board the ship *Niantic*, a sailing vessel whose subsequent history was closely bound into San Francisco's own history, we are including also the story of that gallant little ship, as garnered from the writings of Soule, Hittell, and Eldredge, three of San Francisco's best known historians.

Perhaps no more fitting illustration for these articles could have been selected than the insert which appears as our frontispiece. It is a faithful reproduction of an old lithograph which appeared in Marryat's "Mountains and Molehills" in 1855. As in the case of the original, this was produced from hand-drawn stones in eight colors, but run on a modern offset press.

Three well-known houses, Blake, Moffitt & Towne, the Schmidt Lithograph Company and the Monotype Composition Company, themselves pioneers in their respective industries, collaborated in its production when they prepared it as a San Francisco contribution to the Sesqui-Centennial Number of the *American Printer*, a national publication of the printing crafts. Fortunately sufficient copies were available for this issue, and we are indeed grateful to these firms for their courtesy in permitting us to include this interesting souvenir. It has been lightly tipped in as we felt that many of our members would like to frame it.

JOHN M. CUSHING.

From New York to San Francisco via the Isthmus of Panama, including the Voyage from Panama to San Francisco on the Ship "Niantic."

By John M. Cushing

FOREWORD

Of the many ships that bore the Argonauts to California in search of the golden fleece, none is probably as well known to the present generation as the *Niantic*. After its arrival here on July 5, 1849, it was anchored at what is now Sansome and Clay Streets and for some years, it, together with the superstructure erected on its deck, was used as an hotel or rooming place, and for storage purposes. Its picture appears in some of the old prints of the City. Its name has been attached to a building erected on its last resting place, as well as to one of the Parlors of the Native Sons of the Golden West.

In the memoir herewith Mr. John M. Cushing, one of the passengers on the *Niantic* gives an account of the voyage of that famous vessel from Panama to San Francisco. This memoir was written by Mr. Cushing for this Society at a time when he was eighty years of age.

The Historical Committee of the Society of California Pioneers, of which I am a member, has urged me to cooperate with them in securing biographical and historical material for presentation by giving some account of my own life. I will do the best that anyone as old as I am can do from memory only. Many of the incidents of my boyhood are now as fresh as ever in my memory, but every now and then there comes a space where recollection vanishes, and all is blank.

My father, whose name was John Dean Cushing, was a printer and publisher in Salem, Essex County, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1795. My mother, whose maiden name was Angelina Buckman Stuart, was also born in Salem in 1800. I was born in Salem on July 16th, 1825. The family, consisting of my father, his two brothers, my mother, with her own mother and sister, myself (then two years old), and two older sisters, left Salem and located in North Adams, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, where father started a newspaper in 1827.

He met with such poor success, however, that after seven months he moved to Lenox where he printed the *Massachusetts Eagle* for seven years.

In 1834 my father removed to Great Barrington where he started the *Berkshire Courier*, which is still in existence and, I believe, flourishing. It passed into other hands years ago. Father died in 1866.

During the year 1847 I spent seven months visiting an uncle, John Morland, after whom I was named, at Havana, Cuba, and while there acquired considerable knowledge of the Spanish language. This, as will hereinafter appear, was later to be of great value to me. On my return to Great Barrington, Massachusetts, I continued assisting my father in editing and printing the *Berkshire Courier*.

During December, 1848, and January, 1849, rumors began to fly around thick and fast of the discovery of gold in the newly acquired territory of California in the far west. No one had come from there to verify the stories, but there seemed to be magic in the very word gold that set everyone thinking, and made everyone discontented all at once. Just at that time it took little to arouse me into activity, and I remember perfectly well how coolly my father took it when he found I had the California fever.

I watched every report, and believed every story I heard, and eventually became so wrapt up in California that I was scarcely fit for anything else. How to get there even if I could go was the question. The more I thought, the more anxious I became, so much so in fact that I wrote to Boston and secured passage, by a small deposit, on a ship that was to sail on the fifth of February for San Francisco, fare one hundred and fifty dollars.

It is not to be supposed that during all this time I was the only one stricken. Others found me out. I found others and, of course, meetings would occur between several who were anxious to leave their native land and home for a far distant one and an uncertain future. Just at this time one of the village doctors who had a nephew, a doctor also, but with no practice, invited me into his office. He made a proposition to me that if I would organize a company of a dozen or so among whom should be the young doctor, he would furnish all the money his nephew and I would want and we could pay

him a percentage of our profits on the scheme. This was just what I wanted and the bargain was closed at once.

By the middle of January a company of twelve was organized by three members with capital placed at four hundred dollars and was soon filled. Officers were elected, by-laws and constitution formed, and preparations made for leaving New York on the fifth of February following. My father and mother had become reconciled to my departure. We had no trouble with our company of twelve and all were ready to leave on time, when a particular friend of the young doctor wanted to join us, making thirteen. The superstition regarding thirteen was even then in existence and many of us objected to the thirteenth man. He was a fine looking man named Hillhouse and a stranger in the village and, of course, to all of us, but at last we accepted him and the Makaine Company was full.

As no more could be taken into our Company and as more wanted to go, I had no difficulty in selling my Boston ticket. On the first day of February, 1849, I bade my father, mother, brother and sisters all goodbye and left on a cold stormy morning. We arrived in New York at night, and for the next few days were very busy. Provisions were bought and shipped around Cape Horn to last six months; every man laid in his individual supplies, and each one bought a pistol and ammunition. We bought a large tent, a mess hamper with cooking utensils and dishes for all, and, each according to his idea, comestibles and luxuries enough to last us, as we supposed, across the Isthmus, whither we were bound. The streets of New York were filled with signs, handbills, notices, and information about the new gold mines; how to get there; what to buy. Every inducement was offered to the stranger, though no one could be found who had been to California or had seen anyone who had come from there. Everybody seemed wild with excitement, all bent for the undiscovered country, and each one seemingly bound to get there first. Life insurance offices were full and busy, and policies were issued at short notice.

The day for the *Crescent City* to sail came at last, a cold, stormy, snowy day, and crowds of anxious people mustered about the docks. It was nearly dark before all got on board, and fully so before the lines were cast off and the ship pulled out into the stream. The decks were covered with snow and

slush, and as she slowly started seaward, it was about as cheerless a place as one could imagine. There was no fire; there were no lights; nothing to eat; while everybody was thinking only of himself and trying to find a place to sleep. The cabin passengers, and there were many, were doubtless comfortable, but my company with lots of others were steerage people and of course had to wait our chances for anything like comfort. We passed a rather restless night, but morning came soon, finding us out of sight of land, the storm continuing, the vessel rolling, appetites scarce, and all anxious. By noon we had things cleared up. The weather had cleared also. We had a good dinner, and before dark had our beds ready, and were comfortably on our way to the land of gold.

One of our company met with an accident on the fourth day, the heavy sea causing him to fall, breaking his leg. He was at once transferred to the cabin and to a stateroom, much to my advantage, as I stayed with him and, of course, ate my meals at the cabin table.

On the afternoon of the eighth day the blue hills and mountains of the Isthmus hove in sight, and a happier crowd never was seen on any ship. The decks were soon strewn with baggage of all kinds and everything was examined and put in order for departure. We were in a different climate now from New York, everyone felt well, and everyone was selfish enough to look out for himself only. We found that the ship would remain at Chagres for ten days at least, so that our sick man, who was improving, would have plenty of time to make up his mind what to do. The ship came to anchor just about dusk, and my company and the steerage passengers generally lost no time in getting off, even without supper. The cabin passengers were in no hurry, probably preferring supper, a good night's rest, and daylight to land.

A doctor from the ship soon joined me and together we sought and found in the village a comfortable meal; and I found what for many months I had not thought of, that I could speak Spanish! Some thief had made off with a heavy cloak of mine; but I found the Alcalde, he found the rogue, and the cloak was returned, while in this way I became acquainted with the Governor of the place.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the beach was covered with boats, one of which we secured to carry the twelve of us

up the river to Gorgona for ten dollars apiece. These boats were of various sizes, all with a round covering for protection from the sun. Our boat was one of the largest, manned by two stalwart natives, specially recommended to us by our friend the old Alcalde. We had plenty of room for all twelve with baggage, cooking utensils, etc. We started off about midnight, the propelling power being our two native friends in full uniform, namely a smock frock and a twelve-foot pole. On each side of our twenty-foot boat was a ten-foot plank on which our crew walked as they moved us along with their poles. The water was shoal and beautifully clear, and our progress was just fast enough and quiet enough to give us all a chance, as we sat spoon-fashion face to face in the bottom of the boat, for a good night's rest. Our quarters were rather cramped but were quite an improvement upon the steerage we had just left.

Daylight came early and the morning was a lovely one. We all went ashore, where we cooked a good breakfast, made some good coffee, stayed for an hour or so, when we were off again. Our men kept steadily at work, passing several other boats on the way, until we came to another anchorage. Here we cooked our supper, took a moonlight stroll on shore, stretched our cramped legs, and afterwards had a very comfortable night's rest. Just as day broke upon us we were surprised to hear a cock crow close by. One of our fellows exclaimed: "Thank heaven, that's the first word of English I have heard in a week!" We found ourselves close to a little hamlet which we had not noticed until the rooster called it to our attention. Here we got some milk, eggs and bananas, and after a good breakfast we started on again. The trip up the Chagres river was really a delightful one; the foliage on either side was dense, some of the trees very large, and many of the bushes were loaded with flowers and berries, to us unknown.

About the middle of the afternoon we arrived at our destination, Gorgona, a small village situated on a high level piece of land, the river forming quite a sandy beach for a long distance. There were a good many huts and very comfortable houses, and quite a number of tents occupied by gold-seekers like ourselves, who had arrived by a steamer before us and had been unable to get away. We soon pitched our tent alongside and had all our goods safely on terra firma. Our first night was

a lovely one and we sat up until late enjoying it. The inhabitants were glad to see us, and all were anxious to supply us with fruit and advice.

When we awoke the next morning we found that quite a number of boats had arrived during the night with emigrants like ourselves, and that the beach was covered with dunnage of every kind. We also found lots of natives with their mules and horses ready to take us to Panama very quickly and very cheaply. We were told by those who had been in Gorgona longer than we had that we could not get away from Panama if we went, and that the cheapest place to live was where we were. We finally agreed to divide, part to go over and part to remain. The ones to go were to report in a day or two to the others. I hired a man and a boy to carry my trunk and private traps and went with them. It was only twenty-eight miles. The weather was fine, the roads good, and although many of the others hired mules to ride, I footed it with some others and made the trip quite easily.

Panama was filled with people bound for California who had arrived at Chagres ten and fifteen days ahead of us, and had seen no chance at all of getting there. No one had seen anybody from the "promised land" as yet, and of course all about it was guess work.

My first day in Panama was a fine one. I soon found room for all hands and learned that what little Spanish I did know came in quite handily. People began hunting me up, instead of me them. They wanted an interpreter, and this surprised me amazingly as I had no idea I knew so much. I met a priest who stopped me to say he had a brother who wanted to see me. So I went with him at once. He took me to a large house having lots of clean rooms, with nice clean beds but no occupants. The brother tried to talk with me in English, but finally told me that as I knew Spanish so much better than he or his brother knew English, he would talk to me in Spanish. This I considered quite complimentary. The proposition he made was that I should have the largest and best room in the house for myself and my companions if I would bring people to his house. I took him up at once, and in less than a week his house was filled with nice people at good prices, and I and my company had good quarters free. Some of my companions

had followed me to Panama, while the rest, finding they could live more cheaply in Gorgona, concluded to stay there.

In a few days I found that the man who had broken his leg just after leaving New York would return thither on the same steamer, and that two others had become homesick and would go back with him. This obliged me to go to settle up with them. So I went back to Gorgona, where I spent a few days. This gave me a good chance to write home as well as to become acquainted with the country around about. I met lots of newcomers on my way over, for another steamer had reached Chagres bringing many passengers California bound. Many whom I met thought I was a returning gold miner and, of course, plied me with lots of questions. But when they found that I, too, was bound for California and that there was no chance of getting there soon, nor any likelihood for weeks to come, their countenances fell and they looked blue enough. In a few days I returned to Panama, promising to report at once the first chance to get away. On my way back I met a train of one hundred and fifty mules, each laden with bars of bullion from South America in care of the British Consul. The train was guarded by soldiers, many of whom I saw were barefooted and fully as many had no flints in their muskets. I found this specie had been thus monthly conveyed across the Isthmus for hundreds of years unmolested, so I presume half the guns were unloaded as well as flintless.

The first thing I did on returning to Panama was to get acquainted with the American Consul to learn what chances there were to get away. He was a Swede but could talk Spanish as well as English and promised to let me know as soon as he could find out. The next thing I did was to go into a Spanish printing office. The proprietor was very polite and when he found I was a printer was especially cordial. He offered me a place at good wages. This I at once accepted. I did not stick to it long, however, for the place was too confining, the material too old and left-handed, and the office not very inviting. The proprietor was very anxious to send me at once to New York to buy him a first class printing press and outfit. He said, "You will have lots of time to go there and back before you can get away from here and can make five hundred dollars as well as not." I could have, too, but I did not, much to his disappointment.

Every day one could see the population increasing, and as ships and steamers were constantly arriving at Chagres, the road between Panama and Gorgona was crowded. The natives did a good business in transportation, and one could get a mule back to Gorgona for a dollar, while it cost six to ten to come over. The climate was pleasant though at times very warm. From early morning until late at night the frontage of the harbor was crowded with anxious searchers for means of exit from the place. As days rolled on and the crowds kept increasing people began to get more and more reckless and careless. Gambling, betting, and drinking houses were full all the time. Everybody seemed to have lots of money, though very few seemed to have any idea how they were going to use it in getting away from the place. People coming as we did from the stormy north seemed to feel the difference in the climate very suddenly, and many of them became so reckless that sickness followed dissipation and soon much fever prevailed and death occurred almost daily. We had been on the Isthmus about a month and there was much discontent and uneasiness and, of course, much unhappiness. Most of the gold seekers came, as we did, in companies with passage paid only thus far, and most of them got to quarreling among themselves, and their companies disbanded. Our company was no exception and we also separated, leaving each one to go his own way.

A steamer arrived via Cape Horn from New York, putting in at Panama, but would take only those who had purchased through tickets. However, a few who happened to have plenty of money were taken at exorbitant rates, but the balance of us were as lonely as ever. For a time I kept on taking care of the sick, burying the dead, and helping the unfortunate—until I got tired of it and went back to Gorgona where the climate was comparatively healthful.

One night as I lay in my bed I overheard a conversation in an adjoining tent: "Wonder if we can't hire some of the gold seekers to help us for a spell? They can't get away from here for three or four months, and more are coming all the time." As soon as morning came I went out and found whom I had been listening to. They were a party of government engineers who were making preliminary surveys for a railroad and had been obliged to suspend work because the natives quit as they could get better wages by carrying luggage for the crowds that

were coming. I went with three or four others to interview the officers and made a bargain to work for four dollars per day, six of us agreeing to begin.

The surveyors were located some ten miles down the river, and our business was to join them and do what we were told to do. All were supplied with axes and our work was to cut our way through the midnight jungle, following a negro torch-bearer, the surveyors following us. We got through the first day fairly well, but after the third began to get sick of our job. We soon found ourselves obliged to strip at sundown and to plunge into the Chagres River, putting on dry suits after our bath and soaking our discarded clothes and leaving them to dry on the beach until the next night, when we would repeat the operation. Our course was along the river but some way inland from it, and it is difficult to describe what a horrible country we had to penetrate. Outside of the woods the sun was bright and roasting hot, while inside it was at times like midnight, and filled with insects of every kind. We soon found out why the torch went ahead, and why we were so covered with ants, ticks, and other bugs. It was enough to make anyone homesick and pine for the forests and groves of down east. Here we came across monkeys, apes, parrots, buzzards, snakes and spiders, and at times, when we struck a clump of bamboos with our axes, there would shower down myriads of bugs of every conceivable size and form of viciousness. It did not take us long after our day's work to take our bath and get into our sun-dried clothes. After a while we all had to help move camp, pitching our tents as far down the river as we were supposed to reach the coming week. We saw lots of boats coming up the river and had plenty of inquisitive company during the evenings, which were very lovely.

It was not long before all but two of us quit, and the surveyors were left in the lurch again. We had been told that if we would agree to stay until the next steamer for California arrived, we could have five dollars a day and a free passage to San Francisco on that ship. As but two of us were willing to accept this offer and nothing would induce the others to join in such a contract we all had to stop, two being no object to the surveyors. So we all went back to Panama where we idled away two months' time. The chief engineer had tried to impress upon us how foolish we were in leaving him, and to con-

vince us that a steamer would be in in less than a month. The *Oregon* came in before we had been in Panama two weeks, and was off in two weeks more with many passengers, among whom we would have been had we accepted the offer. We stayed where we were until hundreds of poor fellows had died, and many of my own company had been sick with fever and ague. All of us were spending our money and had no prospect of getting away.

About the first of April my friend, the Consul, had heard encouraging news which he lost no time in telling everybody else. He learned from Payta, South America, that a whaleship had put into that port for supplies, and that the Captain had heard so much of the "rush" to California and of the crowds who were on the Isthmus, that he had concluded to change the purpose of his voyage from whaling to gold hunting, and that he would arrive in Panama in a month or so. This made lots of people happy though the prospects were slim for getting off yet. In a few days an American ship, a British bark and a brig came into port and another steamer was supposed to be due. There were now over 3000 people anxious to get away and all kinds of prices were offered for passage. The ships were put in order at once and were soon filled at two hundred and fifty dollars apiece, while twice that and more, too, was offered. Men became excited, almost panic stricken, in their efforts to get away.

In the meantime the Consul had received a letter from Captain Cleveland of the ship at Payta, named the *Niantic*. He wrote that it would arrive in a few days and would take two hundred and fifty passengers to California; that preference would be given to all who had been on the Isthmus longest, and that the American Consul would act as agent for the ship. This was good news to those of us who came on the *Crescent City*, as all who came next to us, with many others, had either gone or had secured passage on the other ships now in the harbor. Time rolled on slowly enough for us. Four ships had come in, loaded, and gone, and there was still no sign of the *Niantic*.

At last she arrived with one hundred and fifty mules for the British Government. Besides that she brought several hundred thousand feet of lumber, which was enough for her own use for berths, and for two more vessels which were on the way. Our Captain was a shrewd old fellow and he made a small fortune

in selling to other vessels, water casks, kettles for cooking, beef, pork, hard bread, etc., at the most exorbitant rates. He was offered two and three hundred dollars for passage, but he refused all offers until all of us were taken.

There were no wharves in Panama and, as the rise and fall of the tide was nearly fifty feet, the ships were obliged to lie off several miles from shore. As there was no means of getting aboard the *Niantic*, we had to wait until the Captain's boats were ready for his passengers. At last the day arrived and we soon were aboard. Two British ships had departed two weeks before, and two more had arrived and were ready to sail before we were. This gave us all the blues because our Captain was so slow, but we could not help ourselves, and so put up with it with the best grace we could. It was May now and very warm, and as each of us had to help load his own stuff we had as much work as we wanted. On the evening of the third we weighed anchor and were soon on our way to the land from which we had not heard a word since we had left home. There were not many left on shore when we bade it good-bye and those stood a fair chance of getting away soon.

The *Niantic* was an old whaler but a good ship. She had been out eleven months from Rhode Island and was well supplied with water and provisions and was in excellent condition. Captain Cleveland was an old man, and his two sons were the mates. The first mate, a large, dark complexioned, black whiskered man, was called by his first name, Freeman, and was Commander. The second mate, a tall, slim man, who went by his surname as Mr. Cleveland, was a very fine fellow. The first day out was spent in putting things to rights, getting located in our quarters which were between decks, and in making everything ready for our voyage. We were divided into messes of twelve each. A captain was chosen for each mess, and a man named Bradford, who was in later years a judge in California, was chosen Steward. Each mess was provided with a tub for meat, with a ten gallon pail for coffee, a large pan for hardtack, and each individual had his own utensils for eating purposes. On deck just abaft the foremast were two large two hundred gallon kettles such as whalers use for trying out the blubber, and these were kept hot all the time in cooking. When dinner time came our Steward would call out "Mess number one!" and so on. Each captain

would then walk up with his tub and pail, get his supply of salt beef and pork and his tea or coffee, his bread, etc. The allowance was for twelve hours, a breakfast and supper, coffee and tea only. The next day at noon, mess number twenty-two was called first and so on down to number one, so every mess had an equal chance. Our fare was excellent and there was plenty of it, and variety too, as duff, rice, beans, etc., came around in their turns. Each mess soon found a spot of its own which no one ever interfered with, and all went on smoothly. Mr. Freeman was a strict disciplinarian and very obliging. He would not allow a scrap of anything to be thrown overboard, nor a drop of water to be used except for drinking. The second day out he nearly frightened a young fellow out of his wits when he found him scrubbing his teeth at the water tank. He stood on the poop deck where everyone could hear him, and after that there was no water wasted.

When we left Panama our course was south by west and for days we followed it without a change, much to the disgust of many of the cabin passengers, of whom there were thirty, and who thought they knew more than the captain. Everything went along nicely for some twenty days, but still the ship followed the same track. Some days we would have a nice breeze and then it would die away. Then for days it seemed as though we would not move at all. There was many a talk about the course, but no one dared say a word. Not a speck appeared in the horizon, not a vessel of any kind showed herself to the hundreds of eyes constantly on the lookout, and there was nothing but sky and water above and around. We amused ourselves as well as we could, and still kept heading south.

There were nearly three hundred passengers and among us were all kinds of men imaginable. There were a good many lawyers, many doctors, a few ministers, deacons, sporting men and gamblers, and mechanics of every kind, the only ones missing being women and children. A party of fellows started what they called the Feegee Court. A large desk was constructed, a judge elected and installed at it, and officers of all kinds chosen. Many a ludicrous trial was held and time passed quickly amidst much fun.

We crossed the equator, going as far as two degrees south without any sign of change. The climate was hot and, at

times, the air was oppressive. At last our court passed a resolution that we must have a different order of things, or we would never get to California. So a Committee was selected to visit our Captain and find out his reason for going so long in the direction he was taking, and to boldly protest against the present conditions. Our Captain was invited on deck and the Chairman, a very smart fellow and a good speaker, addressed him in very forcible terms.

Captain Cleveland listened attentively and, after asking if the speaker was through, replied in a very few words thus: "I am sorry you have gotten yourselves into this predicament through me, but I cannot help it. I have spent my life in this ocean and know what I am about, while very few of you were ever out of sight of land in your lives. Now if I should take your advice and go the way you want me to, we should find ourselves in what sailors call 'the swamp,' a place to be avoided, if possible, by all careful navigators. Once in that place we might go along nicely for a spell, then suddenly we might be becalmed. The current would carry us farther and farther in. We might stay there a week or perhaps a month, and might never get out. Now I propose to follow this same course until I strike the Trades. Then, when I am satisfied I shall change my course and hope very soon to land you at your destination. If you are satisfied with this explanation, all right; if not, I am sorry for you, but can't help it. I navigate my own ship. Good-day!"—and he went below.

The Committee, as well as most of those who heard him, felt mean enough, though many considered themselves insulted and were angry. Things went on, however, for several days. Then, while all were asleep about two A. M., everyone was suddenly aroused by the call "All hands!" and the sudden careening of the ship! We soon found why by going on deck, for the ship was headed northwest under full sail, and a sparkling breeze. For days she bowled along and never once during the voyage altered tack or sheet. All hands were happy then, and the "growlers" wanted to see the captain but he could not be found. All we had to do now was to be happy and wait. We were headed the right way, every hour was bringing us nearer to the "promised land."

Everything went on nicely on board and all were well. In fact but one man died on the voyage, and he was buried at sea

soon after leaving Panama. The Feegee Court kept up its organization, holding its court daily. The Fourth of July was a fine one for all. The Stars and Stripes waved gracefully from our stern, the Declaration of Independence was read, speeches were made, and everybody enjoyed the day.

The morning of the fifth brought us in sight of the long looked for haven and at ten o'clock we were proudly sailing through the Golden Gate. It was a lovely morning, scarcely a ripple on the water, and our ship slowly moving on her course. As we entered the Gate, a pilot boat came alongside.

"Do you want a pilot?" was the call.

"Are you a regularly organized Board of Pilots?" was the Captain's query.

"No, but we expect to be," was the reply.

"Expectations won't save my ship," said Captain Cleveland. "What do you charge?"

"Ten dollars a foot," said the pilot.

This brought a cheer from the crowd on board, as we all knew then that there was truth about the gold.

"What shall I do, Mr. Freeman?" asked the Captain.

"Tell him to go to H—l," said the Mate. "I have been in here before, and can do it again."

All of us cheered again as the good ship slowly passed Fort Point. Alongside of us came in the ship from Boston on which I had originally engaged passage. She had left Boston the same day that we left New York, the fifth of February, bringing all her passengers safe and sound via Cape Horn, for one hundred and fifty dollars, while it had cost all of us more than twice that sum.

On our way to anchorage we were surrounded by lots of boatmen all anxious to take us ashore. The sight of these fellows cast a damper upon our ardor at once. "If the gold stories are true, why are not these fellows in the mines?" was the question that went around.

"What do you charge to take us ashore?"

"Ten dollars a head," was the reply.

Then cheer after cheer arose, for that answer convinced us again that we were in the "promised land," and that there must be truth in what we had heard.

As we slowly sailed down past Alcatraz and around Telegraph Hill and dropped our anchor off what was then called

Clark's Point, a Committee called upon the Captain to apologise for their treatment of him, and to thank him for his courtesy. The Captain was polite but cool, saying only, "Gentlemen, I have nothing to say; your voyage is up; go ashore."

We found upon inquiry that the *Niantic* was the first vessel from Panama, though three ships, one bark, and a brig, had left three or four weeks before we did. There was no man then like Captain Cleveland! All the other vessels were supposed to be in the swamp.

About three in the afternoon the ship's boats began to take us ashore. The wind had risen and it was blowing a gale as we landed on the beach where Montgomery Street now is. As Washington and Jackson were the most convenient streets, we walked up one of them to Kearny. Towards night we began to get hungry and to wish ourselves back on the good old ship. We found a restaurant, but the charges were high and we had very little money, so we had to go very slowly. There was a butcher shop and slaughter house on the corner of Kearny and Jackson with a large corral adjoining. This the proprietor kindly placed at our disposal for the night. In one corner was a pile of sheep skins on which we spread our blankets and we were soon sheltered from the wind. Our quarters were quite comfortable and we passed our first night quite well. We were shown this hospitality because one of our party was an old New York acquaintance of the man who now ran the meat market.

When morning came we emerged from our quarters into a dense and almost impenetrable fog. We hardly knew what to do or which way to turn and were willing to take anybody's advice. So we followed that of the butcher, bought some meat from him, built a fire in his back yard, got out our mess hamper and all our cooking utensils, and had a first class breakfast. Then we started out to see what kind of a place we were in. The fog began to clear up and at about nine, the sun came out, and by ten it was a lovely morning. We found a place where tents had been pitched by other parties, so we followed suit and located ours, too, in a place called "Happy Valley." Here we began to make ourselves at home. The scene was desolate enough, very few houses, and apparently nothing but sand.

Nearly all of us were offered jobs at good wages, but we all refused. We were in California now and our ambition was to

get to the mines. We had started out to hunt for gold, and were bound to find it if possible. There were many merchants who had arrived with their goods six months before us, one of whom I found was an old friend named Hawley from Bridgeport, Connecticut. He at once offered me all the tools I wanted for myself and my friends, and money as well, as our supply was very limited. We felt very much encouraged.

Vessels with passengers were now coming in all the time and everybody was on the rush for the "diggings," as they called the mines, especially the sailors who would leave their craft as soon as a chance offered. It happened that I became acquainted with the Captain of a brig who had no sailors and who could get none. With him we made a bargain to work our passage to Sacramento and to pay him sixteen dollars each besides, to carry us and our provisions and traps, we to load them ourselves. After a hard day's work we were aboard and ready for our trip which began at ten the next morning. We had a good breeze, but at sundown found ourselves becalmed in the vicinity of Suisun where we tied up for the night. Next morning we started towing and warping and made very slow progress. We were nearly devoured by mosquitoes which were about us continually in such swarms as to prevent us from eating or sleeping for nearly a week.

At last we reached our destination where we camped under one of the many oak trees. There were hundreds of campers there already, resting and getting ready for the mines, and all anxious to be off. We bargained with a man with a six yoke ox-team to carry our provisions and tools, with the understanding that we walk to Coloma. We reached there in two days and started at once to work near the spot where gold was first discovered. The weather was very hot, but we worked with vim and by night we found we were better off by seven dollars and a half each in gold dust! Then we knew surely that the stories were true.

The Earliest Days of the Ship "Niantic"

By F. C. Matthews

The ship *Niantic* was a slow sailing, bluff bowed, three masted, full rigged sailing ship engaged in the China trade, and owned by the prominent house of N. L. & G. Griswold of New York. She was extremely broad for her very short length; was four hundred and thirteen tons register, and could probably take eight or nine hundred tons in storage.

Just before the Port of Canton was blockaded in 1840, during the Opium War, she was in that port, loaded with tea and silk. Captain Doty, who was in command, was very ill when the ship was about ready to sail. With him, however, was Captain Robert Bennett Forbes of Boston. Captain Forbes was a partner in the firm of Russell & Company, an American firm located in Whampoa; and as he was very anxious to go home on business, he navigated the ship while Captain Doty made the entire passage lying in a cot swinging over the table in the small cabin. The trip was tedious and hard, the ship being forty-four days from Macao to Anjer, and the whole run something over one hundred and fifty days. Probably this was the last and most profitable voyage of the *Niantic* as a merchant ship.

In 1844 she was bought by C. T. Deering for the whaling business, and on June 4, 1844, sailed from Sag Harbor under command of Captain Slate, bound first for the whaling grounds off New Zealand. She was absent until February 1, 1847, when she arrived at Sag Harbor with one hundred and twenty barrels of sperm oil, twenty-four hundred barrels of whale oil, and ten thousand pounds of bone.

She was then sold to Burr & Smith of Warren, R. I., and under command of Captain Cleveland, who had his two sons as first and second mates, sailed from Warren on September

16, 1848, for the northwest Pacific where her operations were to commence. Putting into port at Payta, she found a communication from Mr. Nelson, the American Consul at Panama, stating that there was quite an emigration from Panama to San Francisco, and urging a passenger certainty versus a whaling venture.

Having a good supply of provisions on board, Captain Cleveland took the *Niantic* to Panama; and, having secured his passengers, he left Panama May 1, 1849. The Harbor Master's report gives her arrival at San Francisco as July 5, 1849, with two hundred and forty-eight passengers, though other reliable records give the number of passengers as two hundred and eighty-nine.

Now, with these few brief statements concerning the earliest days of the ship *Niantic*, I refer you to a longer account, in the following article in this issue of The Quarterly, of her subsequent history as a warehouse and hotel in San Francisco.

PRISON BRIG "EUPHEMIA" AND STORE-SHIP "APOLLO"

(From "The Annals of San Francisco")

The Ship "Niantic" in San Francisco

From April 1, 1849 to the end of that year more than seven hundred vessels safely entered San Francisco Bay—this notwithstanding there were no lights at the entrance of the harbor until 1854, there were no tugs, and but few experienced pilots!

"An Arabian Nights' City—San Francisco—its growth was of that magic incredible character that led Bayard Taylor, sent out by the New York *Tribune* in mid-August 1849, to compare it with the phantasms of Oriental jugglery."*

"I am forced to believe many things," he wrote, "which in my communications to the *Tribune*, I am afraid to write with any hope of their obtaining credence. The enormous and unnatural values put upon property at this time of my arrival are amazing to me."

"To say that the city is daily enlarged by from twenty to thirty houses may not sound very remarkable after all the stories that have been told; yet this, for a country which imports both lumber and houses, and where labor is ten dollars a day, is an extraordinary growth. The rapidity with which a ready made house is put up and inhabited strikes the stranger in San Francisco as little short of magic. He walks over an open lot in his before breakfast stroll—the next morning a house complete, with a family inside, blocks up his way. He goes down to the Bay and looks on the shipping—two or three days afterward a row of storehouses staring him in the face, intercepts the view. The noise, motion, and bustle of business and labor on all sides is incessant. Streets, which three weeks ago had been merely laid out, are now hemmed in with buildings and thronged with people. New warehouses line the waterfront; new piers are creeping out toward the shipping; and the forest of masts is daily growing thicker."

"To meet the demand for freight and ship money, cargoes were sold at auction, and soon the market was glutted with goods of all kinds. Often because of falling prices, scant storage room, and the extraordinary cost of labor, it hardly paid to unload them. So, many boats were beached and converted into storage ships, shops, and even lodging houses.

*Scherer, "The First Forty-niner."

Strange spectacles, these once gallant ships metamorphosed into forms and likenesses that were neither of the land nor of the sea, but partook of both, and now lay rounding out their careers of usefulness by a service equally important, if less dignified. The growing wharves pushed by their resting places; crossing piers hemmed them in, and buildings grew up between them and deep water. Their retreat cut off, they were left to gaze helplessly upon the busy traffic of surrounding streets."*

Among these was the famous old *Niantic*. She had been hauled up at high tide to the lot at the northwest corner of what is now Clay and Sansome Streets, and made fast. Her masts had been taken out, and her rigging and some of her ballast removed. Piles had been driven alongside to keep her from turning on her sides, and "her oak hull pierced with a Clay Street entrance, above which her enterprising owner had painted the ingratiating sign: 'Rest for the Weary and Storage for Trunks.'."†

From Eldredge's "Beginnings of San Francisco" the following account of William Kelley's visit to a friend on the *Niantic* is quoted. "On enquiring where my friend, Mr. S., was located, I was told that I could be landed at a stair-foot leading right to it; and was not a little surprised when we pulled alongside a huge dismantled hulk, surrounded by a strong and spacious stage, connected with the street by a substantial wharf, to find the counting-house on the deck of the *Niantic*, a fine vessel of a thousand tons, no longer a buoyant ship, surmounted by lofty spars and streamers waving in the wind, but a tenement anchored in the mud, covered with a shingle roof, sub-divided into stores and offices and painted over with signs and showboards of the various occupants. To this base use was my friend obliged to convert her rather than let her rot at anchor, there being no possibility then of getting a crew to send her to sea. Her hull was divided into warehouses, entered by spacious doorways on the sides, and her bulwarks were raised about eight feet, affording a range of excellent offices on the deck, at the level of which a wide balcony was carried round, surmounted by a veranda, approached by a broad handsome stairway. Both stores and offices found tenants at higher rents than tenements of similar dimensions on

*Eldredge, "Beginnings of San Francisco."
†Scherer, "The First Forty-niner."

shore would command, and returned a larger and steadier income, as my friend told me, than the ship would have earned if afloat."

In a newspaper article testifying to the fine, seaworthy condition of the *Niantic* during her last trip, appeared this statement: "I don't propose to say whether the *Niantic* was condemned or not. In those days if a ship could find a permanent mooring place, and be arranged as a warehouse, she suddenly became popular for the purpose, and greatly lessened the insurance risk. The *Niantic*, moored for storage, earned her owners twenty thousand dollars per month for a long, long time."*

Other ships moored close by were the *General Harrison* on Clay and Battery Streets, the *Apollo* at Sacramento and Battery, and the *Georgean* between Washington and Jackson on the west side of Battery Street. Annis Merrill, in his "Statement" in the Bancroft Library, said "Other ships were sunk where they happened to be; and often a squatter on a water lot would buy an old vessel not worth much, and settle it there to prevent any one else from claiming his premises. An Alcalde here, named Leavenworth, protected a lot in this way."

Not far from the *Apollo* lay the brig *Euphemia* which had been bought with the first money appropriated by the Ayuntamiento of the newly organized San Francisco, and converted into a prison for the confinement of criminals. This was the first jail established in the place where convicted rogues could be kept in custody.

"As early as the autumn of 1848 the want of a good ship wharf was seriously felt, and different schemes were projected in the following winter and spring months, to supply the deficiency. It was not, however, till May of 1849, that any active steps were taken in the matter. At that time a proper wharf association was formed, which raised considerable capital, and began operations. By December of the same year, eight hundred feet of the Central Wharf were finished. Six months later the fire of June 1850 destroyed a considerable portion of it, but it was promptly repaired, even while the smoke of the ruins around continued to ascend. This wharf cost about a hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and was of the greatest service to the shipping of the port, for large vessels could lay alongside and discharge at any state of the tide."†

*San Francisco *Call*, March 26, 1893.
†Soule, "The Annals of San Francisco."

The company owning this first wharf made an immense profit from it, and as there was many times as much business as it could accommodate, it was evident that, not withstanding the high cost of construction, wharves offered excellent opportunities for investment, so there was a rush for franchises. By October 1850, Market Street Wharf had extended out from the shore line six hundred feet into the Bay; California, four hundred; Sacramento, eight hundred; Clay, nine hundred; Washington and Broadway each two hundred and fifty; and Pacific, five hundred and twenty-five. Other wharves or piers running along the water front and named after individual owners, measured another fifteen hundred feet.

By October 22, 1850 the cost of these various wharves already amounted to nearly a million dollars, and they provided artificial thoroughfares to the extent of almost two miles. They proved to be of the utmost benefit to the commerce and prosperity of the city; and the corporation and private companies and individuals who owned them prospered greatly.

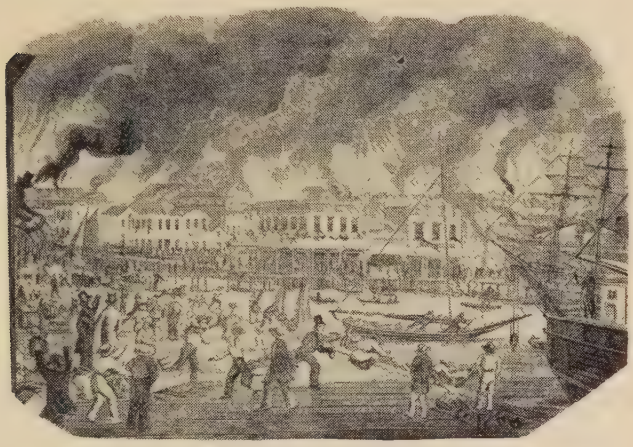
As the piers grew seaward the lines of crossing streets were marked by piles extended north and south, on which were erected buildings for stores and offices. Many people lived in these buildings, and it was estimated that in 1850, a thousand or more persons were living over the tidal water in buildings resting on piles or on hulks of imprisoned vessels.

The first filling in of a water lot was done by Captain Folsom on California Street, and although work was extremely expensive, it was immediately recognized as a good investment, and others imitated the example. So gradually, year by year, the watery abyss beneath a great portion of the city's business district, was filled in as the sand hills behind were leveled. The first wharves themselves became public streets, and their future extensions formed the existing wharves and piers of the city today.

Fire after fire swept the city during '49 and '50. Enormous were the losses, but with incredible speed buildings were rebuilt and the city continued to grow. Then on May 4, 1851, the anniversary of the second great fire was signalized by the fifth, the ravages of which exceeded in gross amount, those of all the previous fires put together.

It seemed unbelievable that such a calamity could have happened. The solid walls of buildings supposedly fireproof,

crumbled in pieces before the furious flames; thick iron shutters and doors grew red hot and warped and only increased the danger, and insured final destruction to everything within them.



SAN FRANCISCO FIRE OF MAY, 1851

(From "Gleason's Pictorial")

"In a few hours the whole business part of the city was one entire mass of flame! The wind that would have been considered high, though no fire had existed, was now raised to a hurricane by the action of the flames that greedily sucked in the fresh air. The hollows under the planked streets were like great blow-pipes that stirred the fire to fearful activity. Through these strange channels, now as dry and inflammable as tinder, the flames were communicated from street to street, and in an amazingly short time the whole surface over a wide region, glowed, crackled, and blazed, one immense fiery field. The reflection from the sky was said to have been visible at Monterey, nearly a hundred miles off!"*

Firemen plied their engines and sent streams of water on the wild flames that only served to increase their fury, as the water was dissipated into clouds of mere steam, which never reached the center of the resistless blaze. The short space of ten hours saw from fifteen hundred to two thousand buildings completely ruined. Eighteen squares, with portions of five or six others in the very heart of the city were devastated.

*Soule, "The Annals of San Francisco."

THE NIANTIC HOTEL

(From the Chas. B. Turrill Collection of Photographs)

Only five or six brick buildings still stood on Montgomery Street, while on Sansome Street, the Dewitt & Harrison Warehouse was saved because eighty thousand gallons of vinegar were used for its protection!

Gone, though, was the old *Niantic*, all save that part of her hull below the level of the ground. On the site was erected a new hotel called the Niantic Hotel, the foundation of which rested on the remains of the old ship's hull. That no time was lost in its construction is apparent from the following news item in the *California Courier* of October 29, 1851. "The Niantic Hotel has no case of cholera as reported. The hotel is one of the most respectable and genteel of public houses." By a curious coincidence, one of the old *Niantic's* pump logs, when it was being driven down for a pile beneath the new hotel, struck a stream of water, from which flowed good fresh water for several years.

The subsequent history was not of very great importance, and on August 2, 1872, only one brief line in a San Francisco Daily announced that "the work of demolishing the old *Niantic* has commenced." Two weeks later the same newspaper told its readers that "The hull of the old ship *Niantic* has been exposed by the excavations for the foundation of a *new* Niantic Building on the site of the *old* Niantic Hotel. The keel must have been fully twenty feet below the present level of the street, showing the amount of ground made over it in twenty-three years."

Today—on the Clay Street side of the third Niantic Building, built in 1907, is a simple bronze tablet bearing the following legend:

"THE EMIGRANT SHIP NIANTIC STOOD ON THIS SPOT IN THE EARLY DAYS WHEN THE WATER CAME UP TO MONTGOMERY STREET." CONVERTED TO OTHER USES, IT WAS COVERED WITH A SHINGLE ROOF WITH OFFICES AND STORES ON THE DECK, AT THE LEVEL OF WHICH WAS CONSTRUCTED A WIDE BALCONY SURMOUNTED BY A VERANDA. THE HULL WAS DIVIDED INTO WAREHOUSES, ENTERED BY DOORWAYS ON THE SIDES.

THE FIRE OF MAY 3, 1851, DESTROYED ALL BUT THE SUBMERGED HULK WHICH LATER WAS UTILIZED AS THE FOUNDATION FOR THE NIANTIC HOTEL, A FAMOUS HOSTELRY WHICH STOOD UNTIL 1872.

THIS TABLET WAS PLACED BY THE HISTORIC LANDMARKS COMMITTEE OF THE NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST, SEPTEMBER 19, 1919.

The American Meeting

One of the most entertaining and perhaps profitable pastimes of a group of waiting Americans during the tedious delay in Panama was the weekly publishing of the *Panama Star*. J. B. Biddleman & Co. were the original editors and publishers, and number one of volume one appeared on the streets of Panama on Saturday, February 24, 1849, "at 1 real per copy."

"Press Onward" was their watchward, and their first edition contained news of ship and passenger arrivals; quoted a translation of Gen. Persifer F. Smith's famous "Proclamation" regarding the digging of gold on lands belonging to the American Government; devoted nearly all of one of its four small pages to the program of their Washington's Birthday Celebration; and printed two brief "communications" relating to travel conditions and waiting on the Isthmus. The publishers introduced themselves with these opening paragraphs.

"To Our American Friends in Panama.

"In order to relieve the tedium of our, perhaps protracted stay in this, to us strange land, surrounded by the people, institutions and language so dissimilar to our own—a few Americans have undertaken this publication. Having embarked in a common object, the emigration to what seems to promise to be the El Dorado of the world, our interests are identical; and, we believe that whatever of news, information to future emigrants, or local matters we may find to place in our columns, must be alike interesting to those who are already here, to those who may hereafter arrive, and to those especially whom we have left behind, anxiously expecting news of our position, comfort and welfare.

"We therefore embark on our agreeable undertaking, confident in your support, and desirous to afford to all the means of temporary relief from the monotony of our situation—and for this purpose we shall be glad to receive any hints or informa-

tion that may be considered of sufficient interest to either of the classes of persons named above, to warrant publication here.

"We congratulate our American Fellow Citizens on their safe progress thus far on their way to the 'promised land,' and we trust that much of happiness and prosperity may be the lot of all, and as large a share of the good things of this world as may be desirable for them to possess consistently with a due sense of the value of wealth as a means of good, rather than a mere gratification of the appetite or propensities of man.

"With these remarks we present ourselves to our friends, asking only that a fair allowance be made for the peculiarity of our position here, an excuse for any omission that may occur in our first number."

Editor succeeded editor as the weeks went by and each one in turn secured his passage to San Francisco. One of them, George K. Fitch, announced on August 25, 1849, that the "*Panama Star* is indefinitely suspended. Its readers will leave on the Steamship *Oregon*, and the Editor will accompany them. Our thanks are hereby tendered to those of our countrymen whose liberality has enabled us to indulge in our favorite vocation during our detention. We mean to present a larger sheet to our friends in San Francisco."

That edition dealt largely with the American Meeting, the Minutes of which, together with a part of the editorial comment is herewith quoted:

"At a meeting of Americans in Panama, holden at the American Hotel on Monday, August 20th, pursuant to public notice, W. D. Stover, Esq., of Lansinburgh, N. Y., was called to the chair, and John H. Redington of Boston, appointed Secretary. After a few remarks from the Chairman, setting forth the objects of the meeting, a Committee was appointed to make inquiries into the cause of the detention of passengers some three or four weeks by every steamer, and also to take into consideration the course followed by the agents here, in the disposal of tickets, and such other grievances as they might see fit to report upon.

"The meeting was adjourned to Wednesday, August 22d, when the following resolutions were submitted by the Committee, and unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Committee, who have endeavored to get at all facts in relation to the subject referred to by them, by inquiries of the agents, and from other sources, there are no reasons for a long detention of Americans in Panama, beyond the interest or caprice of the agents.

"*Resolved*, That we consider the course pursued by the proprietors of the Pacific steamers in New York, in advising passengers to arrive at Panama on the first of the month, and then detaining, or allowing their agents to detain the steamers until the last, as a wanton trifling with the health and lives of passengers, and as such deserving of the severest condemnation.

"*Resolved*, That we consider the agents at Panama, Messrs. Zachrisson, Nelson & Co., as unsuitable persons for the situation they hold, and that in our opinion it is the duty of Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall to appoint some other agent or agents, who will treat the passengers and all others desirous of obtaining information, as gentlemen, and who will dispose of the tickets here in a *fair and equitable* manner.

"*Resolved*, That we consider the American Consul at this port unworthy of the station; that so far from rendering assistance to Americans in distress, he has always been disposed to take advantage of their necessities for his own benefit; that we consider such a course as an insult to our Government, and hereby advise all persons having influence in the States to exert it for his removal.

"*Resolved*, That from the great embarrassment which Americans and others experience from the mismanagement and misrepresentation of agents at Panama, we recommend all persons coming this route to provide themselves with through tickets, as the agents of the steamers here are generally the agents of sailing vessels from this port to San Francisco, and thereby have the power of extorting, and do extort, enormous prices from those whose poverty and suffering in a strange country ought to entitle them to aid, rather than imposition and oppression.

"*Resolved*, That all bona fide tickets ought to be transferable to any one intending to sail in the steamer for which they are issued, the present regulation being only enforced to the advantage of a few, to the detriment of the many.

"*Resolved*, That having been informed of the great impositions practiced upon passengers in the Pacific Steamers, as Amer-

icans we will not submit to any injustice or ungentlemanly treatment from the officers of the same, either towards cabin or steerage passengers, and further, we are determined to protect ourselves and each other from all unfair treatment, either on the sea or on the land.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be published in the *Panama Star*, and that copies of the same be forwarded to the principal cities in the United States, with the request that all papers in the Union will publish the same.

"All of which is respectfully submitted.

Azel Skillings, of New York City,
John M. Burdsall, of New York City,
G. C. Weld, of New York City,
J. M. Ford, of New York City,
W. C. Young, of New York City,
Smith Clark, of New York City,
E. S. Holden, Boston,
Andrew J. White, Palmer, Mass.
C. G. Sharps, Philadelphia,
George K. Fitch, Cleveland, Ohio,
James Tobin, New Orleans,
—— Linderberg, New Orleans,
F. W. Tyson, Baltimore,
of the Committee."

The next day the Editor took up his pen, and in the following positive fashion discussed the causes of this famous meeting.

"The proceedings of the American Meeting, held at the American Hotel in this city, which we publish in this week's paper, will, we trust, have the desired effect. The grievances and abuses set forth in the resolutions have been known to us, and all the while becoming more apparent by new developments, ever since we commenced the publication of the *Star*. We have only awaited a proper time to give them publicity; and happily for us, our countrymen have now taken the matter into their own hands, and have spoken in a manner, and with such unanimity, that, if the press of the United States does its duty, our countrymen at home will heed the warning, and pause before they expose themselves to the perils of this route, unless the proprietors and agents bring about a new state of

things, and act with some little respect to honesty and justice.

"In consideration of the very large number of Americans taking this route, we earnestly call upon the papers of the States to give full publicity to these proceedings. We do not wish to be understood as underrating the advantages of this route. We consider it the place pointed out by nature as the most proper for communication between the two oceans, and we doubt not a large portion of the emigration from the United States will come this way until a railroad is built across the American continent. It cannot be denied, however, that for eight months in the year this is a *very* sickly country, and a long detention in it is extremely unpleasant and dangerous.

"There is no necessity for this detention, under ordinary circumstances, beyond the interest or caprice of the agents, we believe. If more people come this way than the steamers can accommodate, their detention will not be the agent's fault if they and the company do their duty; but the blame will fall upon those who leave the States without through tickets. An unfair representation in New York by the Company, and its agents in other cities, has caused large numbers to accumulate here, without means sufficient to pay their expenses during their unexpected detention, and the amount asked for a passage on the steamers for the rest of their sojourn.

"One of the first objects of the Meeting at the American Hotel was to correct this misrepresentation. But the great cause of complaint was the conduct of Messrs. Zachrisson, Nelson & Co., who have transacted the business of Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall in such a manner as to convince all (we know of no exception), that their object is not to advance the interests of the Pacific Company, but to promote their own private interests, to the detriment of the Company, and great injustice to Americans. No other reason can be imagined why they should insult American citizens as they have done. Gentlemen who at home are highly respected, have gone to the office, and in view of the dangers of remaining in this place, have asked Messrs. Z. N. & Co. in a respectful manner, 'When do you think the *Oregon* will sail?' They have insultingly replied, 'She will sail when she starts!'

"Scores of people, ourself among the number, were assured by the agents weeks ago, that they would have but nine cabin tickets for sale, and none for the steerage. In order to con-

vince us of this, it was stated that the waybill had been received. Meantime a peremptory decree was issued, cautioning Americans not to buy tickets of others, as the rule 'not transferable' would be rigidly enforced, and at the same time the same agents who issued this decree or bill, were wholly refusing to transfer tickets.

"There were men here whose detention beyond the steamer involved thousands of dollars—others whose dread of remaining here laid them liable to disease. What were the results? Why, simply these. Large numbers paid great prices for tickets (assuming the names of the original holders in many instances), some as high as $260, $275, and $300 for steerage tickets—and some as high as $400 and $500 for saloon tickets. Some in doing so absorbed all their funds, and were compelled to resort to selling valuable articles to pay board while here. Others had a sufficient amount to pay $150, the regular price for a steerage ticket, and would have waited if the agents had not told a downright falsehood in stating that there would be no steerage tickets in market.

"But no. They had private interests at stake. Sailing vessels had been chartered and *must* be filled, and when anyone wished to converse with these agents in reference to a *sailing vessel*, he found them all attention. The most amiable men in the world. Oh! what a contrast! 'Fine vessel, sir!' 'well provisioned' — 'forty days' passage, perhaps less.' 'Old Captain—regular sea-dog—understands the coast,' and so on.

"Under such representations over a hundred persons took passage in the ship *Eugenia*, and only were made sensible to the true state of things when they found themselves on board a seventeen years old Chilian vessel under a Chilian flag—twice condemned—with miserable water on board, and so crammed with berths that the passengers were compelled to take down the middle tier, and take turns sleeping and watching half the night with their comrades.

"And what occurs after all this? Why in the face of it all, this firm of Zachrisson, Nelson & Co., bring suddenly into the market upwards of fifty cabins and steerage tickets at the regular rates. Do they give any previous notice? No! Do they recognize any priority of claim? No! There are passengers here who were here when the *Panama* sailed a month ago. Do the agents tell them to register their names? No!

No priority is recognized—passengers of the *M. C. Draper*, just arrived, get tickets, while those who have remained here a month or more, get none.

"No advertisement is issued telling people they may register their names, with the hope of getting tickets—and if one's name is registered, it is altered from its place on the list to suit the whim of the agents, or more likely their interests!

"The Public, however, have taken the matter in hand now, and here we drop it for the present!"

The Stranger Within Our Gates

By Oliver P. Stidger

The stranger within our gates, having left his former habitat to prosper under the genial skies of our California, comes to us usually, without any knowledge of or interest in our history. He does not cherish the memories, so vital to us, of our Pioneer forebears. In the majority of cases he knows nothing and cares less about the history of California. To him our celebration of Admission Day and our other gestures of respect and affection for the Pioneer men and women we revere so deeply, seem a useless waste of time.

He little realizes that the history of our State began almost a century before the first New England towns were born; that Cabrillo sailed into the harbor of San Diego in 1542; that a few years thereafter Sir Francis Drake raised his sword and cross to heaven in thankful acknowledgement of the day he first saw the coast near San Francisco. Treasuring as we do the record of our own eighty years of progress, we also view reverently the Spanish era of our great State with its traditions of the lost Aztecs, its chivalry, and hospitality, and the vast accomplishment of its Missionary founders.

Without doubt the discovery and settlement of California changed the mental structure of American civilization. The "rush" of the gold seekers was the next great excitement in this country after the Revolutionary War. It kindled new fires of ambition in the hearts of the young men, offering unheard of opportunities for the great adventure of making "big money." Many were the wealthy men, millionaires often, who returned from California eastward to settle in the larger cities, who scorned economies and gloried in expensive living! They raised the standard of comfort and gave America the first batch of men who "had money to burn," and many of them "burned" it. Acquired habits, theirs, but the natural result of the prodigal spending of the early days here. It was often said that "men paid just as much for a barrel of flour during the

early 50's as the New England mechanic earned in a year," and that San Francisco consumed more champagne in the early 70's than the balance of the country!

California put the United States on a gold basis. Throughout the country there flowed a stream of gold, which swept away copper pennies and paper "plasters" and all the wild cat currency that made financial stability impossible. With her own great wealth, California ushered in an era of expansion so great that our national wealth in 1860 was over twice what it had been in 1840. California has given of her bountiful stores a little over two billions in gold. Does this not overshadow the gold production of all the other states combined?

Why should we not be proud of what California gold has done for American commerce? Her gold has been used to build great factories, mills, and railroads throughout the whole country. Her gold has been a potent factor in transforming our nation from a nation of debtors into a nation of self reliant creditors. It helped us to set up businesses on our own account, free from the shackling burdens of the old world.

In 1849 thousands of men came westward, and it was not long before two hundred millions of dollars in gold went eastward. It was the brave, stout hearts of the Californians and their gold that helped vastly to save our Union, for when California entered the Union as a free state, she destroyed the balance between the north and the south, and turned the scale of destiny against slavery. Her gift to her country then was several millions of dollars in gold, a substantial part of the total military expense of the Federal Government for the Civil War.

California also sent many men to the firing line during the Rebellion, for she had both men and money to spend. Thousands of her citizens who enlisted were veterans of the Mexican War, who had come to California when the gold rush began. Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Crook, Hooker, Fremont, Hallock, and McPherson had learned their hardihood in California. Then when the war was ended it was California's energy and gold that started and completed the first transcontinental railroad in the world. Before she had reached her nineteenth birthday, her sons had helped to complete the first railroad over which a train could run straight from the western sea to the Missouri River.

Now the "old timers" are gone. We no longer see the men of the Vigilance Committee, the bearded men in top boots and red shirts, the pony express riders, sheriff's posses and swashbuckling gamblers and stage robbers. Today the call of the gold is not the only voice nor the loudest. The children of the Pioneers, remarkably self-reliant, have turned their hands to new industries which excite the envy and applause of our whole country. In commerce and transportation, in manufacture and agriculture, California has taken her place among the leaders of the states.

For a thousand reasons we can be and are grateful to our Pioneer grandparents for settling in this land of promise. Within the confines of our borders grow many of the tropical trees and plants and beasts and birds, and all of those of the temperate zone. Witness our great orange groves at the foot of mountains covered with eternal snow and overshadowing luxuriant gardens of exquisite flowers. Observe, too, the vast acres of vineyards, of fruits and nuts, girdled by mountain ranges that rival the Pyrenees in their reach above the clouds. Besides all this there is vast space to expand in. It is hard for the stranger here to believe that the State of California is larger than Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Greece, Roumania, and Portugal; that it is greater in size than New York and Pennsylvania or all New England; that we boast the highest mountain peak in the United States, Mount Whitney; and that at its very feet lies the lowest depth, a depth of many feet below sea level.

To see some of the world's most famed natural curiosities and beauty spots, we do not need to travel beyond the borders of our own state. We have geysers and boiling springs and volcanoes. What other state can show the eager sightseer the terror and the beauty of two valleys so strangely like unto Hell and Heaven as the dread desert of Death Valley and the beautiful Yosemite. If one wishes to witness a furnace of intolerable heat, he has but to enter Death Valley. At the other extreme is the sublime Yosemite with its rare attractiveness, set like a priceless jewel in the mountains and calling restless humanity to see and enjoy its beauty and serenity.

Nestled among the highest peaks in the Sierra Nevada range lies the matchless Tahoe, a lake whose charm none in all Europe can surpass, and of which a famous writer has said,

"Tahoe with her face to the Heavens, is like an opalescent mirror, its waters as clear and pure as a virgin's tears." Our big trees, survivors of a long past period of our earth's history, may almost be called immortal. It is said that many of them were growing when the first Pharaoh sat on the throne of Egypt; that the life of the Empire of Alexander was a brief moment compared to a giant Sequoia's day.

Should we then not bow down to the vision and the energy and the force which was the keynote of the epic lives of the forty-niners? They were doubly American, for thousands of miles of ocean travel in little unseaworthy ships, and as many more riding or driving in ox teams across the continent—in lines that grew tragically thinner as they neared their goal—had weeded out the weaklings. Such a pilgrimage as theirs had not been known since the day of the Crusaders. Theirs, though, was the desperate scramble for riches and everyone of them fought to have and to hold.

In 1849 they found no established law or order here. Every social convention was abrogated. Yet by 1850 a complete State Government was organized, and in 1851 the University of the Pacific had been founded in San Jose. I wonder, now as I write, if it wouldn't delight them to know that even though we are still considered a frontier state, we have a larger percentage of students in our colleges and universities than any other one state in the Union. Even in their frenzied rush for gold, they took their orderly time to establish order and make laws, mindful always of the right of free speech. They gave us our common schools and universities; our great astronomical observatories and scientific research societies; our halls of justice. Their energy and strength and ambition were the tools with which this western empire has been built.

Why therefore should we not be proud of our traditions and our heritage, and why should not the stranger within our gates observe the time and stand, hat in hand, when our symbolic Bear Flag floats by?

For the blessings and benefits so given us, we Californians are appreciative and grateful. What, therefore, could be more fitting than to commemorate the lives of our fathers and mothers by a monument in the form of a stately building, within which is written the history of their deeds—a building

to stand forever as a torch, lighting the magnificent future which lies on the rim of the vision of our youth of today.

To this end this Society stands dedicated. So, pursuant to a resolution passed by the Board of Directors of the Society in August last, the following members were appointed a Committee to devise ways and means for its accomplishment: Mr. Charles S. Cushing, Chairman, Mr. John J. Lermen, Mr. James P. Taylor, Mr. James K. Moffitt, Mr. Anson S. Blake, Mr. Charles C. Moore, Dr. Joseph A. Oliver, and Mr. O. P. Stidger, ex-officio. This is the first step toward the consummation of an ideal which all of us have long cherished. We ask you collectively and individually to help.

Announcements and Reports

SECRETARY'S REPORT

October 1, 1929.

Fellow Members:

It is pleasure to report the continued interest in our regular monthly luncheon meetings as evidenced by the increased attendance, and the enthusiasm for the various subjects discussed.

At the meeting of September third, Dr. Ezra Allen Van Nuys talked about his trip of eight hundred miles up the Nile. He had a great many pictures which he himself had taken with a moving picture camera, and every man present felt that he had seen the ruins of Egypt personally.

Dr. Otto H. von Geldern, an intimate friend of General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, narrated, on October first, many personal experiences of the General, especially those concerning his arrest on orders from General Fremont, and his incarceration at Sutter's Fort.

Our membership has been increased by the following named sons of several of our distinguished members:

Walter C. Allen
Martin Cole Baker
William A. Fine
James Parker Mills
Edmund Burke Holladay Ord
John Winthrop Huntington Ord
Warren R. Dutton

We have in prospect several interesting speakers, and you are cordially invited to attend each luncheon meeting.

Respectfully yours,

H. L. Van Winkle,
Secretary.

CURATOR'S REPORT

Accessions to the Library and Museum

The following gifts have been received since July 1, 1929:

Mr. Phil B. Bekeart. Map of Mexico, California, and Texas, "showing the Gold Regions." Drawn and engraved by J. Rapkin; and a Steel engraving of John C. Fremont, done in 1865.

The Grandchildren of Peter H. Burnett. Oil portrait of Governor Peter H. Burnett, painted by Alice Chittenden.

Capt. A. J. Capron. Miscellaneous clippings from newspapers and magazines, concerning San Francisco history.

Mr. John E. Conner. Lithograph of U. S. Cruiser *Charleston*, 1890; miner's pick used in 1849 by Mr. Conner's father.

Mr. Robert E. Cowan. A Chinese Lottery Ticket used in San Francisco in 1892; a Membership card and bookplate of the Pacific Philatelic Society; a copy of the Regular Ticket used at the Annual Election of The Society of California Pioneers in 1901; copy of the Supper Menu at Master Chas. G. Yale's birthday anniversary, October 22, 1863.

Mr. Charles S. Cushing. Plan, O Mapa del Viaje Hecho, des de Monterrey al Gran Puerto de San Francisco. P. F. Petrus Font fecit, Tubulama, anno 1777. This map consists of thirty-five tiles, and is a copy of the original in Seville, Spain. It was made especially for The Society of California Pioneers in 1929.

Dr. Henry M. and William A. Fine. Oil portrait of their father, Andrew Fine, a pioneer of 1849.

Mr. Henry F. Fortmann. Framed photographs of the following named ships of the Alaska Packers' Fishing Fleet: *Star of France*, *Star of Greenland*, *Star of Iceland*, *Star of Peru*, *Star of Poland*, *Star of Russia*, *Star of Zealand*, *Bohemia*, *Indiana*, *Llewellyn J. Morse*, *Nushagak*, *Santa Clara*. Large framed photograph of the San Francisco Fusileers; and another of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, being small portraits of three hundred and six members of that society.

Mr. H. A. Johnson. Three complete files of clippings, from the San Jose *News*, of the following articles: "The Founding of Notre Dame" by Sister Mary Catherine; "The Tragedy of Donner Lake" by Evelyn Wells; and "When Santa Clara

County was Young" by Mrs. Fremont Older. An Affidavit concerning taxes in San Jose Township, signed by John Gilroy; a copy of the "Ballad in Answer to Sayers, England's Pride," with a colored Yankee Pedlar boarder; a copy of a card attesting to the good character of Judge David Terry; and a copy of "California's Golden Shield" published by the San Francisco News Company.

Mr. William H. Kerrison. An interesting group of American & Mexican coins and paper money dating from 1831 to 1903.

Mr. C. N. Langton. Colt revolver in case with powder flask and bullet mould.

Mr. E. A. Leigh. Lithographed letterhead of "San Francisco, Past and Present." Barber & Baker, 1854.

Mr. N. J. Malville. Old pistol, found on the North Fork of the American River near Georgetown, about fifteen years ago.

Mr. F. C. Matthews. Stock certificate in the Matthews Gold and Silver Mining Company, 1863.

Mr. Henry E. Mathews. "More Reminiscences of The Lick Trust," of which Mr. Mathews was Secretary.

Mrs. H. Meyer. Oil portrait of Mr. George H. Eggers.

Mrs. Frederick C. Moore. Lithographed letterhead of a view of the "Hanging of James Stuart on Market Street Wharf on July 11, 1851." Justh, Quirot & Co.

Mr. S. R. Moore. Photograph of Capt. Martin R. Roberts.

Miss Anita Murray. Lithographed letterhead, "View of Montgomery St. from Sacramento Wharf the morning after the Great Fire." Justh & Co., 1851.

Mr. Robert W. Neal. Two oil paintings of two early pilot ships in San Francisco Bay, one being *The Lady Mine;* and a group of very interesting photographs of San Francisco.

Mr. Frederick W. Payne. Photograph of Mr. C. M. Welles; and newspaper clippings from the New York *Times*, containing the history of Col. John C. Hayes, Sheriff in San Francisco in 1850.

Southern Pacific Company. "From Trail to Rail," a history of transportation, as contained in a group of numbers of the *Southern Pacific Bulletin.*

Mr. O. P. Stidger. Congressional Record of February 5, 1929, containing an article on Russian activities on the Western American coast.

Mr. Otto H. von Geldern. A portrait of Dr. Charles von Geldern.

Mr. C. E. Woolley. "One Fare" ticket of the City Railroad Company, San Francisco.

Mr. Justus E. Wyman. The Commission of Mr. I. E. Wyman as County Judge of Humboldt County in 1863, signed by Gov. Leland Stanford; same for year 1867, signed by Gov. Frederick F. Low; his Commission as Pilot for the Bay and Harbor of Humboldt in 1851, signed by Gov. McDougal; and his Commission as Deputy of District 29, State of California, for the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in 1872; and miscellaneous other papers.

Mr. F. R. Ziel. Photograph and list of the names of the "Sonoma Pioneers in 1871."

Books and Pamphlets

(Donations are followed by the name of the Donor)

Bekeart, Phil B. Flags That Have Flown Over California. 1929. Life of James Wilson Marshall. 1924. Both of these volumes are reprints from the Quarterly of the Society of California Pioneers. Gift of the author.

Benton, J. A. The California Pilgrim. Solomon Alter, Sacramento, 1853. Gift of Mrs. George W. Percy.

Bryant, Harold Child. Outdoor Heritage. Powell Publishing Co., 1929. Gift of the Publishers.

Buckham, John Wright. John Knox McLean, a Biography. Smith Bros., Oakland, 1914. Gift of Mrs. Warren Olney, Jr.

Cleland, Robert Glass. Pathfinders. Powell Publishing Co., 1929. Gift of the Publishers.

Coy, Owen Cochran. Gold Days. Powell Publishing Co., 1929. Gift of the Publishers.

Clemens, Cyril, editor. Mark Twain Anecdotes. Mark Twain Society, 1929. Gift of the author.

Davis, William Heath. Seventy-five years in California. Reprinted by John Howell, San Francisco, 1929.

Paine, Swift. Eilley Orrum. Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1929.

Reglamento, para el Gobierno de la Provincia de California. Aprobado por S. M. en Real Orden de 24 Octubre de 1781. Reprinted by the Grabhorn Press, San Francisco, 1929.

Regulations for Governing the Province of the Californias, approved by His Majesty by Royal Order, dated Oct. 24, 1781. Translated by John Everett Johnson. Grabhorn Press, San Francisco, 1929.

Rock, Francis J. J. Ross Browne; a Biography. Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., 1929.

Sanchez, Nellie Van de Grift. Spanish Arcadia. Powell Publishing Co., 1929. Gift of the Publishers.

Soule, Gihon & Nisbet. The Annals of San Francisco. Appleton & Co., New York, 1855. Gift of Mrs. J. J. Guile.

The State Register and Year Book of Facts for the Year 1857. H. G. Langley & S. A. Mathews, San Francisco, 1857.

Todd, Frank Morton. A Romance of Insurance, a history of the Fireman's Fund Company of San Francisco. H. S. Crocker Co., San Francisco, 1929. Gift of Mr. J. B. Levison.

Welles, C. M. Three Years' Wanderings of a Connecticut Yankee in South America, Africa, Australia, and California. American Subscription Publishing House, New York, 1859. Gift of Mr. Frederick W. Payne.

Wilson, Carol Green. Calvary Through the Years. A history of Calvary Presbyterian Church in San Francisco, 1929.

Respectfully submitted,

Sarah S. Oddie,

Acting Curator.

QUARTERLY
of
The Society of California Pioneers

H. L. VAN WINKLE
Secretary

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Editor

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The Society of California Pioneers

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Docteur es Sciences

FOREWORD

By Charles S. Cushing

The Society of California Pioneers is fortunate in having among its members Dr. Herman Knoche, a distinguished botanist, whose article follows in this number of our Quarterly. The article involves the consideration as to what members of our flora are native and what members came hither from the old world. Dr. Knoche may well be said to have unique qualifications for discussing this subject. The son of a pioneer of 1849, he graduated from Stanford University and has studied extensively in German, French and Spanish universities. He has spent eighteen years exploring the Mediterranean borders and has specialized in the flora of that region. He has published a four-volume treatise on the flora of the Balearic Islands, a fact of special interest to us as the Island of Majorca was the birthplace of Father Junipero Serra. Dr. Knoche has in his library at San Jose a collection of plants mainly relating to the Mediterranean littoral of approximately 200,000 sheets, as well as a large botanical library.

Most of us have doubtless joined in discussions as to which of our numerous flora are really natives of California. One of the difficulties in such discussions is that almost no one has the basic knowledge necessary to determine the question correctly.

Dr. Knoche has presented in the following article, appropriately entitled "Also Pioneers," a list of the numerous plants that have entered this fair land with its human invaders. This article will definitely settle the questions as to whether certain of the plants enumerated by Dr. Knoche are natives or newcomers. It will be a surprise to us all to learn how many of our common plants are not native to the soil. We are indebted to Dr. Knoche in placing this information in such definite form.

Man is not the only pioneer: the animals take their part. How much we owe to the horse, the donkey, the cow, the goat, the sheep and the chicken, in the civilization of California, few of us realize.

The botanist does. When I was a child our hills were a blaze of color in spring time. Miles and miles of a floral carpet! What is it now? Even our Escholtzia is doomed to extinction, incredible as it may seem. A curse seems to follow in the footsteps of man. Wherever he has passed it is the same

story. No preaching can alter his conduct. Man must live. It is the struggle for existence.

Every blade of sugar cane, every coffee grove, every tea or rubber plantation stands on the site of noble forests of mahogany, rosewood and teak. Look at the woods of the Appalachian: consider our redwood groves. (The fine Liveoak forest between San Francisco and San Jose was destroyed by the charcoal-burner in the fifties.)

The most classic example of man's baneful influence on nature is the Mediterranean region. For thousands of years man has ravaged the land. Today the Mediterranean is the wreck of the most beautiful, the most blessed region ever given to man. Once it was covered with an immense forest of liveoak; the grape vine hung over purling brooks and navigable rivers. Today the slopes are bare, sunburnt rocks; the springs have dried up; the rivers, in winter, are raging torrents dealing destruction, and in summer are dry beds of rocky debris. Great stretches of the lowlands are pestilent swamps. The ax and pasturage have ruined the land. Hooker calls the goat the greatest enemy of mankind. But who is it that keeps thirty-five thousand goats roaming about the hills on the Island of Cyprus? Man must live and where there is no more pasturage, goats only can browse.

In time history will repeat itself. California will be a second Palestine.

Of the original Mediterranean flora, probably only a fraction is left. Only those plants which had some protection against animals could survive. The Mediterranean plants today are almost all covered with stickers or thorns, or they have woolly coats, or again have strong odors.

In the countless migrations of races through that region, of Mongol or Teutonic invaders, or of Negro slaves, each brought with them their flocks and seeds, and consequently the weeds of their native lands. The indigenous Mediterranean flora could not resist the onslaught of these aliens and succumbed. What we call "Mediterranean Plants" today, that is here in California, probably came from Central Asia and Asia Minor.

The fundamental law of nature is "fight." In the "struggle for existence" it is always "the survival of the fittest." All living beings, plant or animal, are subject to this law, and history teaches that man himself is not exempt.

Once I heard my father ask an old Indian "Antonio, what has become of all our old friends?"

"Todos muertos, Senor," he sadly answered.

All dead! The white man's diseases, whiskey, and gunpowder have wiped out the redskin. The white man's weeds and animals have wiped out the native California plants.

In the dark, reeking tropical forest, this fight is at its strongest; and silent, remorseless death lurks everywhere. Yet we may see the same tragedy about us. Watch your back yard or the roadside after the first autumn rain. Then California's parched barren soil is suddenly covered by a carpet of green. Countless little seedling plants are crowding each other. In the space necessary for one plant to live, a hundred sprout. Of these ninety-nine must die. Silently, without pity, one by one, they are crowded out until finally one only, the strongest, lives to produce its seed.

For ages California had been isolated. Protected by the sea, high mountains and the desert, our native state was virtually an island. Nature here had established a balance between animals and plants and man. Then came the white man, and with him the invading army that dogs his footsteps the world over.

The earliest explorers had little influence on the country, but the Mission Fathers brought a fundamental revolution into the land. With a settler comes his grains and plants and animals. In the grains of the Missionaries came the white man's weeds. On his fruit trees and rose bushes rode the scale bugs, thrips and flies. In the wool of his sheep were entangled all the vile stickers of southern Europe.

As it happened, the Spaniard came from a climate like our own. That accounts for his success in colonizing the southwest. From his Moorish ancestors he had learned to irrigate, and to protect himself from a desert sun. So also were his weeds from his native land adapted to our dry summers, and used to the conflict with beasts and native plants.

These weeds came and saw and conquered: Wild Oats (19)*, Burr Clover (54), Alfilleria (62), Mustard (47), Fox Tail (15) and the Brome Grasses (1 to 10). These were the dominant species, though there were many more as the list farther on will show. However, these dominants were respected by the newly introduced cattle. The native, defense-

* These numbers refer to the list of Latin names given at the end of the article.

less clovers, grasses, and herbs, suited their palates better. The natives could not seed, especially after the days of gold when sheep raising became a leading industry.

Soon after the establishment of the Missions the hills of California were covered with wild oats, and the plains were yellow with mustard. Pioneers declare that in early days children did not dare to leave the schoolyard, for fear of being lost in the high mustard. How that mustard did enjoy the virgin land! My father told me of stalks as large as a man's wrist to which he tied his mules!

Junipera Serra was a native of Petra, Majorca. His grains and fruit trees were, in part, probably furnished by the Mother Church in Mexico and Andalusia. However, I believe that he procured many plants from his relatives in his old home. Although I have spent some time in Petra, I am unable to say whether all these so-called Mission varieties of California nurserymen really came from the Balearic Islands. The weeds probably did, as I found every one of them in the grain fields of Majorca.

With the advent of the gold-seekers, the importations of weeds multiplied. Yet they had no revolutionary effect. The "covered wagon" came from a different climate. What seeds it brought, could not compete with the seasoned troupers from Spain. Only locally, in favored stations, could they survive. However the plow and the cultivator and the cattle of the late comers finished the task of destruction. The lowering of the water level also was fatal. Even the invaders, like the mustard and wild oats, are disappearing and the vile Brome grasses are taking their places.

I wish to digress from my immediate subject here, and crave your indulgence. An interesting fact in our animal life ought to be recorded. Our home place in San Jose lies on a creek. Up to the sixties, twice a day thousands of crows used to pass over the house. They roosted on Mount Hamilton Range, and fed on the slopes of the Santa Cruz Range. The creek, half way, was the resting place for drinks, an argument, and a row. I have never seen a crow in Santa Clara County. Where are they gone? Has the destruction of the flora starved them, or was it disease? It could not have been a foe, for the white man only brought cats.

As I have said, wherever man goes, his weeds accompany him. If the conditions are favorable, they thrive. For in-

stance, a late report from Argentina shows that three hundred and seventy-six plants of that flora have been introduced. I venture to guess that the list of such aliens in California is fully as large.

Looking out of my window as I write this on September fourth, I notice the weeds in the streets and empty lots. Only one or two are natives. I see a single stem of an Aster (exilis Ell), and lots of the Willow Dock (Rumex salicifolius Weinm). Then there are three plants that come from the Spanish countries south of us: the common purslane (Amaranthus retroflexus L.), the rough pigweed (Portulaca oleracea L.) and the Mexican tea (Chenopodium ambrosioides L.).

All the rest were brought in from the Mediterranean, most of them by the Mission Fathers, some of them later. There is the Crab grass (26), yard grass (30), curly dock (31), goosefoot (35), fat hen (38), black mustard (47), radish (50), white sweet clover (56), poison hemlock (71), sweet fennel (72), morning glory (75), the cosmopolitan heliotrope or Chinese pusley (77), horehound (79), dwarf mallow (65), chicory (94), viper's grass (97), bristly ox tongue (98) two species of prickly lettuce (101 and 102), sow thistle (103), the Spanish thistle (108), and its sister (109), the great big leaves of the blessed thistle (114), bull thistle (118), yellow star thistle (121). In the ditches is the Fuller's teazel (93), and out on the alkali flats the Russian thistle (39). However, in alkali and in the grain fields the natives seem to compete successfully, that is, such as the Tar weeds (Centromadia, Hemizonia, etc.), and there also is an occasional Aster and even an Escholtzia.

There is a whole crowd of intruders, however, that came from more moist portions of Europe. We find them in our lawns, such as the dandelion (Taraxacum vulgare Schrank), that globe trotter, the Shepherd's purse (Capsella Bursa-pastoris), the yellow sorel (Oxalis corniculata), and orchard grass (Dactylis glomerata L.).

List of the More Common Weeds Introduced into California from the Mediterranean Region.

1. *Bromus tectorum L.* — Downy Brome Grass.
2. " *rubens L.* — Red Brome.
3. " *madritensis L.* — "Madrid" Brome Grass.
4. " *rigidus Rot.* — Ripgut Grass.
5. " *sterilis L.* — Sterile Brome Grass.
6. " *hordeaceus L.* — Soft Cheat.
7. " *racemosus L.* — Racemed Brome Grass.

8. *Bromus secalinus L.* — Ryelike Brome Grass.
9. " *commutatus Schad.* — Changeable Brome Grass.
10. " *Japonicus Thunb.* — "Japanese" Brome Grass.
11. *Festuca myurus L.* — Rattail Fescue.
12. " *elatior L.* — Meadow Fescue.
13. *Poa annua L.* — Bluegrass.
14. *Lamarckia aurea Moench* — Golden Top.
15. *Hordeum murinum L.* — Foxtail.
16. *Lolium perenne L.* — Ryegrass.
17. " *temulentum L.* — Darnel.
18. " *multiflorum Lam.* — Italian Ray Grass.
19. *Avena fatua L.* — Wild oat.
20. " *barbata Brot.* — Bearded Oat.
21. *Agrostis verticillata Vill.* — Bent Grass.
22. *Polypogon Monspeliensis Desf.* — Montpellier Beard Grass.
23. *Phleum pratense L.* — Timothy.
24. *Lagurus ovatus L.* — Hare's Tail Grass.
25. *Cynodon dactylon Pers.* — Bermuda Grass (Warm countries).
26. *Panicum sanguinale L.* — Crab Grass.
27. *Echinochloa crus galli Beauv.* — Water Grass.
28. *Chaetochloa verticillata Scribn.* — Foxtail Millet.
29. *Urtica urens L.* — Nettle.
30. *Polygonum aviculare L.* — Yard Grass.
31. *Rumex crispus L.* — Curly Dock.
32. " *pulcher L.* — Fiddle Dock.
33. " *acetosella L.* — Sheep Sorrel.
34. *Beta vulgaris L.* — Beet.
35. *Chenopodium album L.* — White Goosefoot.
36. " *murale L.* — Needle Leaf Goosefoot.
37. " *rubrum L.* — Red Goosefoot.
38. *Atriplex hastata L.* — Fat Hen.
39. *Salsola kali var tenuifolia Mey* — Russian Thistle.
40. *Cerastium viscosum L.* — Mouse Ear Chickweed.
41. *Stellaria media Cyr.* — Chickweed.
42. *Spergula arvensis L.* — Corn Spurry.
43. *Silene gallica L.* — Windmill Pink.
44. *Fumaria officinalis L.* — Fumitory.
45. *Sisymbrium officinale Scop.* — Hedge Mustard.
46. *Brassica alba Boiss.* — White Mustard.
47. " *nigra Koch* — Black Mustard.
48. " *campestris L.* — Yellow Mustard.
49. *Diplotaxis tenuifolia Dc.* — Wall Rocket.
50. *Raphanus sativus L.* — Radish.
51. *Thlaspi arvenis L.* — Penny Cress.
52. *Lepidium draba L.* — Hoary Cress.
53. *Draba verna L.* — Whitlow Grass.
54. *Medicago hispida (denticulata) Gaert.* — Burr Clover.
55. " *lupulina L.* — Nonesuch.
56. *Melilotus alba Desr.* — White Melilot.
57. " *indica all.* — Yellow Melilot.
58. *Geranium dissectum L.* — Common Geranium.
59. " *molle L.* — Soft Geranium.
60. *Erodium botrys Bertol.* — Clustered Filaree.
61. " *moschatum L'Her.* — White Stem Filaree.
62. " *cicutarium L'Her.* — Red Stem Filaree.
63. *Euphorbia peplus L.* — Petty Spurge.
64. *Tribulus terrestris L.* — Puncture Weed.
65. *Malva rotundifolia L.* — Dwarf Mallow.
66. " *parviflora L.* — Cheese Weed.
67. *Anthriscus vulgaris L.* — Bur Chevil.
68. *Scandix pecten-veneris L.* — Shepherd's Needle.
69. *Torilis nodosa Gaertn.* — Knotted Hedge Parsley.
70. *Apium graveolens L.* — Celery.

71. *Conium maculatum L.* — Poison Hemlock.
72. *Foeniculum vulgare Gaertn.* — Sweet Fennel.
73. *Ami Majus L.* — Bischop's Weed.
74. *Anagallis arvensis L.* — Pimpernell.
75. *Convolvulus arvensis L.* — Morning Glory.
76. " *pentapetaloides L.* — Five petaled Morning Glory.
77. *Heliotropium curassavicum L.* — Chinese Pusley.
78. *Verbena officinalis L.* — Herb of the Cross.
79. *Marrubium vulgare L.* — Horehound.
80. *Brunella vulgaris L.* — Self Heal.
81. *Lamium amplexicaule L.* — Giraffe Head.
82. *Mentha pulegium L.* — Pennyroyal.
83. " *rotundifolia L.* — Round Leaf Mint.
84. *Datura Stramonium L.* — Stramonium.
85. *Solanum nigrum L.* — Black Nightshade.
86. *Verbascum thapsus L.* — Mullein.
87. " *blattaria L.* — Moth Mullein.
88. *Plantago major L.* — Plantain.
89. *Galium parisiense L.* — Wall Galium.
90. " *tricorne Stokes* — Corn Galium.
91. " *aparine L.* — Goose Grass.
92. *Sherardia arvensis L.* — Field Madder.
93. *Dipsacus Fullonum L.* — Fuller's Teasel.
94. *Cichorium Intybus L.* — Chicory.
95. *Scolymus Hispanicus L.* — Golden Thistle.
96. *Rhagadiolus hedypnois All.*
97. *Scorzonera hispanica L.* — Viper's Grass.
98. *Picris echioides L.* — Bristly Ox-tongue.
99. *Hypochoeris glabra L.* — Smooth Cat's Ear.
100. " *radicata L.* — Hairy Cat's Ear.
101. *Lactuca scariola L.* — Prickly Lettuce.
102 " " *Var. integrata Gr. & Gd.*
103. *Sonchus oleraceus L.* — Sow Thistle.
104 " *tenerrimus L.* — Tender Cow Thistle.
105 " *asper L.* — Prickly Sow Thistle.
106. " *arvensis L.* — Corn Sow Thistle.
107. *Filago gallica L.* — (called Fever Herb in Spain).
108. *Xanthium spinosum L.* — Spiny Clotbur.
109. " *calvum M. & S.* — Bald Clotbur.
110. *Anthemis cotula L.* — Mayweed.
111. *Chrysanthemum segetum L.* — Corn Chrysanthemum.
112. " *leucanthemum L.* — Oxeye Daisy.
113. *Senecio vulgaris L.* — Groundsel.
114. *Cnicus benedictus L.* — Blessed Thistle.
115. *Carthamus lanatus Dc.* — Distaff Thistle.
116. *Silybum marianum Gaert.* — Milk Thistle.
117. *Cynara Candunculus L.* — Cardoon.
118. *Cirsium lanceolatum Scop.* — Bull Thistle.
119. " *arvense Scop.* — Canada Thistle.
120. *Centaurea melitensis L.* — Napa Thistle.
121. " *solstitialis L.* — Yellow Star Thistle.
122. " *calcitrapa L.* — Purple Star Thistle.
123. " *salmantica L.* — Escobilla.

Published by George A. Theall.] *[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.*

FOREST CITY:

SIERRA COUNTY, - - - - - - - - - - - - CALIFORNIA.

This mountain girt mining city is situated at the junction of the north and south forks of Oregon Creek, about eight miles south-westerly of Downieville, the County Seat of Sierra. The number of inhabitants, including many families, is about twelve hundred. The public buildings consist of a Methodist Church and Odd Fellows Hall, in which, also, the Masonic and Temperance organizations meet. The Masonic Fraternity are now building a fine Hall, for their own use.

The character of the mining is what is termed "Tunnel Diggings," and is on the "Great Blue Lead," the richest probably in the State, and very extensive; having been traced already from twenty to thirty miles in length, and nearly a mile in width. It is supposed to be the bed of a large and ancient river. The tunnels are works of considerable magnitude, some of them being over two thousand feet in length, and worked by steam engines. There are over twenty companies in all, some of them having been profitably at work for over four years, and their claims still paying well.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—These three woodcuts of Forest City, La Porte, and Michigan Bar and their accompanying "histories" are reproduced exactly as they first appeared on the blue letter paper so much used in the early fifties. For permission to reprint them we are indebted to Mr. Lowell E. Hardy, who has loaned The Society of California Pioneers a large collection of lithographs belonging to his father, Mr. L. J. Hardy.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA SCENES.

MICHIGAN BAR.

This is a beautifully situated and flourishing Mining Town, of about 800 inhabitants, located on the banks of the Cosumnes River, 27 miles east of Sacramento City. Mining was commenced in this place in the Fall of 1850, by a company of men from Michigan, who successfully worked a portion of the Bar, and named it after their native State. During the following Winter and Spring, good diggings were discovered in the Gulches and Flats, but as these were dry the greater part of the year, it was necessary to cart the pay-dirt to the river, to be washed.

This state of things continued until last Winter, when the "Michigan Bar Canal Company" introduced the upper waters of the Cosumnes to the tops of some of the highest hills around; and by their persevering and undaunted enterprise, they have made a circumference of several miles available to the pick and shovel, where now there is one busy scene of profitable employment to hundreds of sturdy miners.

In the winter of 1851 the "Flag House" was erected, as a store and boarding house. It was then the largest building, and the only one of the kind in the vicinity; but since the introduction of water, the population has rapidly increased, and in consequence houses have sprung up as if by magic, so that now there are seven stores, five boarding houses, two blacksmith and wheelwright's shops, Canal Company Office, Adams & Co.'s Express Office, two saloons, a butcher and baker shop, drug store, ten-pin alley, livery stable, school house and a flourishing school, a number of private residences, and about twenty-one families. When the church and hall for the Sons of Temperance, and other public buildings now in contemplation are completed, this will be one of the largest as it is now one of the prettiest and most orderly towns in the mountains of California.

That portion of the town represented in the above engraving, is situated on the southern side of the river; but there is another portion—not shown above—standing on the opposite side, the population of which, with the larger portion on this side, are remarkable for their industry, sobriety and generous hospitality.

About a mile below Michigan Bar is also a very fine mining locality known as "Cook's Bar," having an industrious population of about 450—with about 15 families. The diggings for several miles around will last for many years, and will abundantly reward the toiling hand of honest labor.

This prettily located and picturesque town is near the north bank of Rabbit Creek, after which it was formerly named, and on the dividing ridge between the Yuba and Feather rivers at an altitude of 4,500 feet above the sea. From Marysville it is about 68 miles, and from Downieville, 20 miles. The precise time of the discovery of gold here is not known; but Mr. Hackett, now of Gardiner's Point, worked on the Creek in 1851; and during the same year Siller's ditch was completed; and was the first in this vicinity. In 1852 the hill diggings were opened; and Foster's ditch was finished. In the winter of 1852 and 1853, the depth of snow here averaged 15 feet, and provisions were scarce and high in price. In 1853, Hydraulic mining was first introduced, with great success. In 1854 a large number of new buildings were erected, which formed the principle

LA PORTE, SIERRA COUNTY.

(STREET VIEW.)

Published by J. C. Lester, etc., La Porte, Sierra County

street. In 1855 the Martindale ditch and numerous new buildings were completed. In 1856, Fuller & Buell erected a fire-proof brick building—*the first in Sierra County*. In this year a number of rich claims were worked to great profit. At a public meeting in 1857, the name of the town was changed from Rabbit Creek to La Porte, by which it is still known. In 1858, a fine spring of water, about a mile distant, was conducted to the town in wooden pipes, and this supplied an abundant and never-failing quantity of good water. An excellent weekly newspaper, devoted to the interest of its patrons, entitled the "Mountain Messenger," had been published here for five years. There is also a Masonic and Odd Fellows Lodge, a Division of the Sons of Temperance, a public school, Church Societies, etc., etc.

Governor Richard Barnes Mason and the Civil Fund

By Flora Alice Wright

FOREWORD

This article is part of a Thesis written by Miss Wright under the direction of Dr. Herbert E. Bolton, and submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in History in the Graduate Division of the University of California. We are publishing it in this issue of the Quarterly with the sanction and approval of Dr. Bolton. It was very thoroughly documented, but for the specific purpose of this publication, has been shortened, and the document references have been omitted. This thesis, which is filed in the Library of the University of California, treats at length and in interesting detail many phases of Governor Mason's work during his Governorship, some of which we expect to print in a subsequent issue.

Col. Mason as Commander of the Tenth Military Department, and thereby Military Governor of California, brought to his task a long and clean record in the military service of the United States, and a mind and purpose for his executive work which were clear cut in determining justice. He carried a heavy burden and as we recognize his heroic and unselfish application of time and vitality to it, we cannot but deplore the fact that his retirement was without token of appreciation or even regret.

He was born in Fairfax County, Virginia, on January 16, 1797. One of his great-grandfathers was that George Mason who had escaped to Virginia in disguise after the defeat of the Royalists at Worcester in 1651. His own grandfather, also named George Mason, was held close in the friendship and esteem of George Washington, and was sincerely respected for his statesmanship in that formative period, conservative though he was.

To really understand Governor Mason's position in California, it would be well to take a quick backward glance over the events immediately preceding his coming to the west. Whether we join Mr. Cass in saying ". . . If this administration could crown its labor of acquisition—and in what it has done it has labored with not less ability than success—by the

peaceful annexation of California, it would secure imperishable honor for itself, and would command the lasting gratitude of the whole country," or whether we adopt the attitude of Representative Delano of Ohio when he called the Mexican War "unholy, unrighteous, and damnable," and found endorsement from John Quincy Adams "in every word and syllable," we must face the conclusion that the administration under President Polk anticipated the acquisition of California as a product of the war with Mexico, and, having its grip upon that territory did not intend to relax its hold.

Because of the isolation of the Pacific Squadron and the difficulty of communication, confidential instructions were given to Commodore Sloat as early as June 24, 1845, calling his attention to the aspect of relations with Mexico, and directing him to avoid assiduously any act of aggression, and to do everything consistent with the national honor to prevent any declaration of war on the part of Mexico. Yet he was told "If you ascertain with certainty that Mexico has declared war against the United States, you will at once possess yourself of the port of San Francisco, and blockade or occupy such other ports as your force may permit."

At Mazatlan on June 7, 1846, Sloat learned that Mexico had invaded the territory of the United States; had attacked General Taylor; and that the American Squadron was blockading the Gulf of Mexico. So on June 8th he sailed in the frigate *Savannah* for the coast of California, arriving at Monterey on July 2nd. And, after examining the defenses and situation of the town, he was ready by the 7th to require a surrender of the military commandant.

In his proclamation announcing that California was now a territory of the United States, and free from Mexican rule, Sloat exercised no tyrannous show of authority, but simply informed the people that "until the United States should erect a government they would be under the authority and protection of the military laws. He assured them that the rights of conscience, of property, and of suffrage should be respected; that the clergy should remain in possession of the churches; that while the manufactures of the United States would be admitted free of duty, about one-fourth of the former rates would be charged on foreign merchandise. Should any not wish to live under the new government as citizens of it, they would be afforded every facility for selling their property and

retiring from the country. Should they prefer to remain, in order that the peace of the country and the course of justice should not be disturbed, the prefects of districts and alcaldes of municipalities were to retain their offices, and continue the exercise of the functions pertaining to them in the same manner as formerly. Provisions furnished the United States officers and troops should be fairly purchased, and the holders of real estate should have their titles confirmed to them."

With the departure of Sloat on July 29, 1846, command of the forces and operations in California became incumbent upon Commodore Robert Field Stockton. He adopted the same conciliatory spirit toward the Californian population, and the strife in 1847 was not between them and the military authorities, but between the military chiefs themselves, each of whom aspired to be the first to establish a civil government in the conquered country.

Kearny claimed that he had been instructed by the Secretary of War to march from Mexico to California, and to "take possession" of all the sea-coast and other towns, and establish a civil government therein. When he arrived, possession had already been taken, and a certain form of government, half civil, half military, put into operation. Stockton had determined upon Fremont as military commander and governor, to report to him as Commander-in-Chief. Kearny also would have made Fremont governor had he joined him against Stockton. However, under commissions from Stockton, Fremont assumed control of the civil government on January 19, 1847, with William H. Russell as Secretary of State. Before long the authorities in Washington ordered Fremont to return to Washington as soon as his military services could be dispensed with.

In January a new naval commander, Commodore William Bransford Shubrick, arrived. He sided with Kearny, and together they issued a circular in which Kearny assumed executive powers, fixing the Capitol at Monterey. The country was to be held simply as a conquest and as nearly as possible under the old laws, until such time as the United States should provide a territorial government. On June first Kearny set out for Washington with Fremont, and a month later Stockton took his departure.

This left Richard Barnes Mason, Colonel First Dragoons, in command of the land forces, and to act as Governor. Perceiv-

ing the rock upon which his predecessors had split, he confined his ambition to compliance with instructions, and governed as acceptably as was possible under the anomalous condition of affairs in the country.

The year of his entrance upon his work in California was the thirtieth of his military career. He had entered the service when he was twenty as a second lieutenant, and had been promoted the same month to a first lieutenancy. His advancement continued with peaceful service with the First Dragoons. He saw service in the Black Hawk War, and was decidedly restive while in California, to be with his brother officers in active warfare in Mexico instead of peaceably engaged in California. A year prior to assuming the leadership in the Tenth Military Department, Mason was made Colonel of the First Dragoons, and for his meritorious conduct in the west, was brevetted Brigadier General on May 30, 1849.

With this long experience Mason's impulses and judgements were intensely and inherently those of a soldier. William T. Sherman epitomized this in the phrase "The stern but splendid soldier, R. B. Mason," a high tribute from Sherman, who found him "kind and agreeable" as well. Mason's indignation at Captain Brackett's request to be excused from a military duty in Sonoma because of the ill will of the community that would follow it; his surprise at that commander's going on an Indian raid while under orders to be in readiness to leave for the south; his bitterness against the tyranny of Captain Naglee; his intolerance of lax discipline and barracks troubles; his rigid adherence to sentences regularly and fairly imposed by military courts; such items serve to illustrate that he was instinctively a soldier.

The obligations that went with the governorship as Mason undertook it in 1847, have not had a parallel since that date, for no governor has had so many responsibilities with so few assistants, so little machinery to carry out his ideas, so confused a population to weld into a law-abiding public; and, during the period between the announcement of peace and the establishment of a civil government, such a great duty without a legal footing.

He was governor of both Upper and Lower California, as the Lower province was also conquered by the United States troops in 1847-8, and their occupancy had to be definite during hostilities. A large and hostile population had to be ruled

yet placated by military control, in itself a difficult task. Yet to satisfy the resident Americans with Mexican institutions until self government could be granted was even a greater burden. Communication with Washington was so uncertain, and directions so vague that Mason had to depend largely upon his own judgement, hoping for concurrence and cooperation from Washington when his dilemma should be made known there.

To realize fully what he had undertaken one must examine into his relations with the Alcaldes, by whom he came into touch with the people, and through whom, by close supervision, he meted out justice as fairly as circumstances permitted; into his efficiency in collecting and dispersing the receipts from the customs; into the problems of the Indian agents responsible to him; into the care of the Missions and the disposition of land grants, though no public domain could be granted to the impatient settlers, and only troublesome quarrels could be settled for the time by the prima facie evidence at hand, all other questions being postponed to await the proofs accumulated by Mason and the three surveyors whom he early appointed to that work; into the many special appeals made to him as the sole authority of any standing in California; into the various phases of public reaction as the government passed from a conquered state to an integral part of the United States when no relations were clearly established, yet all functions were supposed to continue.

Nor will even all these points release a complete picture of his work until we consider that every detail of civil and military command was subject to a gigantic upheaval in the mania for gold that was aroused in 1848, and when the normal burdens of the governor became inconceivably heavier in the turmoil that followed.

"It was indeed a difficult position to occupy, that of chief in a country where the forts were without soldiers, ordnance without troops enough to guard it, towns without able bodied men left in them—a colonial territory without laws or legislators, or communication with the home government, or even with the navy for many months at a time. 'The officers,' writes one of them, 'could have seized the large amount of funds in their hands, levied heavily on the country, and been living comfortably in New York for the last year, and not a soul at Washington be the wiser for it. Indeed, such is the ease with which power can go unchecked and crime unpunished

in this region, that it will be hard for the officers to resist temptation. A salary here is certain poverty and debt unless one makes up by big hauls.' That temptations were not yielded to under these circumstances redounds to the honorable repute of the disbursing officers and collectors of the special war tax which later came to be known as the Civil Fund.

"This fund was a duty levied on imports by the United States authorities in California during the military occupation of and previous to the extension of custom-house laws over the country, and it amounted to $600,000 in 1849 alone."

A definite announcement of the purpose and schedule of these previously called "military contributions" was made in May 1847, when Secretary Marcy of the War Department gave out a notice to General Kearny. Plainly stated, the purpose was to make the enemy realize that prolonging the war meant burdensome duties on necessary goods, as well as other heavy military exactions which could not be removed until peace was secured. Later the revenue from the customs duties was intended to support the civil government in California, since that was regarded as a phase of the conduct of war.

Over this matter of the collection and disbursal of the customs duties, the naval and military commanders exercised a dual authority, the Commander of the Pacific Squadron having the power to regulate duties on all imports into California, while the Commander of the Military Department had charge of their collection and disbursment.

A schedule of duties was issued by Commander Shubrick on September 15, 1847, and put into operation by collectors appointed or recognized by Governor Mason, and all funds were disbursed at Mason's order in support of the civil government. The most pleasing harmony existed between these two officials. All requests for changes, or exceptions to the rules, Mason referred to Commodore Shubrick, as his authority in that respect was final, but in the absence of the commanding naval officer, Mason took the initiative and referred the changes to the Commodore for his approval.

Commodore Shubrick's schedule was based upon the order of the President to Commodore Stockton under date of November 5, 1846, regarding some changes in the commerce rulings in places then under military occupation, so that from the collection of moderate duties, revenue could be secured to

carry on the war. These duties were levied on the value of imports at the port of entry, the rate being at first fifteen per cent and later twenty. Foreign vessels could engage in the coast trade by paying the same duties as when coming from a foreign port. They might take on cargoes at the several ports, but these cargoes were for exportation, and not for sale at other California ports. No export duties were levied, and articles bought by soldiers and sailors for their personal use were to be free from duty charges.

On October 14th a circular went out to the commanding officers of the several ports, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, and Santa Barbara, directing them to appoint the quartermaster or some other officer to collect all duties, they to be responsible to the disbursing officer. No raise in rates of duties was made, but an additional five cents per ton was charged since no fee was made for boarding and clearing vessels. This occasioned some complaint, but Mason regarded the port charges as unusually light compared to the one dollar rate existing earlier in California. Perhaps the rate *was* subject to criticism since the rate of fifteen cents under the military contributions was treble that under the earlier occupation of California by United States authorities. Precautions were taken lest these measures be evaded, and penalties were set for any infringements.

Other conditions demanded further consideration. Foreign vessels were restricted from engaging in the coast trade, and there were not enough American vessels plying between the ports to bring even the needed imports. Sometimes it cost as much as five dollars per barrel freightage to carry wine a few hundred miles along the coast. Lumber was exceedingly scarce and commanded, without duty, a price of fifty dollars per thousand feet, and, nine-tenths of the lumber supply was used by the emigrants from the United States. Burdensome, too, was the duty on wheat raised by the Americans around San Francisco Bay and along the Sacramento River when they shipped it to the southern ports of Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego. Also exorbitant duties greatly curtailed the shipment of hides to San Francisco and San Diego for curing and export, while the high rates upon manufactured goods worked a real hardship, for practically nothing was made in California. Such exactions paralyzed the small commerce that existed, and natives and new-comers alike were impoverished

in consequence, though the burden fell chiefly on the citizens of the United States.

As Mason represented to Washington, the pursuance of this policy belied the letter and the spirit of the President's Message to the people of California, a message in which he had said that commerce and prosperity were to be fostered; and gave grounds, instead, for hostile attack upon continued United States' occupation.

To meet the difficulty Governor Mason assumed the responsibility for making several changes, and appealed to the President to sustain them. Because, due to unsettled agricultural conditions a severe food shortage existed in California during 1847, special rulings were made and beef, pork, bread, flour, butter, cheese, sugar and rice were admitted free of duty. He also allowed produce and manufactures to be shipped free of duty from one California port to another. Lumber was admitted free, and the same coast trading privileges of American ships were given to ships under foreign flags when owned by citizens of California or the United States. These privileges were in the form of letters granted for one year, or until disavowed by Washington. Properly this was a function of the Naval Commander, but circumstances demanded action, and Governor Mason declared letters for seven vessels in all. These licenses did not register these vessels, but enabled them to fly the American flag and to engage in trade as American vessels, instead of being shut up in port while papers were conveyed to Washington for the Treasury Department to consider their registration. Exact oaths were subscribed to as to the exclusive ownership of each vessel, the statement of its building and its name, and if any matter so subscribed to was found to be untrue, the vessel was subject to forfeiture. These letters were to convey all the rights of American vessels in the California coast trade, and if necessary to serve as a safe conduct on the high seas.

By Presidential order a further amelioration of conditions became effective in California in April 1848. Thereafter the military contributions were levied ad valorem according to the invoice rather than the sale price of the goods, and goods taken from port to port were to pay duties on the invoices from the place last entered, and not according to invoices from the original port of lading. At the same time Commodore Shubrick opened the coasting trade to all vessels, and the

exemption from duty on California produce was continued, though that from Lower California was excepted since the people were then in arms against the United States. Vessels landing lumber were subject to tonnage duties only, half to be paid at the time, and half in ninety days.

Very specific directions had been given to the officials of the several ports in April 1847, that nothing but specie, treasury notes, or drafts should be received in payment of duties, though Collector Alexander of San Pedro was told that he would not be held responsible for the seventeen hundred dollars received in paper, since it had been done by Fremont's order. After a time gold dust came to be accepted at a rate so low that the amount of duty could be realized easily at public sale when necessary. Captain Folsom, collector of the port at San Francisco, was later directed to offer the dust at auction when the date of redemption passed, and to bid it in at the value for which it was deposited. If it should secure a price in excess of that, the depositors were to be given the benefit, though clearly it was within the right of the governor to claim that residue for the government. This concession of payment necessarily ended with the collection of the military contributions, and the imposition of the regular tariff of the United States. Inasmuch as Mason was personally liable for the revenue from the customs, he had to protect himself, but in all he was more than fair.

These rulings remained in operation until the news of peace with Mexico was received August 6, 1848. California then became a territory of the United States, and automatically all goods of each port were secured free entry into every other port of the country, while foreign goods were subject to the same rulings as in any other territory of the United States. As Congress neglected to recognize this by law, thus making California a part of a collection district, the Secretary of the Treasury felt that the department in California might be unable to collect duties on foreign goods entered there, though such goods, if re-shipped elsewhere in the United States, would be subject to duty.

Governor Mason realized that under these conditions vessels carrying foreign goods should first enter them in some regular U. S. port of entry, paying the duties there. In that event, though, only American vessels could enter California ports. Obviously that would greatly lessen the supply of

California imports, so instead of warning away vessels bringing foreign goods, he permitted customs collectors to enter them upon the payment of such duties, and compliance with such requirements as held in any regular port of entry. Any digression on their part made them subject to seizure and adjudication by a prize court. This ruling was a privilege to such vessels as well as a security of imports for California. It was likewise observed by General Smith and Governor Riley, who succeeded Mason, and regarded it as absolutely necessary under the circumstances.

When the collection of duties ceased to be military, temporary civil collectors were appointed by Mason, pending action by Congress. The appointees were to enforce the United States revenue laws and tariffs of 1846. No more gold dust was to be accepted in payment thereof, but only specie, treasury notes or drafts as in any other United States port. Vessels might enter portions of their cargoes as theretofor, and the policy of granting sea letters was continued, subject, of course, to their retraction by authorities at Washington.

A French and a British vessel were allowed to enter port, though their right to do so was contestable. That and several other debatable questions were referred to Washington. On the whole Commodore Jones, commanding U. S. Naval Forces in the Pacific, and Governor Mason felt that it was inexpedient to apply the United States' regulations too rigorously unless the revenue was in danger, for there were no courts in which to enforce them, and the whole procedure was upon their own responsibility. A liberal, lenient policy could be applied much more easily. A notable instance of Mason's leniency is seen in his refunding of duties to a brig which landed at Santa Cruz without a permit from the collector, rather than confiscate the goods, as he was certainly warranted in doing.

Mason did not feel competent to allow ships to enter unusual harbors. Even the suggestion of General Smith that cargoes should be landed at any point on San Francisco Bay after paying duties, he thought should be subject to Commodore Jones' assent before becoming effective.

Of course unusual circumstances were thought by owners of vessels to warrant unusual privileges, so Governor Mason was, to use his own term, "unceasingly beset" to make exceptions to rules. Though he had no assurance that the War

Department would honor these "exceptions," Mason personally assumed many. Exemption from duty was allowed on a threshing machine imported for use on a Sacramento ranch, since the production of wheat was so necessary to the settlement of the country; but no exemption, though petitioned for, was made in the case of surveying instruments or the gun powder used in mining operations. The tariff on munitions amounted to practically an embargo, and it was so carefully enforced that ammunition of no kind was available to purchasers. Many of the New York Volunteers brought rifles and equipment with them to California, and sold them to Californians before Mason was aware of it. He then seized what he could at Monterey and directed Collector Alexander at San Pedro to gather the rest as the soldiers disembarked, and to store it until after the war.

Upon the request of Folsom, Richardson, formerly collector at San Francisco, was not required to pay duties on some articles given him by a French Admiral, though it seems as if the special favor was allowed because the goods were received during the operation of the military contributions which had lapsed, and not because of any meritorious conduct of Richardson.

The immunity from payment of duties that was accorded soldiers and officers for their individual use was grossly abused. At Santa Barbara sales to the amount of $1247.48 were made to the small garrison, including a citizen doctor, and items of hundreds of yards of merchandise, barrels of rum, thousands of cigars, and one of four hundred dollars worth of "comestibles" for a private soldier, showed plainly that the restriction of purchasing by the "individual use and consumption" clause was not observed. The soldier who bought the "comestibles" made oath as to their content, but the account of sales belied it. He even bought and paid duties on one hundred dollars worth of rum, which was radically wrong since the Service did not allow a soldier a single bottle of it in his quarters. The permission given a citizen doctor was itself a flagrant error since the exemption from duty was limited to officers and soldiers, and not extended to hired employees. The officer in command who gave a lame excuse for his act, was held liable for the duties that should have been paid upon the goods, and sufficient emphasis was made upon the default not to allow a recurrence thereof. A like admonition was given

to the Collector of San Diego to protect the revenue and to prevent "clubbing" after twenty men had joined in the purchase of two hundred and forty caps, twenty-four pairs of boots, sixty pairs of brogans, and one hundred and sixty shirts. Patently these were not for "individual use and consumption," so a liberal allowance was made to each, and duties were demanded on the remaining goods.

Ample opportunity for smuggling was afforded by the ease with which goods could be landed at the numerous bays and inlets on the coast, and, too, the Californians were experienced in that field. To detect such frauds people were urged to report offenses and promised one-half of the goods seized as their reward. Collectors were to be on guard against it, and to report any attempt to the nearest military and naval officers, as well as to the governor for his directions.

Any irregularities in the manifests or behavior of vessels aroused the suspicions of Mason, and goods were confiscated when the owners evaded the law. Mr. Leidesdorff, of San Francisco, landed goods without a permit, and other goods were found in his store which had not appeared on the original vessel's manifest. So, even his plea of ignorance of the law did not save the goods from seizure. The collector was supposed to be sole judge in cases of seizure, though constant reference in these cases was made to Governor Mason. One offense of an inconsiderable amount was passed over after the owner paid the duties, but when a Chilian brig introduced goods not included in the manifest, Mason directed that the brig itself was subject to confiscation in case the goods brought more than a thousand dollars at public sale. The cooperation of the navy was asked for in April 1849, when some vessels having dutiable goods were reported in San Francisco, and Commodore Jones was requested to seize both goods and ships in case they attempted to land, and to send them to Oregon to appear before the Admiralty Court. Formerly prize cases to the number of seven had been tried before Alcalde Colton of Monterey.

Until October 14, 1847, Mason had the same collectors of the customs with the same salaries as were acknowledged by his predecessor. He took the precaution, however, of demanding that bonds be given by them, and of ordering an investigation of the securities given by Captain Richardson. These officers were aided in performing their duties by a military

guard to be placed on board while unloading goods, and to assist in collecting revenues. Military auditors had the special duty of auditing the accounts of the collectors and receiving the funds. These funds were to be kept separate from all others, disbursed only upon orders of the governor, and accounted for quarterly to him. Payment of salaries to the collectors was made by them quarterly, and withheld if proper returns had not been made. When Captain Lippett, without authorization, delegated Lieutenant Carnes to perform these duties for him, he found himself accountable for ninety dollars and twenty-seven cents which was overpaid to Carrillo. It was exacted from Lippett, but Carrillo was required by Governor Mason to refund it.

Organizing these workers and securing exact reports from them required endless correspondence, and certainly tried the patience of Mason. Captain Richardson of San Francisco proved unamenable entirely to requests for settlement, or even to threats to execute his bonds, and it was not until June 1849 that he offered a settlement. He then offered five thousand dollars of the amount due in Peruvian coin, and Governor Riley directed Folsom to accept it, but to retain the bonds until the exact value of the money could be determined. No returns were ever secured from Captain Davis and Lieutenant Cliff at San Diego, and Captain Shannon was there more than three months before reporting. Then he omitted one month's report, and made mistakes in the two others! Lieutenant Carnes at Santa Barbara was loth to follow directions, so made numerous mistakes. He allowed the soldiers to take goods free of duty for other than individual use, and finally was so slow about remitting his accounts that Governor Mason directed Captain Lippett, to put him under arrest if he did not hand to Lippett for transmission from the south by the first mail, his vouchers and reasons for failure to answer Mason's letters.

Pedrorena and Carrillo's overcharge in salary; the failure of Alexander and Lieutenant Davidson to send in papers and make proper returns; the lack of punctuality and accuracy of Captain Lippett, besides his failure to exact proper penalties from the *Joven Guipuscuana*, which was "so manifest a neglect of duty" that Mason couldn't explain it; Carrillo's failure to report by half the receipts from vessels landing at Santa Barbara; Captain Folsom's failure to make exact reports as to

the manifests of cargoes, and his sense of injury when his attention was called to this; Harrison's mistakes in estimating duties, his slothful keeping of accounts, and his slowness in following instructions; the difficulties of and inducements given for keeping Alexander at San Pedro; the excessive and exorbitant salary demanded by Gilbert in San Francisco when tendered the collectorship, furnished aggravations which were scarcely balanced by the few correct returns we find recorded. Though Mason did remonstrate when tardy reports delayed his sending official returns to Washington, and did direct the arrest of Carnes, yet we realize his patience when he agreed to consider Carnes as collector at Santa Barbara if such appointment should be made, even though at that time, five months after his release from office, Carnes had sent in no vouchers for some twenty-eight hundred dollars!

Governor Mason surely rendered an exact account of his stewardship. The care with which the collection of the revenue was guarded against fraud and error has been noted in his relations with the collectors. Quarterly accounts of the Civil Fund, rendered by the military officer auditing the collections were sent to Washington after being endorsed by Mason, though no account was opened with the Treasury since the matter was settled in California. Monthly accounts were also rendered for the Governor's use only.

Such collecting and accounting entailed considerable work and Governor Mason felt the justice of allowing the military officers additional compensation for it, but by reference to the War Department and not by entering charges into the accounts. The President by Act of Congress, March 3, 1849, was enabled to determine the claims for such compensation, and to him the request for such for Secretary Halleck and himself was referred with many others.

Governor Riley was somewhat less stringent in guarding every dollar. He delegated the Civil Fund to the keeping of Major Robert Allen, "Treasurer of California," and allowed the different officers handling the funds to charge two and one-half per cent on their actual expenditures, and he recommended that Washington allow the change.

The amount collected was very much larger than that expended for the civil government. An account submitted to Congress shows that during the war $75,566.01 was collected, of which only $7,088.51 was used to defray governmental ex-

penses and the balance of about $60,000, after $3,342.52 as expenses of collection was subtracted, was used by military officers. Even the incomplete returns as reported by Secretary Crawford to the President, indicate the large collections. With the receipts from Monterey to December 31, 1848 and those from San Francisco to February 28, 1849, the collections showed $277,552.73. Subsequent to the proclamation of peace $978,736.67 was turned over to officers of the army and navy as loans to the Quartermaster and Subsistence Department. These were called for by Governor Riley in May 1849.

Many Californians felt that the surplus of this fund should be turned over to the state government, but Governor Riley felt, and was so directed by the Secretary of War, that as this fund had been collected through the agency of the general government, it should be held subject to the disposition of Congress. Riley recommended that it be given to California as a "school fund" to be used exclusively for educational purposes.

A review of types of items allowed and disallowed by Governor Mason will show how painstakingly he performed the duty of disbursing the Civil Fund, a duty which was exclusively his as Governor, and in no way attached to his military duties.

The government assistants and officials were regularly paid from the Civil Fund. The three Sub-Indian agents were appointed by the Governor at an annual salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars, though the agency at San Luis Rey was discontinued in 1849 when troops were stationed at that mission. The salaries of the civil collectors of the customs were paid out of the receipts. Collectors in Southern California, Carrillo and Arguello at Santa Barbara and San Diego, received one thousand dollars if the receipts of the ports justified after the expenses of collecting were met. The salary of the San Francisco collector was at first twelve hundred dollars a year, but because of the increase of imports and cost of labor as well, Mason offered Edward Gilbert two thousand dollars in August 1848, and apologized for its being smaller than the usual prices paid in California for such services. The prospect of a permanent appointment was thought to be a sufficient inducement for its acceptance, so when Gilbert demanded three thousand dollars, the original offer was tendered to and accepted by Harrison.

Clerk hire was a subject of considerable embarrassment, as unusual conditions and prevailing prices made their demands exorbitant. Governor Mason was able to secure one for seventy-five dollars per month in spite of the inflated prices, though he had formerly allowed one Mr. Bestor one hundred dollars for services in his office at Monterey. Expenses at other ports were limited, too. Pedrorena wasn't allowed a permanent inspector at San Diego, and Alexander was only allowed office rent when his withdrawal from San Pedro was imminent. Carrillo was not paid for the blanks used, as his salary was to cover the making out of all papers. Mason did not feel justified in 1849, in renting a new building in San Francisco for a customs house, for he expected to turn over that branch of the service to the United States authorities. However he did direct the repair of the old building when it was reported as partly inundated with water.

The alcaldes received no remuneration other than the fees of their offices, since their duties did not greatly interfere with their private businesses, though Mr. Weeks of San Jose claims in his "Reminiscences" that he received ten dollars per diem while he was alcalde there. Mason did allow an item for two hundred and ten dollars for rent of a house used as court and alcalde-house in Monterey.

As Government Interpreter, W. E. P. Hartnell, appointee of Kearny, was continued in office, and in August 1848, with the rising cost of living, he was advanced upon his own solicitation to a salary of two thousand dollars per annum, with permission to buy articles of subsistence for his family from the Commissary Department. Stephen C. Foster served in the same capacity in Los Angeles, receiving fifteen dollars per month and rations. Allowances were also made for the translation of official papers and the publication in San Francisco newspapers of orders and notices.

Expenses for Special Courts, when summoned by Mason, were met from the Civil Fund, and a rigid examination of items was always made. The first instance of such a court was that sitting in Sonoma in the trial of the Indian kidnappers and murderers, Antonio M. Armigo, Robert Smith, and John Egger, in August 1847. Alcalde Boggs, General Vallejo, and Captain Sutter were the special judges, and Mason had directed that their approval would warrant payment of the court's expenses. However, their allowances were so un-

reasonable that he knew they would never pass at Washington, so he had to make a definite schedule. Exorbitant mileage had been charged, a fee of two hundred dollars was submitted by an attorney who had never been appointed and who did not even go to the trial, and a fee was asked for by Captain Brackett as prosecutor, though the services of military officers were required without additional compensation. These charges, if paid would have furnished a very bad precedent, so with the aid of copies of Missouri and Texas Laws, and the experience of several old residents whom he consulted, Mason established rates and made provision for their payment. Even with these changes, the expense of that trial exceeded six hundred and fifty dollars.

A similar schedule was sent in in advance to limit the court charges in Santa Barbara when a Special Court was announced in April 1848 to try Benjamin Foxon for murder. The mileage allowed was reduced from eight to six cents, and the per diem allowance to sheriff, jurors and witnesses was cut in half. A further cut from eight to five dollars was made in the judge's per diem fee when the rates of court expenses were set for the trial of the counterfeiters in Los Angeles. In each case, and it was the general rule observed, the Civil Fund was not drawn upon for costs of the prosecution unless the defendant was acquitted or unable to pay. The expenses of trials held without the summons of Mason, even though he did not disapprove the action taken, could not be paid since not strictly legal. Lastly the expense for the apprehension of prisoners and of conveying them from place to place, was allowed only when made upon his order.

The care of civil prisoners was not met by the Civil Fund, but Governor Mason planned to construct jails at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Jose, Sonoma, and San Francisco, appropriating one thousand dollars to each place to be applied on a building which the citizens should plan. Provisions for these were made in the code of laws which he never succeeded in getting from the press.

Among the so-called "unusual" items approved by Mason, the Civil Fund was drawn upon to pay for Nash's trip back to Sonoma; for the expenses of Mason and his escorts on their trip to the gold mines; for purchasing useful gifts for the wild Indians; for L. W. Hasting's recruiting services; for special detective work to get information about restless Californians;

for the purchase of chain and anchors to clear San Francisco Bay of obstructions; and even for some individual needs, since Mason was indebted to it for twenty-five hundred dollars when leaving California. Captain Lanman was the next large debtor, owing six hundred and ten dollars.

One author, David Yancey Thomas, states from documentary evidence that Mason's personal loan from the Civil Fund was not liquidated, at least by August 22, 1849 which was several months after his departure from California. The Treasury Department informs us, however, that Mason accounted for all the moneys charged to him, and his accounts were balanced and closed on the books of the Treasury Department November 22, 1856 by settlement No. 16923 of the Third Auditor. Even though this settlement is dated some years after his death, it seems final and allows us to take Sherman's estimate that Mason was honest to a fault.

On the other hand Mason regarded the Civil Fund as a United States fund and therefor not subject to payment of any pension formerly allowed by the California government. Nor did he see his way clear to use it in aiding the sick and needy sailors in San Francisco in response to Alcalde Leavenworth's request. He regretfully reported inability to pay Mr. Ritchey of Sonoma one hundred and seventy-one dollars for rescuing emigrants in the California mountains. Later, though, in the fall of 1849, arrangements were made to pay for such assistance from the Civil Fund. In apprehending some murderers in Santa Barbara, Senor Rodriguez was killed, and aid was solicited for his wife and children, but Mason felt that the public funds were not available for such use. Commodore Jones, on the other hand, felt competent to pay, from the military contributions collected under his direction, for the losses of Lower California citizens which were incurred while supporting the United States' cause in that place.

Now and then accessions were made to the Civil Fund from sources other than the customs. The Mission properties were under the direction of the Governor and the proceeds from their rental, aside from the priests' share, were added to the Civil Fund. A sale of some ordnance at Los Angeles also was made to benefit the fund.

Another fund known as the military contribution upon Santa Barbara was collected and assigned for the civil purpose of providing a jail for Santa Barbara. On April 5, 1848, the

affair of the Canon Perdido, at Santa Barbara, stirred popular and even official fears to a high pitch. A six-inch gun from the Brig *Elizabeth*, which was being carried from the barracks to the beach for shipment, disappeared in the night. Some said it had been carried away in a cart toward Los Angeles, others that it had been put on board a ship. The authorities were inclined to connect the theft with current rumors of revolt, and local officials and prominent citizens were deeply incensed at the suspicions cast upon them. All efforts of search, however, were fruitless, and the disappearance remained a complete mystery.

Consequently Governor Mason levied a tax of five hundred dollars upon the town, all of the citizens to pay their quota, the only exceptions being those Americans who had assisted in the United States' cause in 1846-7. When the native Californians saw that the rest of the Americans were taxed in the same way as themselves, they paid their share in good humor, and ended the day of the collecting with a gay ball. Alcalde Foster of Los Angeles, attributed the cause of Mason's exacting this penalty to his fear of an uprising of the Californians, and further remarked that the gun was the property of one Captain King, who was delivering the remainder of an old Spanish battery from San Diego to Los Angeles, and that King had expressed some surprise that the town should be punished for stealing his gun when he had not complained.

The five hundred dollars was turned over later to the First Alcalde of Santa Barbara to be held by him as a municipal fund for the purchase or erection of a prison building. It is not of record, however, that this prison fund was ever devoted to public uses, the tradition being that it disappeared in an effort to double it at monte. However the affair gave names to two streets in Santa Barbara, still called Canon Perdido and Quiniento Pass.

Mason was a man of few intimacies, and was very lonely for his wife and two daughters during his two years in California. In Monterey he and Captain Lanman occupied a house together and for an office he used an upper room in the barracks. Of his few servants only old black Aaron proved faithful for a time after the gold fever struck, though a transient guest has described the quiet grace with which the Governor presided over the oil cloth table and simple meal which an Indian had cooked the morning after Aaron's defection. Then

for a time when their last Indian had deserted for the gold fields, Alcalde Colton, Captain Lanman and the Governor were forced to take turns with their own cooking.

A veritable epitome of Mason's work and worry comes to us in his pathetic note for a release from duty:

Headquarters Tenth Military Department,
San Francisco, California,
November 24, 1848.

Brigadier General Jones,
Adjutant General U. S. A.
Washington, D. C.

Sir:

The war being over, the soldiers nearly all deserted, and having now been away from the States two years, I respectfully request to be ordered home. I feel the less hesitancy in making this request, as it is the second only that I recollect ever to have made in more than thirty years' service, to be relieved from any duty upon which I have been placed. The first was asking to be relieved from the recruiting service, in 1832, that I might join my company in the Black Hawk War.

I am, respectfully your obedient servant,

R. B. MASON,
Colonel First Dragoons, commanding.

Brevet-Brigadier General Riley was appointed to succeed Mason and so he was relieved of his command on April 13, 1849.

At Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis, Missouri, he took up his headquarters with his family, and remained there rather broken in health, during the short year intervening between his retirement and death, a sudden and painful death from cholera in the night of July 25, 1850. Full military honors were accorded him at Jefferson Barracks, which he had helped to erect twenty-five years before, and the following tribute was paid him by the local press: ". . . In exploits of war his biography is not as rich as that of other men, but it was the result of the positions he was compelled to occupy. In bravery and military capacity he had no superiors, and probably few, if any, officers in the Army have rendered more efficient service to the Government. None have more uniformly received its approbation."

Let a Monument Be Builded

By Oliver P. Stidger

The officers of the Grand Lodge of the Native Sons of the Golden West, headed by Hon. Lewis F. Byington, a past Grand-President, are endorsing a plan to erect a monument on the crest of Telegraph Hill, or some other suitable place, in memory of the character and services of the Pioneers to California, and to this plan the officers of this Society add their endorsement.

I venture to say that no other recent idea has stirred so many memories or quickened such patriotic feeling in the hearts of those of us now living in California as this desire to raise and dedicate a beautiful structure to the memory of the men and women who contributed their all in order that we, their children, might enjoy the abundance we possess today. Such a memorial should depict their purpose and re-tell the history, now fast dimming in the memory of man, of the stirring times in which they lived. It should attest their struggles and record their achievements.

Its building would proclaim our homage, our love and our loyalty, for it would mean that we recognize and venerate the immortal principles of sacrifice and discipline which prompted them to come to a new and undeveloped land; that we hold highest, devotion to a cause, love of country, and the strict maintenance of law and order and righteousness; and, that we wish to convey these lessons to the present and future generations. Probably its building would be of comparatively little interest or concern to the "stranger within our gates," but who can estimate the value and importance of its influence upon the grandsons and great-grandsons, who in time, with God's help must "carry on" the ideas and ideals of their pioneer forefathers.

Standing on the top of Telegraph Hill where the Inner Telegraph Station once stood, shouldering its height far into the blue of Heaven, a shining light at its apex casting its powerful beams over the city at its feet and far out over the waters of the broad Pacific, such a monument would be a lesson in

true patriotism. It should be erected through the generosity of all the people of this great State and the men and women of every creed and denomination, every business and social organization, should be invited to participate, for *this* monument should be dedicated *not* to any one group or association or society of pioneers, but to *all* those noble men and women who gave us the heritage which we now and forever will enjoy—California!

Announcements and Reports

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Fellow Members:

As the year 1929 comes to a close and we review the past year's progress of the Society, it is a pleasure to realize that instead of the twenty-five or thirty members at our monthly meetings, we have come to average more than twice that number. Certainly our meetings have been much more interesting. Two outstanding speakers addressed us during this last quarter—Mr. Winfield Scott, discussing "Forestry and Reforestation in California" at our November meeting; and Mr. Douglas Watson giving us a delightful talk about "Fremont's Activities in California during the Pre-conquest Period," at the December meeting.

Numerous gifts have been made to the Society's historical collection, some of very great interest and value. In our next Quarterly a list of these will be printed in the Curator's report of March 31, 1930.

Two new members were elected, John F. Ryland of Denver, the grandson of Caius Tacitus Ryland, and Charles Frederick Phelan of Alameda, the great-grandson of Dr. Gregory J. Phelan, the one a lad in school, the other a tiny baby. It is to these young members, a great many of whom now belong to the Society, that The Society of California Pioneers must look for its future guidance.

We are looking forward to an increasingly interesting year in 1930, and I hope that more and more of you will come to help us and to share in the pleasure in the development of the plans we have for this Society.

H. L. Van Winkle,
Secretary.

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Editor

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The Society of California Pioneers

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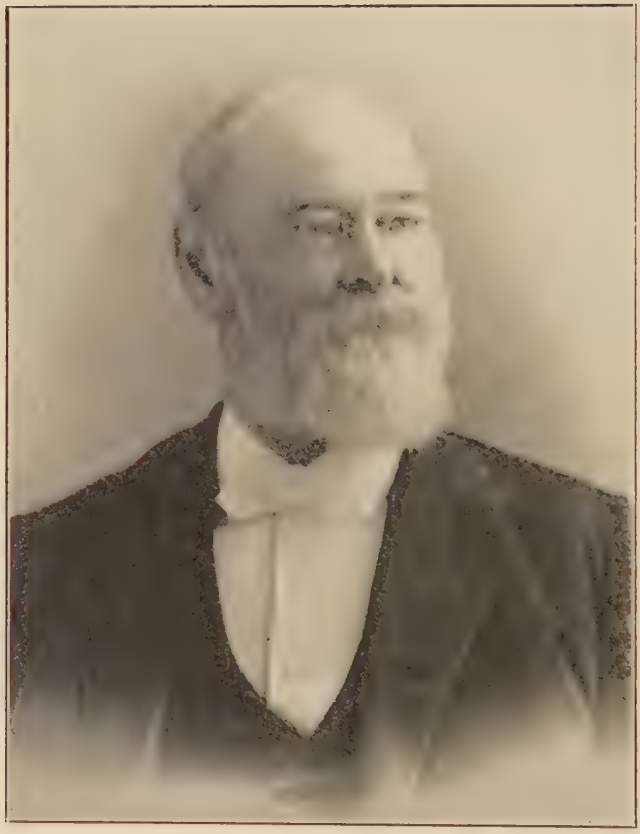


CHARLES T. BLAKE

(From a photograph taken about 1891.)

An Early Day California Letter from Charles T. Blake

By Anson S. Blake

FOREWORD

The writer of this letter was Charles T. Blake of New Haven, Connecticut. He had graduated from Yale College in the class of 1847 and was studying law when the news of the California gold discoveries reached the east late in 1848. In company with several of his classmates, he joined a party formed by George Gordon to come to California by the Nicaragua route. They left New York on February 20, 1849, and reached San Juan de Nicaragua on March 11th.

The letter here published begins with their departure, after many months delay, from the port of Realejo (close to the present port of Corinto) after the original party had been somewhat reduced by departures of restless spirits who chanced the journey in various small craft.

The adventures of the party prior to the departure from Realejo, are well described in an article entitled "Tarrying in Nicaragua," published in the Century Magazine in October 1891. It was compiled from the letters of Roger Sherman Baldwin, one of Gordon's party, and a classmate of the writer of this letter. The postscript to the letter was written by another classmate, Edwin Tyler, the uncle of the late Judge F. W. Henshaw and William G. Henshaw.

The lasting memorial in San Francisco to George Gordon is South Park, which he conceived and executed. His San Francisco career is set forth in Shuck's "Representative Men of the Pacific." Other names mentioned in the text are referred to in the notes appended to the letter.

Georgetown, California,
Monday, February 3d, 1850

Dear Father, Mother &c,

In my last letter sent by Dr. Powers I got the party fairly on the Pacific. Before saying anything about the voyage, I want to speak about the route. I still think that it is the best which we could have taken. It cost us nothing to live compared with what it would in Panama. The country is, I believe, one of the healthiest in the world and the inhabitants worship "los Yankees". The facilities for getting heavy luggage across the country, too, are greatly superior to those across the Isthmus & if there were steamers on each side I should much prefer this route to any other. The *Laura Ann*[1] was a little English brig of about 140 tons, which had been sent down to Panama by a firm in San Francisco for a load of

passengers. She got there, however, too late & the captain was doubtful what to do next, but the next steamer brought down a supercargo who directed him to stop in at all the intermediate ports on the way up, hoping thereby to get passengers enough to make up for a broken voyage.

Our captain was named Ira Blanchard.[2] He had formerly been a whaling captain but for the last two years had been blacksmithing it in San Francisco. On the breaking out of the gold fever he made over a hundred dollars a day, making picks &c until he had worked up all the iron and coal he could procure and then shut up shop and started for the mines. He dug about $2,000 in two months but the difficulty of getting provisions was so great and the kind of work so unusual that he fell sick and returned to San Francisco when he got the situation as captain to our vessel. He was a shrewd, intelligent man with no education, strong prejudices and an appetite for liquor which kept him continually drunk whenever he could get at liquor. He was a firm believer in the truth of Mormonism though not a professed Mormon.

Our supercargo was a long, sallow, wiry, hard featured Yankee who loved to drink almost as well as the captain. Unlike the captain who was at bottom a pretty honest, good sort of fellow, Waters, the supercargo, was a thorough scoundrel. The two hated each other most cordially, though seemingly on good terms.

Our first mate was a Texas desperado, an Englishman, who had sometimes served in the honorable capacities of slaver and pirate. He had taken passage in the vessel at Panama but the first mate leaving at Realejo, Wright, this desperado, had taken his place. The second mate, Jones, was a good seaman and a quiet sort of a man. Our crew was a set of scalterwags picked up in Panama, American, French, & Irish working their passage up. So much for the crew and officers.

As for the passengers they were most of them stowed away in the hold in low, narrow, suffocating bunks and hemmed in by huge piles of luggage. There were originally but eight cabin passengers & one of these, Hitchcock, had gone in another vessel, but eight others had bought into the cabin, among whom were Messrs. Hull, Fowler, our old drunken friend Taylor, a little Spaniard from Granada, and some others. The cabin was intended to accomodate 4 and 11 slept

in it. Mr. Beecher, Roger, Ned and myself occupied the captain's stateroom. All our luggage was stowed down on the floor for about two feet deep. Only two could sleep in the room at a time and as the captain kept his charts, clothes, books &c in there, we could not be very private.

We went out of the harbor with a fine breeze. I had expected to be sea sick and felt a little qualmish but not enough to prevent my eating a slice of fat pork for dinner & was not, in fact, sick during the whole voyage.

We ran on for about a week beating about, but always with some kind of wind until we came opposite the coast of Guatemala. There we were becalmed for about a week about 20 miles from shore in full view of two peaks between which is the city of Guatemala. The heat was intense, the sun directly overhead so that at noon there was not a particle of shade. Below the thermometer ranged from 96° to 100°. You can imagine how pleasantly we passed those calm cloudless days on the Pacific. To add to the pleasantness of our situation we found that we were getting short of water. When we left Realejo, Gordon assured us that we were provisioned and watered for 60 days, having as he said about 6000 gallons on board. About 1800 gallons had been put in large wooden tanks made for the purpose by the carpenters we had on board. We now found that these tanks were all leaking, one of them being nearly two-thirds empty when opened. We found, too, that instead of 6000 we had only 3700 to start with. We were, of course, all put on allowance of a quart a day beside tea and coffee, of which we were allowed a pint each a day. It was a happy time for those who were not accustomed to drink much. Water sold at 50cts to $1 per quart.

All around us lay monstrous sharks, some very near the surface, & others way down, 50 feet below us. We couldn't make them bite at the hook, but inveigled one of them near enough to harpoon him. He was a small one, however, measuring only 9 feet. We got a breeze at last & coasted slowly along, with the mountains in view for sometime, but gradually began to lose sight of them, stretching out to sea.

For three weeks we sailed along, sometimes becalmed, but generally with the wind dead ahead. The only relief to the monotony of our life were the "breaking outs". There was only room on deck for 2 days' water & provisions at a time,

so three times a week we were forced to go below, pile all the baggage together, break up the false floor beneath, & get out what was needed. We were divided into messes & took turns at this work. About the 10th of August we came in sight of land again, & ran in to within about 5 miles of shore. It was the province of Colunas, & we saw the volcano of Zorullo.

Our captain was intending to put into San Blas to get water & provisions but a tremendous S. E. gale coming up, drove us along with close reefed topsails for three days, & then the weather clearing up, left us within 3 or four miles of Cape St. Lucas, becalmed. We now determined to go on to the mission of Todos Santos, a little settlement 100 miles further up, to see what we could get there. We coasted along, running sometimes within ½ mile of the shore. It was the most desolate looking country I ever saw. The rocks rose naked & bare, without a sign of vegetation from 300 to 1000 feet directly from the ocean, and then stretched away in barren & desolate peaks, to the great central range of the peninsula, where the tops of the peaks were hid in the clouds.

The mission of Todos Santos lies in a beautiful little green valley, on the banks of a small stream coming down from the mountains. As we lay in the open road-stead, we could see three or four adobe houses, a few huts, & the ruins of a large church. The night before we landed the Capt. had a quarrel with Wright, the first mate, & turned him out, putting Mr. Jones, the second mate, in his place. Porter, with whom the Capt. was so indignant when we left port, was appointed second mate. He had acted as a sailor for sometime, as we were short of hands & the Capt. now thought him a fine fellow.

It was Sunday, August 18th when we dropped anchor, close in shore. The town was concealed from view by a long sand hill which skirted the shore for 3 or four miles. We were getting out a boat in which the first & second mates, Stillman & Waters were to go ashore, & report on the practicability of getting off water, when we saw half a dozen horsemen tearing down that part of the hill nearest the town and racing along towards that part of the shore where the boat was to land. The boat put off, & we watched as they came to the shore where the horsemen were waiting to receive them, & saw them all mounted on the horses, riding double, with the exception of Jones, to whom was given a horse without either saddle or

bridle. Fairly mounted, they started off for the village on a full gallop, Jones' horse following them full speed, much to the discomposure of the nerves of his rider, who had never been on a horse before.

They disappeared over the hills & we saw nothing more of them that day. In the afternoon a perfect swarm of little black, naked children came down to see the boat & play about it. Early the next morning the boat came off, & reported that it was almost impossible to get off water, on account of the surf. Provisions there were none, and the place where we lay was a dangerous one, if a southeaster should catch us there.

We weighed anchor, and stood off, hoping to get up to San Diego, & there get water. Our allowance of water was a quart a day, without tea or coffee & no cooking was allowed. This didn't make much difference as we were entirely out of meat, though we had rice and biscuit enough to last us 4 weeks longer. The rice we couldn't cook without water, & the biscuit was mouldy & full of cockroaches, weevils & worms. We beat about close along the shore for 2 weeks. Our water was getting very low, & we began to despair of reaching San Diego, as the wind still obstinately persisted in blowing from the northwest.

About this time we met the steamer coming down one evening. It was a very dark night, & in 5 minutes from the time when we first saw her lights, she passed within about 20 rods of us, & we could just faintly hear her hail. We had been out nearly three weeks from Todos Santos, & were within 200 miles of San Diego. We accordingly ran in for shore. Just at night there came up a thick fog, & after a little while the wind died away entirely, & left us, according to the captain's reckoning, 14 miles from land. We were on soundings & anchored.

Acres of kelp were floating by us & thousands of dolphins, sea-pickerel & diamond fish were playing around us. The next morning the fog still continuing as thick as ever, the Capt. sent out a boat well provisioned & provided with sextant & compass, with directions to steer towards shore, & then coast along, looking for water. The fog cleared up at noon & showed us that we were lying in a bay with the land on each side of us, & only about 3 miles distant. The boat that had been

sent off in the morning was nowhere in sight, so another was sent to the nearest point of the shore.

They came back in about 3 hours, saying that they had found a beautiful pond of fresh water within 5 rods of the shore. Great was the joy of all on board, especially when the captain ordered an extra pint of water to be given to each. All the night we were employed in getting out the casks & preparing them for rafting. The other boat came in during the evening with the same report. They had landed seven or eight miles to the northward, & had wandered down along the coast, till they had found this place. They had been 7 or 8 miles into the country & had found an Indian rancho. Waters, our supercargo, and Wright, our ex-first mate, had remained at the rancho, intending to foot it up to San Diego, & then take the steamer.

The next morning the two boats which were deputed to the watering service started early. A little later the other boat started off with those who wanted to go ashore to see the country. While we were waiting for it to come back I got out my fishing tackle, and pretty soon caught a dog fish. We cut him up for bait and pretty soon up came a fine mackerel. In ten minutes a hundred lines were overboard and the mackerel were piled on deck by hundreds. They were very large and fat and we had a regular thanksgiving day of it.

We had no chance to go ashore that day on account of the crowds that were anxious to go. Roger went in the first boat of the next day and we resumed our fishing. Just about nine o'clock in the morning we discovered a sail in the distance which appeared to be coming toward us. By noon she came into the bay and passing close along side of us gave us her name, *Ricardo*, from Callao, for San Francisco, out of water, and had put in because they had caught sight of us. It was loaded with provisions and liquors of every kind and we made arrangements for buying whatever we wanted.

In the afternoon Roger sent for us to come ashore and bring blankets, provisions and guns. We started in the large boat and rowed through the fields of kelp toward the shore. Thousands of pelicans were flying over the water in long lines, sometimes shutting up their wings, one after another and falling with tremendous splashes into the water. Hundreds of thousands of all kinds of sea birds were flying along the beach

in immense black clouds. Just as we cleared the kelp, we began to get into the swell which ran up and broke in surf on the shore. We rowed in on the top of a tremendous wave which suddenly broke under us and dashed itself far ahead on the beach. Another wave rolling in after it like a wall, suddenly lifted us up, nearly pitching us out of the boat, and carried us still further in, and when it broke left us on the sand. Another wave coming after carried us far up on the beach. We luckily got in without being wet, almost every other party having been either capsized or had their boat filled with water. We landed opposite the pond. It lay at the mouth of a little valley, through which a stream runs in the wet season, and was separated from the salt water by a high bank of sand rolled up by the surf. A party of our men were employed in getting off the casks which had been filled. One of the boats was anchored outside the surf in still water, some 200 feet off, and a rope passed from her to the shore, to the middle of which a cask was attached, which the men in the boat hauled in by the rope while two men waited out in the surf to ease each cask over the rocks and stones until it got in the deep water.

The *Ricardo* crew had just come ashore and pitched a tent close by our encampment, and it made altogether quite a busy little scene. We cooked our provisions by a fire made of driftwood collected on the beach, and spreading our blankets on the sand, lay down to sleep.

Early in the morning I started off to walk with my gun. I had not walked twenty rods before I laid aside my gun and went to collecting flowers. The whole coast is banked here by a high range of hills of barren sand, the only opening we found being the valley in which our pond was situated. In this valley I collected thirty most beautiful kinds of flowers, and the hills of sand on each side were covered with three or four kinds of flowers and strange looking plants which grew in the coarse dry sand. For all that there were so many flowers it was one of the most desolate looking places I ever got into. They all grew out of the naked earth, and the only other vegetation were the aloes and Turk's head, and other cacti. The tops of the hills were covered with a crust of salt that looked like a light snow, and a little way inland you could not hear a sound to disturb the stillness, except the faint roar of the distant surf. The only signs of life we could see were

occasionally a coyote or little red wolf sneaking along the hill, or a rattlesnake coiled up under an aloe.

I went aboard that noon to see about getting something for our mess from the *Ricardo*. I found that four or five of our men were preparing to go ashore to foot it up with Wright and Waters.[3] I should have said that the trail, from the southern part of the peninsula to San Diego, crossed the valley near the pond, and the whole valley near the shore was covered with the skeletons and bones of whales. Roger and Ned came off in the morning. It was determined that we should lay here but one day more, to get off another raft of water, & to kill two oxen bought at the Indian rancho, I spoke of.

Early the next morning one of the boats was missing, and it was soon found that two of our best sailors had taken it, & gone ashore to run away. The boats, however, went ashore and about noon we saw them coming off, with only their casks in tow. When they came nearer we saw that Porter, the second mate, had been in charge instead of Jones, the first mate. They reported that all the *Ricardo* men who were ashore to get water had run away, and that Jones had suddenly taken the same notion into his head, and started off after them. Volunteers were called to get off the other casks, and by night we had them all aboard, & weighed anchor and started off.

Each mess had laid in supplies of flour and sugar for itself from the *Ricardo*, and we had a stock of fresh beef from ashore, and fish from the sea. According to the arrangements that we had made, each mess made up its own bread, pudding, &c, & gave it to the cook, to cook. Ned & I took occasion to investigate some of the mysteries of the culinary art, and soon became accomplished bread, biscuit, and pudding makers. Roger didn't like dabbling in flour, but lay in his berth, making suggestions & giving advice.

The first land we saw was Point Conception. The next was about three weeks after leaving our watering place, when we made land about six miles below the entrance of the bay of San Francisco. We got opposite the entrance about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the wind failing us, and the tide running out very strongly, we came to anchor to wait for it to turn. About 8 o'clock in the evening the tide turned, and by moonlight we ran in through the entrance. We drifted very slowly along till we had passed a high rocky point on

which was a fort. Just as we rounded that, the tide turned, and we dropped anchor again to wait for the next, sometime in the morning. About 6 o'clock the tide appeared to be running in very fast and we weighed anchor, but soon found that we had been in an eddy, as we began to drift back to sea. There was no wind and no anchorage below in the entrance, & we had to go way out to sea before we met the returning tide, but I was not sorry for this, as it gave us a view of the entrance, and a most magnificent entrance it is. The wind and tide came together & we went in the second time in very good style. A little after passing the point on which the fort stood, we began to see the shipping in the harbor, and as we passed the point behind which the town stood, it appeared like a perfect forest in the bay. We did not attempt to go up among the ships, but came to anchor just off the point.

A delegate from each of the messes went ashore in the first boat to get letters &c from the Post office. Mr. Beecher went from the cabin. It was just 78 days from the time we left Realejo to the day we anchored in the bay. Mr. Beecher did not come off as soon as we expected, and getting a chance in the afternoon, we went ashore ourselves. We landed on the point & went over the hill to the town; & such a town, tents, canvas houses, shanties built of odds & ends, bough houses & every conceivable kind of habitation, were stowed away for two miles along the shore, in an amphitheatre formed by high hills.

The streets were dirty & dusty, and filled with people from every nation under heaven. Thousands of Chinese, Sandwich Islanders, Peruvians, Chilians, French, Spanish, Germans, English & Americans, jostled one another in the street, and it would have been hard to tell which were the most numerous. Every establishment seemed to be either a gambling or eating house, & in some of the former I saw piles of dust & coin heaped up, which must have amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars. We made the best of our way to the Post office & there found Mr. Beecher trying to get our letters. There were two deliveries & a long string waiting their turn at each, & you could inquire for but one name at a time & were obliged to take your turn in the string for another. I found about 4 letters for me and half a dozen papers & started back for the ship.

There was a custom house officer aboard, who said we might begin to land our baggage whenever Stillman would procure an order from the collector. My letters were of different dates & spoke of others which had been written, and referred to facts with which I was supposed to be acquainted. For instance, in a letter from Mary there was this sentence, "Jane Fitch has not yet gone to Valparaiso". That was all, no explanation, no amplification. I don't know but that I liked it all the better, than if the whole story had been told. It opened such a field for conjecture.

Sunday we dressed up and went ashore to go to church. I looked around for the Presbyterian church but for fear of being too late for any, went into the Episcopalian. The room was very much crowded and we had a very solemn service. Service was held at four o'clock in the afternoon & we were obliged to go aboard about that time.

The three next ensuing days were spent in getting our baggage together, in selecting what we wanted to carry to the mines and in looking for a place in which to store the rest. We found Hitchcock,[1] our quondam messmate, in the town, just about starting to the mines. The poor fellow had had a hard time of it. You may recollect that he started in a little sloop two months before we did. He got in just one week before us. They coasted the whole way up, stopping in very often for water and provisions. At one time they were entirely out of water and stopped on shore and hunted two days without finding a drop, and were then compelled to put out to sea, trusting to what they could condense from salt water in a tin boiler with a gun barrel for a condenser. They managed to get a pint and a half of water a day in this manner, and for food ate roasted beans. He and three or four others had left the vessel 200 miles below San Diego and walked up to that place, and there rejoined it. They passed through the valley where we stopped to get water in the course of their journey and but a few days in advance of us.

The steamer came in just about at this time, & brought in all those who had left us at the watering place, besides two or three of our company who had left Realejo in the iron boat. These last had also had a hard time, having been driven up & down the coast, often without water or provisions. Some of them were taken off at last by a steamer, & those who re-

mained were driven into Mazatlan, where they sold their boat for their passage up in a French brig, which was wrecked two days out, & two of them were drowned.

It was Thursday before we could get the permit to land our baggage. Friday we had it all ashore & stored, & took up our quarters at the Adams House, a grog shop where they rented out shelves to sleep on, at the trifling charge of one dollar a night. Mr. Beecher & the captain had taken a room together at another place, as the Capt. wanted some writing done, & had employed Mr. B. to do it. There had been a great change in his affairs since he left San F. in February. He had then a blacksmith shop & a lot of land connected with it, 130 yards square, lying just outside the town, which he had leased from the owner for the ensuing year, at $900. He found now the shop gone, & the land divided up into building lots, for which the owner was getting a rent of from 3 to $400 a month apiece. He at once took measures to recover what rents had been paid, & to secure those coming due himself.

Rents were then & are still very high there. One wooden building in the center of the town, not so large as our house, rented at $12,000 a month. Friday night I was sitting on the steps of the Adams House, when Roger who had been out to look for Mr. Stark,[5] came back to report that he had gone to Oregon, but brought a huge pile of letters for Ned, himself, & myself, which had been directed to his care. There was every letter which had been sent to me up to the 28th of June, except those sent by Mr. Farren. I sat up till 10 o'clock reading, & then went to bed & dreamed of home.

Saturday we employed in inquiring the whereabouts of different individuals, in engaging a passage up the river to Sacramento city, & in walking about the city. A little below the city proper is a part of the town called Happy Valley, made up of tents of which there are from 1500 to 2000. This is the place of residence of the floating population. Taking in this place we all concluded that there could not be less than 30 or 40000 inhabitants in the city. The appearance of the place from the hills around is queer enough. It looks like the rag bag of some large city. There is one thing that strikes a newcomer strangely. I mean the quantity of clothes lying about the streets. We saw fine new boots, Panama hats worth from $10 to $15 in the States, fine linen shirts, overcoats & other

SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

Taken from Broadway, near Kearny Street. Drawn and engraved by Thomas Armstrong, in the Fall of 1849, and republished by A. Rosenfeld, 602 Montgomery Street, San Francisco. (From the Collection of Lowell E. Hardy Lithographs.)

1. Long Wharf.
2. Apollo Storeship
3. G. B. Post & Co.
4. Warehouse.
5. The Plaza.
6. The old Adobe, used as a Custom House.
7. Parker House.
8. Old Post Office.
9. City Hotel.
10. Happy Valley.

clothes enough to stock a warehouse, lying about the streets, stumbled over by every passerby. One reason for this is the high price of washing & the low price of clothes, & another the immense quantity of clothing brought in by every immigrant, and as the price of storage is so high, most of them are thrown away to get rid of them.

Sunday morning as we started out to go to church, we met Gordon & his wife in the street, the *Selma* having just got in, bringing the rest of our company. They were all well, so that at last after 8 months, every one of those who left New York to go through with us, was in California in good health, with the exception of Priest who went back from Leon to New York. I had hoped that I should find at church the Rev. Mr. Hunt,[6] but he was not there. I introduced myself to the clergyman after service, & he introduced me to Mrs. Hunt. I gave her the letter of introduction which Dr. Bacon gave me, & promised to call if possible before I left town. Mr. Beecher was quite unwell & I stayed with him the rest of the day, & employed myself in the evening in writing home.

We had engaged our passage up the river in the schooner, *John Allyne.* We occupied ourselves in getting those things which we were to carry up, down to the waterside. Having occasion in the course of the morning to go to that part of the city where Mr. Lyman[7] lived, we took our letters to him, & called on him. He seemed glad to see us, but we could stay only a moment or two. We also met Tim Beers that morning. He appeared to feel in very good spirits, & not at all homesick. We got down to the shore & waited a long time for the boat to come for us. It finally came just about dusk, & we were rowed out into the harbor about a mile before we found the vessel. She had not all her freight on board, & could not sail till the next day.

We felt a little indignant at losing the day in the way we had, but there was no help for it. It was the morning of Tuesday Oct. 16th. when we started from San Francisco, and it was Friday before we got to New York, at the junction of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. The scenery around the bays of San Francisco, Pablo, & Suisun, is very peculiar. It is made up of barren sand hills, occasionally dotted with scrub oaks. It looks more like a sketch of a country not yet filled out by nature. We found on board the vessel a Mr.

Smith of New Haven, president of the Anna Reynold's Company. He left New Haven in June and came across the Isthmus. We found too that our pilot was a townsman of Charles Palmer's, & he told us that he was acting as administrator to the estate of a man from New London who died recently in Sacramento, & that he was now engaged in selling out goods from his store.

Benicia on the left of the straits which connect Pablo and Suisun bays, is a little settlement of about a dozen houses. New York lies on a marshy flat, at the junction of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, & consisted, when we were there, of one frame and three canvas houses.[8] Montezuma City, is on the left as you enter the Sacramento, & consists of one uninhabited adobe house.

The banks of the Sacramento were at first low and fringed with scrub oak bearing a long conical shaped acorn, which tastes very much like chestnuts. We went up the river very slowly, as our pilot knew nothing of the channel, & continually got us aground. Roger got impatient at our numerous delays, & left in a little steamer which came past. It was Wednesday evening and we were within 4 miles of Sacramento City, when we ran aground hard & fast. The Captain got out a boat, and went up with two or three passengers to the city. I went up with them.

The city is very much such a kind of a city as San F. It stands on the banks of the Sac. two miles from Sutter's fort. The streets were filled with magnificent oaks, most of which were cut down while I was there, as I am sorry to say. I soon found out where Palmer[9] was staying, & went round to see him. I found him sitting under an awning, surrounded by boxes & barrels, reading. He was very glad to see me, said that he had met Roger the day before in the street, and had brought him there to stay with him. He had engaged a place for us to pitch our tent on, close by. He had sold out of the store in which he had been engaged, and gone into partnership with a Dr. Angle, had rented a lot, bought a frame, & was now engaged in sewing the canvas for the sides & roof of a store. They were going into the druggist business, & the Dr. had gone down to San F. to buy a stock. The boat left the city for the vessel about 9 o'clock, & I went down to report.

The next morning she still stuck hard & fast, and while they were attempting to work her off, Ned & I took the boat & went ashore & cut tent poles & pins & trimmed them so as to be all ready to pitch the tent, the moment we landed. The schooner was off about noon, and all the passengers turned to, and helped tow her up to the city. We got her up just about dark, and set off after Palmer & Roger, & went with them to hear Gov. Burnett deliver a stump speech. The next day we pitched our tent, trenched it, & spread out Mr. Beecher's India rubber tent for a floor, spread over it our rubber blankets & got everything arranged for living under our own vine and fig tree.

George Webster,[10] one of our classmates, was keeping an eating house here, in which Prof. Shepard[11] was concerned. The Prof. was now in the mines, but was expected back every day and we concluded to wait until he came, in order to see where we had better go and to borrow money of him. It was a week before he came down and in the meantime we got what jobs we could to help us along, but never cleared more than our board by day's work. When the Prof. returned he appeared very glad to see us and advised us to come to that part of the country where we are at present.

With the Prof. came a Mr. Welton, who greeted Mr. Beecher very cordially, & who turned out to be an old acquaintance of his from Waterbury. He owned two or three stores scattered round the mines, one of which was in Georgetown, the place to which we intended going. We had bought 3 or 400 pounds of provisions which we were doubtful about carrying up with us on account of the freight which amounted to 25 cents a pound. We asked him about it and he advised us by all means to carry them up, and told us that he had engaged a teamster to carry up 30,000 pounds for him and that we might put ours with his own, and account to him for the freight, whenever we dug it.

The teamsters were expected in every day and we made arrangements to go with them whenever they should appear. Soon after this, while Mr. Welton and the Prof. had gone to San Francisco, a rain set in which lasted with but little intermission for three weeks. We then had about a week of good weather, and the teams not yet appearing, Roger got impatient and started off for Georgetown in company with Howell, who used to keep the Exchange in New Haven, and who was going

the greater part of the way. I had forgotten to say that during the rain Mr. Welton returned from San Francisco and started with Mr. Beecher for Georgetown in the stage, paying two ounces apiece for their fare. He was anxious to walk up, but as he had been quite unwell for sometime, he was persuaded to ride up. Dr. Angle, Palmer's partner, too, returned and with Palmer came to live in our tent. He was a fine young fellow, and I should think a good doctor. He had not been able to find a stock of medicines to suit him, and had bought a quantity of flour and pork, and they were expecting it up every day. He and Palmer now came to the conclusion to sell out their store, Palmer having concluded to go up with us and the Dr. to go to practicing. Webster, too, dissatisfied with his present situation, determined to go up with us whenever we went as Mr. Welton had offered him a situation whenever he was disposed to come.

It was near the end of November when the teams, so long expected, arrived. We had expected to get off by Saturday morning, but our teamster got involved in a law suit and did not get ready to start until Sunday morning. He told us that he should start early that morning and drive his teams out a few miles to where he could get feed for his cattle, and then return and attend to his law suit, which would probably occupy him a day or two. Our tent, bedding, and everything was on the teams, and there was nothing for us to do but to go out with them and encamp, and wait until they came out. What would the good people of New Haven have thought if they had seen such a sight in their streets, three church members armed with guns, rifles, pistols, & bowie knives, tramping through the town some fine Sunday morning.

It was a glorious morning. The view was beautiful. The road lay over the level prairie dotted with patches of and skirted by belts of oak growing without any underbrush, and so open that they looked as if they were planted for parks. On our left ran the American (River), its course marked by a heavy growth of various trees and shrubs. Before us, over the oaks, were the blue foothills of the mountains, and behind & above them, a hundred miles distant, rose the clear cold white peaks of the Sierra Nevada. Some of these peaks are said to be 16000 feet high.

Our road lay past Sutter's Fort, which was considerable of a fortification in its day. It is now fast going to ruin. There was a hospital kept in it when we were there. We walked about ten miles and then pitched our tents near the teams while our teamster went back to attend to his law suit. It was 12 o'clock Wednesday night when Mr. Welton got back, and with him came a Mr. Patrick, a young fellow from Massachusetts, and whom Mr. Welton had engaged for the teaming of his goods. He brought with him a letter from Palmer who had been unable to come up with us because his affairs were not yet arranged. He said now that his affairs were all arranged and that he was ready to come up, but that the *Anna Reynolds* had at last got in and was coming up to Sacramento City, and that he should wait and bring up our two barrels with him when he came.

Saturday night we came to Coloma, or the mills, the place where gold was first discovered. Mr. Welton had bought a store here, and here our teamster left us, the rest of our journey being performed with pack mules. Patrick had pushed on ahead, and was in Georgetown, but was expected down the next day with Mr. Welton. The next day, Roger having heard of our arrival, came down to get a change of clothes. He seemed to be somewhat discouraged. Said he had been working steadily for a fortnight and had not made a dollar. Mr. Welton and Patrick came down and we learned then that Mr. Welton had sold his store in Georgetown to Patrick and another young fellow named Cushing.[12] We could not get mules to pack up our things until Wednesday.

The town of Coloma lies in a basin surrounded on all sides by high hills. Our road lay directly up one of these hills and it was full a mile and a half to the top of it. Once up, the road was comparatively level and 9 miles travel brought us to Georgetown. This place consists of about 30 log houses. It lies up in the hills between the south and Middle Forks of the American River. It is about half a mile from the Oregon Canon, one of the richest places that has yet been discovered. It has been completely torn up from one end to the other, & is occupied so completely that there is no chance to get into it.

Thursday morning Roger went off with a young fellow who had promised to show him a place to work, and about the middle of the forenoon came back after us. Mr. Beecher had

engaged to attend store at Cushing & Patrick's, so Roger, Ned & myself, each with shovel, pick, & trowel, started off to make our first essay in gold digging.

A walk of about a mile and a half brought us to a deep ravine or canon through which ran a little stream of water. Going down this a little ways we came to a spot which had been shown to Roger as a likely place to work. We left a shovel and pick in it & proceeded on & soon came to another place which had been pointed out to him that morning. It was agreed that Ned should work this place, Roger should go back to the first, and I should continue down & pick out a place for myself, and if any one of them should turn out to be rich, we could all turn in and work it out. I walked down a little ways, when finding my shovel and pick an incumbrance, I dropped them on the bank & went on. I walked on some distance & saw no place that looked like the others, and started to come back, feeling somewhat discouraged. Coming to where my pick and shovel were I thought I might just as well strike in there as to be standing idle, and at it I went.

I had to clear away a lot of pitch pine logs in order to commence operations. That done a net work of roots running every which way, engaged my attention and occupied me the rest of the day. Roger had got to the bottom of his hole and found the bed rock too near the surface to have any gold, so that he had concluded to go down and sink another near where Ned was working. The next day I had about 3 feet of yellow, sticky clay to throw out, and then about the same depth of blue clay. Underneath this clay a quantity of loose slate rocks filled in with gravel. I did not get to the bottom of this hole that day.

The next day I found my hole full of water which had run in during the night from the ground around. I bailed out about half a dozen hogheads of water and cleared away the stones and gravel and at last reached the bed rock. It was about noon when I saw the first piece of gold. It was the one I sent home in my last letter.

I washed out about 13 dollars that day. After that, the others, finding nothing where they were working, came down to work out the bar where I was. We had laid out quite an extensive plan of operations, but the rains set in and have con-

tinued so steadily since that we have been able to do very little since. We have worked a little when the weather cleared up a little, but could not do much as the ground was so full of water that it ran in faster than we could bail it out.

Christmas Day we took out fifty-nine dollars in about six hours, bailing about ¾ of the time!!!!. The washing of the dirt is generally the least part of the dirt in Canon digging. Where we were we found no gold excepting on the bed rock. Wherever there was a little seam or rough place, we would find a little nest of gold, varying from one dollar to five. We scraped the rock clean with an iron spoon, and could wash in three minutes dirt we had been an hour in collecting. Digging in the bar on the river it is different. There the gold is diffused through the sand, and it depends on how many pans full you wash in a day how much gold you get.

We have been banked in by snow now for three weeks and have not been able to work at all. Palmer has come up here and has brought the barrels with him. The rice and chocolate were spoiled but everything else was in good condition. With Palmer came a young fellow named Storer formerly from New Haven and nephew of Prof. Shepard. He has been in the company about 8 months and is pretty well acquainted with the diggings. We have got acquainted with a party of fellows who have been in the country for 3 or 4 years. They got track of some rich diggings a few weeks ago up in the mountains & went up there and built a log cabin. Roger has been up with them spending the last two or three weeks. Boarding with us is a Charles R. Tomlinson, brother of Dr. Tomlinson, who used to live in New Haven.

We pay $5 a day for board, have a very good set of fellows with us, & spend our time as pleasantly as a man can without books. Every letter we get costs us two dollars apiece for bringing it up from San Francisco. Papers sell at $1 and scarce at that.

This is the most law and order country I believe on the face of the earth. There is no such thing as crime heard of. We had a trial, though, the other day of three rumsuckers for stealing a whiskey jug. They were discovered and the question arose what should be done with them. Just at that time a man came riding through the town whom some one recognised as having been Sheriff of a court in Indiana. He was spoken

to and consented to act as states' attorney. Accordingly an alcalde was sworn & a regular trial took place. One of the prominent gamblers of the place consented to act as counsel for the accused but they were convicted. They were sentenced to banishment from Georgetown and one of them to 10 lashes on the back beside. The sentence executed, the court dissolved, the sheriff mounted his mule & rode off and Georgetown was left to its primitive lawlessness.

I received one letter two days ago dated August 14th. It was from Hen and Hettie. This is the only letter I have received dated since June 28th. I have had letters from Eli, Jimmy, and Sissy. Tell them to write again. I would give an ounce any time for a letter from any of them. Fanny and Eddy too. I shall write a sort of botanical letter to George pretty soon. Give my love to Grandmother and all the aunties. Tell Grandmother how much obliged I am to her for that eulogy on Uncle Nathan she sent me. It has been read by every one in the house as books are scarce here and this came just in the nick of time at the beginning of a long snow storm. Give my love to Uncle Ell and Aunt Mary, to Uncle Elihu and Aunt Adeline, Adele and William. I shall write to William by next mail. To you at home I don't need to send love. I dream of you all every night. I have had to hurry in writing this letter in order to get it done to send by an express that goes through to the States. It isn't always that we have an opportunity to send down to San Francisco even, and the mails are very irregular so you must not be disappointed if two or three mails should often pass without hearing from us. We are all well and in good spirits and hope soon to get to digging.

Yours affectionately
CHARLES T. BLAKE

My dear Sister Hettie,

It is both against my principles & feelings to see a sheet go off unfilled, especially on so long a journey as this has to perform, & so I am going to add a few lines, though Charlie has probably told everything of interest. As I write Palmer is sitting by my side, inditing an epistle to the Journal of Com-

merce of which he is the or one of the California correspondents, over the signature of "Phil Brangle". Roger is seated on a trunk back of me, near the six paned window, the only one in the room vigorously conning the Spanish Reader, while Charlie has been for sometime very quiet in the store.—Now, however, I begin to hear his voice, & before long his laugh will probably be ringing as merrily as ever. And it is the same old laugh I can assure you. I wish you could hear it as I do, day after day. It would do you all good. How do you manage to get along without him? Charlie says he has told you of the arrival of the barrels. Roger's clothes were quite a godsend to him, for though he had a good supply at Sac. city his wardrobe here has become quite scanty.

I wish you could see how eagerly a letter from home is seized, what a perfect luxury it is. It cost two dollars, U. S. postage included, to get one up to the mines, but no one thinks of expense in his anxiety to hear from friends. A great many attempts have been made to get letters up to the mines, but until recently without the least success. Express agents have gone time & time again to the San F. P. O. but to no purpose. Yesterday, however, a man came up with over two hundred letters. He paid the San F. postmaster ten cents on each, for the privilege of looking over all that were in the office himself. This is the only way the matter can be accomplished. I don't know when I ever was so disappointed as on my arrival at San F. to get not a single letter from home. I know any quantity must have been written, but the question was, where were they? A day or two after another steamer arrived, and on inquiry I took out one marked Nov. 8. Through Mr. Stark I afterwards received several of the back ones, & now I have, I believe, all that have been written, up to the 2nd. of Oct. Mr. Beecher has been very unfortunate, having received but one letter from his wife since his arrival, & that was written soon after he left home. Now, however, we all have grounds for hoping to be more successful in future.

What wouldn't I give one of these beautiful Sundays to hear a good sermon from Dr. Bacon or Mr. Cooke. I really believe I should consider it a treat, to hear Mr. Pitkin or Dr. Croswell. Sermons are scarce in Cal. I have heard but two in the country, one at San F. & the other at Sac. city. I hope before long you will send out a good supply of ministers, they

are needed, as you will readily believe, in a land where a clergyman can prove so recreant, as to keep a liquor shop, bowling alley, and gambling house. This is a hard story, but it is said to be a fact. The temptations in Cal. are too many, and present themselves too insidiously to be easily withstood, and every one who desires to pass through them unscathed, ought to be well rooted and grounded in good principles, so as to be a tower of strength in himself, for he will find few external aids to his pious resolutions. I am so near the end of my paper, that, like Sam. Weller, I must bring up rather suddenly. Please remember me to all the family, not forgetting Sissey, and all inquiring friends, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

Edwin Tyler.

NOTES

The following notes were written by Mr. Anson S. Blake.

1—The *Laura Ann* came on to the coast in July 1847, in command of Captain Thomas who held public religious services in San Francisco in 1848, among the earliest, reading the Episcopalian service at the public school house on the Plaza.

2—Captain Blanchard is noted in Bancroft's Pioneer Index in Vol. 2, History of California, page 721.

3—Bancroft refers to the experiences of some of those who landed on the coast of Lower California in a note on page 136, Vol. 2, History of California. His principal sources of information were Stillman's "Seeking the Golden Fleece," where the voyage of the *Dolphin* is related in an appendix, and a manuscript statement of Hitchcock mentioned above and later in this letter. See also Quarterly of The Society of California Pioneers, Vol. IV, No. 3, "Autobiography of Louis H. Bonestell," one of the passengers on the *Dolphin;* same, Vol. VI, No. 2, "Diary of J. D. Hawks"; also "Gold and Sunshine" by James J. Ayres, a passenger on the *Laura Ann*, pages 24-27.

4—See note 3.

5—The merchant in San Francisco to whom their freight, sent around the Horn, was consigned.

6—Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, Congregationalist Minister.

7—Chester Smith Lyman, afterwards Professor of Astronomy and Physics at Yale College. His Journal, edited by Professor Frederick J. Teggart of the University of California, was published by the Yale University Press in 1924 under the title "Around the Horn to the Sandwich Islands, and California in 1845-1850." In it under date of October 12th and 15th, 1849, he says, "Two vessels the *Selma* and *Susan* with companies of Conn. men have arrived this week. Many calls with letters of introduction. Time largely drawn upon. Mapping moves slowly." He was then engaged in surveying.

8—This is more of a city than Steve Masset, who publishes a copy of Governor Riley's Commission to him as alcalde of this city in "Drifting About," page 121, acknowledges. On the next page he says of houses in the City of New York on the Pacific—"and those—I believe two in all—built by some unfortunate Wright—sank to rise no more, carrying owners and all with them, a few hours after their erection." Perhaps it was a mirage.

9—Charles T. H. Palmer, another classmate, too poor to join Gordon's quick moving, high-priced company. He came through the Straits of Magellan and reached San Francisco four months ahead of his classmates. He became one of a loose sort of partnership which five classmates maintained until death or the end of mining terminated it. Later Charles T. Blake joined him in Oakland and they were partners up to the time of Palmer's death in 1897.

10—The fifth of the above group of classmates, George Gideon Webster, a member of the Society of California Pioneers.

11—Prof. Forrest Shepard of Yale College.

12—John M. Cushing, father of Charles S. Cushing and O. K. Cushing, a member of The Society of California Pioneers whose account of his trip to California was published in Vol. VI, No. 3 of the Quarterly of the Society.

Sketches of the Missions

By Edward Vischer

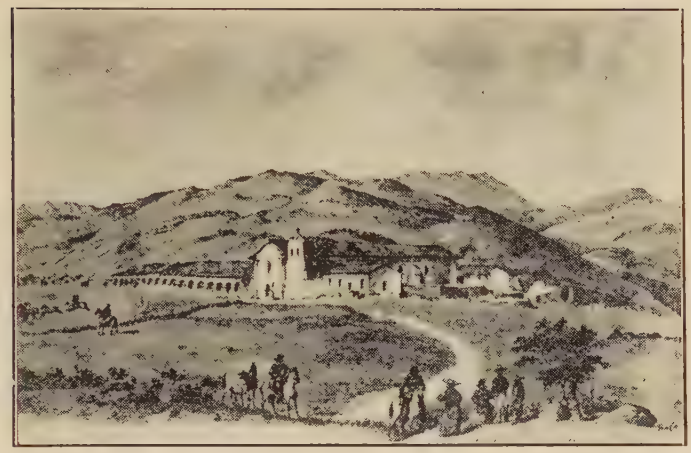
By permission of Mr. Hubert Vischer, we are reproducing in this number of the Quarterly, these photographs from a collection of views by Edward Vischer, which are now in possession of the Society of California Pioneers, and from which we plan to present another group in a later issue.

MISSION SANTA CLARA.
Established January, 1777.

MISSION SAN BUENAVENTURA.
Established March, 1782.

MISSION SAN MIGUEL.
Established July, 1797.
Church and buildings of the Mission and ruins of the Casa.

MISSION SAN LUIS REY.
Established June, 1798.



MISSION SANTA INEZ.
Established September, 1804.

MISSION SAN RAFAEL.
Established December, 1819.

The History of
Oh! California, That's the Land for Me

FOREWORD

The following history of this famous old song of 1849, was written in response to the request of Edward E. Chever of the History Committee of The Society of California Pioneers in 1901. Mr. Chever was indefatigable in his efforts to collect historical material for this Society, and to him and his committee we are deeply indebted for the great number of manuscript reminiscences of our members, and miscellaneous bits of California history now in the archives of the Society.

In December 1899, William H. Hilton, a member of The Society of California Pioneers, came to me for the words of the song "Oh! California, That's the Land for Me." I could not recall them, but I told him that I believed the song was written by an old schoolmate of mine in Salem, Massachusetts, John Nichols, and I would send for a copy. Accordingly I wrote to Gilbert L. Streeter of Salem, Massachusetts, Cashier of the First National Bank in that city, and I herewith give his reply.

"Salem, Massachusetts
December 12, 1899.

My dear Chever:

Your letter of the 4th inst. has just reached me, and I fear that the reply will not reach you until too late. I will look for a copy of the verses you mention, and if successful will send it to you.

The 'song' was not written by Johnny Nichols, nor did he know of it until it was sung to him at a banquet which some of us, his cronies, gave him at the old Lynnfield Hotel on the eve of his departure for California, the then alluring land. The verses, as a matter of fact, were not written by

any one in particular, but were a joint production of several hands. A half dozen of us were assembled to make arrangements for the Lynnfield banquet, when it was proposed to write a song for the occasion. Several contributed verses. There were eight verses originally. I wrote one or more, and Henry Cogswell and Henry J. Cross, both of whom were ready at rhyming, wrote the others. But Cogswell wrote the most.

We gave a copy to Johnny after singing them on the wharf, as the *Eliza* prepared to swing off, and no one was more surprised than the authors, when this hastily concocted doggerel appeared in print in an English Magazine, the Edinburgh *Review*, I think, in an article on California by an English writer. Since then I have seen them several times republished, but this is their true history. Queer isn't it?

Truly yours,
G. L. Streeter."

I may state, by way of explanation, that the air "Oh! Susanna" was then a popular Ethiopian melody, one of several that had caught the public fancy at that time ("Old Uncle Ed" was another), and because of the excitement caused by the reports of gold in California, this parody of "Susanna" was sung from Maine to California. I herewith copy the four verses which have been preserved.

Tune—"Oh! Susanna." Key G.

I came from Salem City,
With my washbowl on my knee,
I'm going to California,
The gold dust for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death,
Oh! Brothers, don't you cry.

Chorus Oh! California,
That's the land for me;
I'm going to Sacramento,
With my washbowl on my knee.

I jumped aboard the 'Liza ship,
And traveled on the sea,
And every time I thought of home
I wished it wasn't me;
The vessel reared like any horse
That had of oats a wealth;
I found it wouldn't throw me, so
I thought I'd throw myself.

Oh! California, etc.

I thought of all the pleasant times
We've had together here,
I thought I ort to cry a bit,
But couldn't find a tear.
The pilot bread was in my mouth,
The gold dust in my eye,
And though I'm going far away
Dear Brothers, don't you cry.

Oh! California, etc.

I soon shall be in San Francisco,
And then I'll look all round,
And when I see the gold lumps there
I'll pick them off the ground.
I'll scrape the mountains clean, my boys,
I'll drain the rivers dry,
A pocket full of rocks bring home,
So Brothers, don't you cry.

Oh! California, etc.

I have known Gilbert Streeter for over sixty years, and I have implicit confidence in his integrity and honesty. As the song is inseparably connected with the "rush" to California in 1849, its history is worthy of preservation.

EDWARD E. CHEVER

San Francisco, California.
May 29, 1901.

Early Events

By Charles Brown

FOREWORD

This is a statement of "Recollections of Early Days in California" made for Hubert Howe Bancroft in 1878, at the time Bancroft sent his scribes throughout the length and breadth of the western coast, to interview all the men of the "earliest days in California," who were still living at that time; and it is printed herein through the courtesy of Dr. H. E. Bolton, Director of the Bancroft Library.

In his "Pioneer Register and Index," Bancroft notes that Charles Brown was born in New York in 1814, and that though he always claimed to have come to California in 1829, the archive evidence is conclusive against that statement, both Brown and his comrade deserters testifying in early years and in different documents, that they came in 1833. Furthermore the *Helvetius* does not appear in the shipping lists of 1829. So most of the events in his reminiscence are quite probably antedated. The first original evidence of his presence in California is a permission to cut timber, given by Vallejo in 1837. In 1838 he was baptized by P. Quijas as Carlos de Jesus, and about the same time he married a daughter of Antonio Garcia of San Jose.

Charles Brown was an early member of The Society of California Pioneers, and we are publishing his reminiscence as a matter of interest in placing before our members the career of a rolling character of the years between 1820 and 1860, both on land and sea. Except for the doubtful date of his arrival in California, his general statements have all the evidence of substantial truth.

I left New York on the 27th of June, 1827, and went to New London, Connecticut, where I shipped on the American ship *Helvetius*, one of Stephen Girard's fleet. She was a whaler bound to the coast of Japan and other whaling grounds, and sailed from New London on the 4th of July. Entered Fayal— from there to St. Mary's— from there to Oahu (Sandwich Islands). Of course the ship was engaged in whaling all the time as soon as she got into whaling latitudes, and only visited those and other ports for supplies. From the Sandwich Islands we went to the Japan seas, and stayed there about three months and thirteen days, and finally came to San Francisco, where we arrived on the 13th of October, 1829.

I was by this time tired of the sea, and took French leave of the ship. I had attempted it in Oahu, but was caught and brought back to the vessel.

An old lady named Juana Briones[1], residing in the Presidio, understanding that myself, Ephraim P. Frawell[2], Gregorio Escalante (a Manila man) and an Indian, named Elijah, wanted to run, stowed us away in the loft of her house. From there she moved Frawell and me to the bushes on Black Point. Then she sent for her brother Felipe Briones from Pinole, who came and carried us over there. There I remained till 1832. Frawell went to live with the Castros. He was a tailor and native of Philadelphia.

Elijah, the Indian, lived around San Francisco Bay among the native Californians till 1842 when he went with Capt. John B. R. Cooper[3] to Japan, where he remained and died. He was a very good cook, but not over smart, as may be judged from the fact that he once climbed up a tree, stood on one of the limbs that he wanted to cut off, and came down with it and broke his jaw. Juana Briones cured him.

Gregorio Escalante lived here a long time, got rich, married and raised a family, but when his wife ran away from him, he got discouraged and lost all his fortune. Juana Briones took care of him until she was unable to do it any more, and Escalante had to find refuge in the poor-house at Mayfield. Juana Brione is still living at Mayfield (in 1878), nearly one hundred years old, and of sound mind. She could furnish much information on the old times of San Francisco.

Frawell followed his trade as a tailor, and lived in San Francisco and San Jose and other places till some nine months ago, when he died of cancer. He never married, having been disappointed in love in early times, and he didn't make a fortune, but always took good care of himself, and lived well. He died in San Jose.

When I arrived in this Bay the ship anchored off Black Point. There was an English brig lying there, too. The Presidio system was still in force. Lieut. Ignacio Martinez was the Commandante, the old Alferez Jose Antonio Sanchez was the second officer, and his son Francisco was Captain of the port.

Vessels were not allowed to anchor off Yerba Buena, though they were permitted to go to Sausalito for water if they wanted to take it there. Yerba Buena, named after the herb so-called and which was then abundant, had no house on it. Nothing

was growing but chaparral and scrub oak. Rabbits, deer, wolves, and bear abounded, and also snakes.

When the revolution of Solis took place, I was at San Rafael with Padre Quijas[4], and saw nothing of it, though of course we did hear that the garrison had joined the revolutionists at Monterey. I continued with Padre Quijas till 1834, doing all the light work of the mission, having charge of the boat, and visiting vessels that entered the bay.

The mission in San Francisco, when I first came, had about five or six thousand Indians under its charge, distributed all the way between here and San Francisquito. Most of the tame cattle were kept in the mission, some at San Mateo, and the wild cattle at Half Moon Bay, then called Corral de Tierra. The mission cultivated corn, wheat, barley, beans, potatoes and other vegetables. The yield was enough to supply the needs of the neophytes, and there was a surplus of wheat which the Mission was accustomed to sell to the Russians of the Russo-American colonies.

San Raphael also had charge of a great many Indians, who were very kindly cared for by Padre Quijas.

Quijas was a tall, slim man, a little over six feet, one of the best horsemen I ever saw. He was a very intelligent, gentlemanly man, liberal to a fault, quick tempered and passionate, but of a kind heart. All the time I knew him he drank very hard. In 1834 or 1835 he moved to Sonoma.

There used to be in the Mission in San Francisco, when I first knew it and down to 1854, a stream of water running from a spring at the head of what is now 15th St. The stream runs now underground in the sewer. The spring still exists and yields plenty of water. Down to 1854 or 1855 John Center and other gardeners used to irrigate their grounds with the water from the stream. This stream was the acequia that supplied water through the Mission—it was not a regular arroyo. There were arroyos on the north and south of the Mission.

There was a spring called Pozo del Padre situated on what is now the corner of 18th and Guerrero, or thereabouts, which has disappeared. The priests used to have its water brought to them for their own use because the water of the acequia had too much iron in it.

The Pozo del Polin was at the Presidio on the reservation. A beautiful and rich spring it was, situated on ground occupied by the Miramontes and Saez families. The Ojito del Agua Figueroa is right on this end of the reservation at the foot of the hill in the next valley. Much was said of the qualities of the Polin water. I can say for it that it was beautiful water for drinking and washing.

The Ojito del Agua Figueroa was afterwards granted to Apolinario Miranda, the husband of Juana Briones and she and her sons, except one of them, sold their interests in it.

The colony of Hijar[5] and Padres arrived at Yerba Buena towards the end of December 1834, and early in 1835 proceeded to Sonoma, where I joined them, but stayed with them only a few days, because General Figueroa, then Jefe Politico, called me aside and advised me to have nothing to do with those colonists—but to leave them, and he would grant me a farm, which he did, and furnished me the stock and material to go on for the year, from the Mission of San Francisco Solano. The farm he granted me was in Napa on the beautiful pond or laguna now due north from Napa city. I have forgotten the name of the pond. The General gave me a regular title for the land, which was two leagues long and one wide and lying between George Yount's place and Nicolas Higuera's. To secure that grant I applied for and obtained my naturalization as a Mexican.

I lived there scarcely a year, when I sold out the grant to Dr. Stokes.[6] I did so because I found that the place was too near Vallejo's and if any of his animals got into my land, he would send soldiers and have them carried away. There was too much military sway around there for my taste, and to avoid trouble I concluded to sell. Vallejo at that time had full control in Sonoma. His will was law, and no one dared gainsay it.

After selling my place I made arrangements with George Yount to manufacture shingles to shingle Vallejo's house in Sonoma. The shingles had to be made in the most primitive manner as we had no machinery. The tree was felled, barked, cut off in blocks of eighteen inches long, then split, and shaved. With all these difficulties Yount and myself used to make about one thousand shingles a day each, though I have seen men make as many as fifteen hundred. Those shingles we

made were the first that had been seen in the country. Yount made a contract with Vallejo to supply the shingles he needed and put them on his house, I don't remember the price he got under the contract, but I was working for Yount at wages, twenty-five dollars per month in goods, and found that was considered high wages at the time. Later, I made shingles on my own account and got as high as eight dollars per thousand, which was the current price. Of course all the pay was in goods or stock, there being but little or no coin in the country.

I heard from Ortega and two or three others of the colony that they were preparing a plot to bring on a revolution and depose Gen. Figueroa. It seems the General was fully informed of their plans, and immediately set to work to balk them. He gave orders to Alferez Vallejo, the Commandante at Sonoma, to seize all arms in possession of the colonists, and to arrest their chief men, which orders were promptly and efficiently carried out. The colonists were still living in the Mission buildings in the hollow square. Vallejo went in with his soldiers, and took possession of all arms and of the principal men, viz., Jose Maria Hijar, Jose Maria Padres, Francisco Lara, and several others—all of whom were sent on board a Sardinian ship called the *Rosa*—and finally were ordered out of the country.

Ortega and Jose de la Rosa, the printer, were the men who told Vallejo all the particulars of the plot. Ortega died here in San Francisco some eight or ten years ago. A rough, boisterous, loud-talking man; a man capable of doing any bad attack. At that time Vallejo, if he had had any such evil inclination, could have gotten him to kill a man for a trifle, for he was a tool of Vallejo to the last day of his life.

Rosa, on the contrary, was a sickly, inoffensive, puny man, who was always ready to play his guitar, and sing. He drank very little liquor, and was said to be a printer by trade, but was fonder of fandangoes than of work; in fact, couldn't have done any manual labor. I have not seen him for over ten or twelve years, and then he looked very sickly. I presume he must be dead. Vallejo always took care of him.

I was in Sonoma in the fall of 1836, living at the landing of Sonoma, and saw Juan Bautista Alvarado when he came there to hold consultations with his uncle Mariano G. Vallejo, and make the plan to upset the Jefe Politico and Commandante

Gen. Don Nicolas Gutierrez. After the revolution broke out, none of the troops went from Sonoma, nor, perhaps from the Presidio, though it is possible that Salvador Vallejo and some of the other officers may have gone to join Alvarado and Jose Castro. I took no part in the revolutions of the country, although I was in sympathy with the natives, with whom I had lived since I arrived in the country, being always treated with the utmost kindness by them. Besides in 1837, I married a daughter of Antonio Garcia of San Jose, and thus became one of the natives. I did, however, occasionally go out with Gen. Vallejo, or his brother Capt. Salvador Vallejo to fight hostile Indians. On one occasion I was very near losing my life. I had eleven arrows in my body.

We started from Sonoma about the fall of 1835 under Lieutenant Vallejo and his brother Salvador Vallejo with about sixty armed Californians and Mexicans, twenty-two foreigners, among whom was myself, and some two hundred Indian auxiliaries. We went about two hundred miles away from Sonoma towards Oregon. I don't remember the name of the tribe that we went to attack nor of the place, but I do remember that we were out nearly three weeks, during which it rained hard all the time, the rivers all overflowing. The place we got into was a very deep valley surrounded by high mountains. The Indians had their rancheria right in the middle of the Valley. They had been stealing stock and committing depredations in the vicinity of Sonoma, so our expedition started to chastise them. Got to the rancheria about sunset, attacked, and killed a great many of them, and took a large number of prisoners. The worst thing I ever saw in my life was done there by Solano,[7] the head Indian of Vallejo. There was a woman of the rancheria who had a child slung on her back. Solano first lanced the child on the back, and then lanced the woman. The villainy of the act was so maddening to me that I was on the point of shooting Solano when Lieut. Vallejo stopped me, saying that Solano was his best friend. As it was, I was fortunate in not having killed Solano, for he at a later hour saved my life when I was very badly wounded.

I had rushed into the rancheria in search of beaver skins, of which the Indians in that country were accustomed to have an abundance, and just as I was crawling into one of the huts I received a number of wounds. At this time Solano made his

appearance, killed my opponent, and rescued me. He got the arrows out and filled the wounds with the herbs they used for such purpose, and in due time made me well.

The fight lasted about one hour and a half—the rancheria was taken and sacked of everything of any value that the Indians had, such as skins and maiz de grulla, a species of peanut, or rather better than peanuts, that the Indians had laid in for the winter. The Indians also had a species of amole, called tarol which they used to bake. It was as sweet as sugar, indeed, a very nice root to eat.

When the expedition got ready to return, I was carried by Indians on a tapete to the place about five miles distant where the expedition camped for the night. The next morning we all started for Sonoma, occupying six days on the march.

I presume there must have been between two and three hundred Indians in that rancheria. They were slaughtered in fair fight, for they fought desperately. I did not see any one killed after surrendering. I believe there were about sixty-four or five bucks taken prisoners, besides a number of women and children, the total number brought to Sonoma was about 100. The booty was large—my share of it was 65 beaver skins. The prisoners were divided among the different ranches of the Mission, and put to work at the different trades. Padre Quijas was then in charge of the Mission. Just about that time the secularization had begun.

I never took part again in any expedition to fight Indians, except to pursue raiders who had stolen and run off stock, which happened very often until as late as 1848. On such occasions a few Indians were killed.

In 1840 I bought the ranch of John Coppinger in what is now Searsville, placed my stock on it, and carried on the lumber business there on the ranch.

In that year when the foreigners were arrested by order of Alvarado and Castro, I was taken up and carried to Monterey chained on a bar with Isaac Graham and two others, Nathan Daly and William Smith—four of us—shackled together. We were all Americans. On arriving at Monterey I was confined with the rest about thirteen days and then liberated. The number of men confined in one room about thirty feet long by eighteen wide, or thereabout, must have been about one

hundred. We were so crowded that only a few could lay down at a time. After some days a few were taken out and placed in another room.

The cause for the arrest of the foreigners—Americans, English and Irish—was an alleged conspiracy to seize the country. I had no knowledge of any such conspiracy until I was arrested, and I don't believe that any plot had been contemplated. My belief is that James Gardner or Garner,[8] an Englishman living in Monterey, and nicknamed by the Californians *Patas Largas* invented the whole thing. What his object was I don't know. All the Americans, English and Irishmen in the country were taken up. Afterwards many were released, and upwards of sixty carried to San Blas and Tepic as prisoners to be dealt with as the Mexican Government might think fitting. I have said *all* the Americans, English and Irishmen were arrested, I must, however, say that a very few were excepted, for instance David Spence, Capt. Cooper, Jacob P. Leese, Abel Stearns of Los Angeles, and others like them, escaped the outrage because they were connected with the men that formed the "powers that be."

When I was released no satisfaction was given me for the hard treatment I had so unjustly received. My horse and trappings were returned to me and I was told that I might go. I must say, however, that was the only time that the Californians failed to treat me kindly. I might add that M. G. Vallejo was rather unjust to me when I had the ranch in Napa, but that was an individual case, and in after years he and I have had friendly relations.

Of the prisoners who were sent to Mexico, some returned, some died, and others found their way to different parts. They were all released, no evidence being found against them, and the representatives of their respective countries taking up their defense. Jose Castro, who took the prisoners to Mexico, was tried by Court Martial. Gen. Micheltorena, who was his counsel, got him clear gratuitously, and he came back to California—which service he repaid by joining in a revolution to drive Micheltorena out of the country in 1844-5.

I was well acquainted with Jose Castro, though never much in his company. Never saw anything out of the way about him. At first sight he appeared like a vagabond and a tyrant, but when you approached him, he was pleasant. It has been

said that he drank hard, and in his cups would commit outrageous acts of despotism. I never witnessed any.

All the lumber and shingles I sawed on my place were sold to the natives and inhabitants at forty dollars per thousand of lumber and eight dollars per thousand shingles. Of course prices varied for the different kinds of lumber according to dimensions and quality.

There were other men here in the north engaged in the same business, viz.: James Black, William Smith, William Oliver, George Ferguson, James Weekes, William Swinburne, William Hanst, James Rodgers, and a few others scattered in different parts, whose names I can't remember. Of the ones named, Black, Weekes and Swinburne were English, Pease a Scotchman, and the rest Americans. Several of them, to my knowledge Ferguson, Weekes, Swinburne and Pease are still living. Hanst was in Spanishtown or Half Moon Bay about two years ago. Black and Smith are dead. Pease lives in Spanishtown, Ferguson in Mayfield, Weekes in Grape Valley, fifteen miles from the Almaden mine, and Swinburne is in a hospital in Stockton.

Nothing worthy of mention occurred that reached my knowledge, aside from little skirmishes with Indians for stealing horses, until the end of 1844 when the Californians rose against the authority of Gen. Micheltorena who was the Governor and Commandante General of the Californians.

The Californians in the very latter end of 1844, or beginning of 1845 were encamped at the Mission San Jose. I joined them about five miles south of the Pueblo of San Jose on their march towards the laguna de Alvires, which was right in front of Alvires' house. I was then a mere volunteer private. We traveled down till we got to Castro's ranch called "Ojo Agua de la Coche." Four or five miles north and west this side of Gilroy, the news came to us that Manuel Castro had been captured by a party of Sutter's men who were in the service of General Micheltorena. Jose Castro, the Commander in Chief of the Californians, detailed me with a dozen men to go to see what we could do to release Manuel Castro. Among my party were Jose de Jesus Pico, Antonio German, Jose Romero, Jose Galindo, Francisco Garcia, and Antonio Mesa. Justo Larios was in the company, but didn't go with me. The rest I don't remember.

We left Ojo Agua de la Coche at about four P. M. and got up to where the Sutter's party were encamped at about midnight. We surprised them, though I must confess that if they had known how few there were of us, and the condition our stock was in (so fagged out that we couldn't have gone on two miles more) they could have killed us all, if they chose. They were on a very high bluff about half way through the Pacheco Pass to the San Joaquin Valley. I can give no better description of the locality as that was the first and last time I ever visited it.

I hallooed out to the enemy to surrender Manuel Castro, or we would forthwith attack and destroy them. I talked as loud as I could, and the echoes of the mountains helped me to make them believe that I had an overwhelming force with me. They asked me who I was, and on giving them my name, they replied that if I would agree to go with them, they would surrender Manuel Castro. After consulting my party and considering the circumstances we were in without means to accomplish the object in view, which was to obtain the release of Manuel Castro at all hazards, I made the arrangements, transferred myself to the foreign party, and Castro was given up to the Californians. When I was going up I felt very shaky, for if the other party had had the slightest knowledge of how weak the Californian party was, they could have kept me and Castro and another Californian prisoner whose name was Juan Elizalde, too. However, all turned out well. Castro was released, and the other fellow escaped down the bluff, and how he did it, unperceived, I never could comprehend. The fact is the man was not even missed till we were on the point of starting, for, be it remembered, the party wouldn't stop there the rest of that night fearing the Californians were very strong and might come back upon them. Their force was about seventy-three or four men and their position was almost impregnable. After I got among them I realized how foolhardy my conduct had been.

I went on with them to the San Joaquin Valley, then round to Livermore Pass, and from there to San Jose. Prior to reaching San Jose several of the party handed me different sums of money to buy things for them, like whisky, tobacco, etc. I took good care to have the best horse in the country saddled to go after the things, and started—have not been back since.

The fact was, it couldn't be expected of me that I would fight against the Californians with whom I was connected by friendship, marriage, etc. My wife was then in San Jose.

When I told them on the march the number of the Californian force I had left, they were very angry and inclined to eat away their nails. The fact was they had seized Manuel Castro with all the documents of the revolution on his person, which they secured, and intended to hang him as soon as they got through the Pass into the San Joaquin Valley. They took Castro on the Comita de Sinagres between Watsonville and Old Gilroy where old man Gilroy lived. Castro was on his way to join the Californian force at Ojo Agua de la Coche, the site of New Gilroy. We heard of his capture at rancho de la Brea. After rejoining the Californians, and reporting what I had done, I tarried four or five days at San Jose and then retired to my ranch. Since that time I have met several of the American party (it was commanded by an Englishman named Carmichael[9] living in Monterey and by George Chapel[10], an American residing in Santa Cruz). They acknowledged that I had outgeneraled them, but still there were three or four of them who would have killed me if an opportunity offered without fear of consequences. I was a pretty strong and active man at the time and a good horseman, and they knew it. That is what probably saved me.

Moses was a neighbor of mine at Mission Dolores till about ten or twelve years since, when he moved with his son Norman to Santa Cruz where he lived till three or four years ago, when he died. Norman still lives in Santa Cruz, married and with a family. I don't think he is a Mormon.

Old man Moses' family (if I remember right) came with the party under Samuel Brannan. They were all Mormons. Mrs. Moses and the girls didn't go to Santa Cruz but stayed at Mission Dolores. The old lady died about five years ago. One of the daughters married Eustaquio Valencia and died here. The other one married an American, Wm. Mason, who died, and the widow picked up her traps and children and went off to Salt Lake where she is the third or fourth wife of one of the Latter-Day-Saints.

I remember nothing more worthy of record till the Fremont party came. The story of raising the Bear flag at Sonoma has been so often told that I needn't say any thing about it. I

will, however, record the fact that the so-called Bear Party committed a most infamous act when they put to death the inoffensive old Sergt. Jose de los Reyes Berreyesa and the twin brothers Haro. The latter were brothers of my second and present wife and their names were Francisco and Ramon. Neither the twins nor Berreyesa had committed any act of hostility, were not even armed when captured by the men of the Bear Party. They were in a boat going into San Rafael, and as soon as they landed, they were seized and deliberately shot in cold blood, and left lying there. The authors of such deeds were fiends of hell, and deserved punishment at the hands of man, instead of which, I dare say, some have received honors. I have endeavored to ascertain the names of those men—others have done the same—and the father of the young victims offered rewards to learn the names of his sons' murderers, but all our efforts were unavailing.

The bodies lay on the beach three or four days, when some friends of the families picked them up. Don Francisco de Haro was, I think, the Alcalde of the town of San Francisco, ('35 and '38) and was the father of those twins. He sent for his sons' remains, but being too much decomposed, they couldn't be brought over, and had to be buried in San Rafael. The murder of those young men caused the death of their father in October 1848, for he never ceased brooding over the sad fate of his beloved sons until death put an end to his suffering.

The Bear Party repeatedly asked me to join them against the Californians, and were always met with a refusal, telling them that under the circumstances I was placed in, I preferred to remain neutral, and take no part for either side, which I adhered to, strictly attending to my own affairs. But that did not save me from the hostility of the Bear Party, nor of Fremont's men even after the U. S. flag had been hoisted over California soon after the taking of Sonoma.

Sometimes it would be the Fauntleroy party; and at another the Weber party, that came to my ranch, and killed my tame cattle and took away all my horses. Of course they took away all my arms and every available accoutrement. Such parties might have gone into adjoining ranches having plenty of wild cattle they could kill. Instead of which they would come into my place and slaughter my cows and other tame cattle,

thereby showing the spite they felt against me because I had refused to join them.

I forgot to mention that at the time I was making shingles with Yount in 1835 or thereabouts, Yount, George Nidever and myself with half a dozen skin boats manned by Russians from Bodega employed by Yount and Nidever, were for some time engaged in hunting otter in the bay of San Francisco around Suisun and other places. Yount and Nidever afterwards went outside, but I didn't go with them. Our hunt was a very successful one. I was then paid by the month to help in all I could, tend the boat, etc. Not being a very good hunter, I couldn't join the concern as one.

I continued to live on my ranch in Searsville till 1849 when I lost it for having foolishly put my name to an endorsement. The party for whom I endorsed failed to meet his obligations, and I was victimized. I settled in Mission Dolores and built the Lake House, and my own residence. I had also the misfortune to be swindled out of the Lake House.

I am now poor, but not out of doors yet and manage to support myself and family.

NOTES

The following are quotations from Bancroft's "Pioneer Register and Index." (The date immediately following the given name signifies the year of the man's arrival in California.)

1—Bancroft, "Juana Briones, mentioned as a widow and also as the wife of Apolinario Mirando, was noted for her kindness to sick and deserting sailors. She lived in an adobe in the North Beach Region."

2—Bancroft, "Ephraim P. Frawell, 1833, was a Philadelphia tailor who deserted from the whaler, *Helvetius*, and worked at his trade at different points around San Francisco Bay. He died about 1878."

3—Bancroft, "John B. R. Cooper, native of Alderney Island, came to Massachusetts as a boy with his mother, who by a second marriage became the mother of Thomas O. Larkin. He came to California in 1823 as master of the *Rover* from Boston, selling the vessel to Gov. Arguello, and continuing to command her on voyages to China until 1826. He then became a resident of Monterey, and there is not a year from 1826 to 1848 in which his name does not appear in many original records."

4—Bancroft, "Jose Lorenzo del la Conception Quijas, 1833, a Mexican Friar of the Zacatecanos, who served at the four northernmost missions. He retired in 1844, being vice-prefect in 1843-44. Perhaps in 1857 he was a parish priest in the State of Guerrero, dying at Queretaro a little later. Padre Quijas was a black sheep in the Franciscan flock, yet was a good man when sober."

5—Bancroft, "Jose Maria Hijar, 1834, a wealthy and influential Mexican of Jalisco who joined J. M. Padres and others in organizing the California colony that bears his name. He got an appointment as Governor, but Gov. Figueroa refused to recognize his title. The colony was a failure, and Hijar was sent to Mexico in 1835 on a charge of conspiracy, which was but very slightly founded in fact."

6—Bancroft, "James Stokes, 1834 (?), was an English sailor who in California became a doctor. He first appeared on the records of 1835 when he served as a consulting physician in the case of Gov. Figueroa. In 1846 Dr. Stokes is vaguely accredited in tradition with having intrigued for an English protectorate, but he was the first to raise the U. S. flag at San Jose, where by Sloat's appointment, he served as Alcalde after the change of flag."

7—Bancroft, "Francisco Solano was an Indian chief of the Suisunes, who from 1835 was an ally of Vallejo at Sonoma, doing more than any other to keep the Indians of the northern frontier in order."

8—Probably William Robert Garner. See Bancroft's "Pioneer Register and Index."

9—Bancroft, "Lawrence Carmichael, 1833, Scotch trapper from New Mexico who settled at San Jose."

10—Bancroft, "George Chapel, 1840, one of the exiles to San Blas who came back in 1841 and settled in the Santa Cruz Redwoods."

The Stage-Driver's Story

By Bret Harte

It was the stage-driver's story, as he stood with his back to the wheelers.
Quietly flecking his whip, and turning his quid of tobacco;
While on the dust road, and blent with the rays of the moonlight,
We saw the long curl of his lash and the juice of tobacco descending.

"Danger! Sir, I believe you, indeed, I may say on the subject,
You your existence might put to the hazard and turn of a wager.
I have seen danger? Oh, no! not me, sir, I assure you:
'Twas only the man with the dog that is sitting alone in yon wagon.

It was the Geiger Grade, a mile and a half from the summit:
Black as your hat was the night, and never a star in the heavens.
Thundering down the grade, the gravel and stones we sent flying
Over the precipice side—a thousand feet plumb to the bottom.

Half way down the grade I felt, sir, a thrilling and creaking,
Then a lurch to one side, as we hung on the bank of the canon;
Then, looking up the road, I saw, in the distance behind me,
The off hind wheel of the coach just loosed from its axle, and following.

One glance alone I gave, then gathered together my ribbons,
Shouted, and flung them, outspread, on the straining necks of my cattle;
Screamed at the top of my voice, and lashed the air in my phrenzy,
While down the Geiger Grade, on *three* wheels the vehicle thundered.

Speed was our only chance, when again came the ominous rattle:
Crack, and another wheel slipped away, and was lost in the darkness.
Two only now were left; yet such was our fearful momentum,
Upright, erect, and sustained on *two* wheels, the vehicle thundered.

As some huge bowlder, unloosed from its rocky shelf on the mountain,
Drives before it the hare and the timorous squirrel, far leaping,
So down the Geiger Grade rushed the Pioneer coach, and before it,
Leaped the wild horses, and shrieked in advance of the danger impending.

But to be brief in my tale. Again, ere we came to the level,
Slipped from its axle a wheel; so that, to be plain in my statement,
A matter of twelve hundred yards or more, as the distance may be,
We travelled upon *one* wheel, until we drove up to the station.

Then, sir, we sank in a heap; but, picking myself from the ruins,
I heard a noise up the grade; and looking, I saw in the distance
The three wheels following still, like moons on the horizon whirling,
Till, circling, they gracefully sank on the road at the side of the station.

This is my story, sir; a trifle, indeed, I assure you.
Much more, perchance, might be said; but I hold him, of all men, most lightly
Who swerves from the truth in his tale—No, thank you—Well, since you *are* pressing,
Perhaps I don't care if I do; you may give me the same, Jim—no sugar."

Francis Bret Harte

By Oliver P. Stidger

On life's stage at certain and apparently at predestined periods, for the particular education and pleasure of mankind, appear political writers of antagonistic views, all no doubt, original and earnest, whose theses have more or less affected the whole science of government and even of social life. Some are the apostles of radicalism, some of conservatism. One great writer, more than any other, stimulated, yes, precipitated the French Revolution; another opposed the cataclysm with equal eloquence and caused Europe to react from the former's pronounced revolutionary principles. These men of opposing conceptions of civil and national right and wrong, Rousseau and Burke, have passed into the eternal, but their influence endures. Their theories are still potent for they embodied certain germinant ideas in fascinating literary style which will live on to the end of time.

So, also, in his time and in contradistinction to the ponderous skill and argument of these two and other well known writers, advances to the footlights of life's show, Francis Bret Harte, who came not to challenge these or any other writer on political economy, on the science of government, or on the rise and descent of man, but, like Heine, to challenge the existence of mankind by derision in most original characterization and with great range of power.

Bret Harte was seventeen when he arrived "out west" in the middle fifties, and he found California a desirable environment. The west was awake and applauding the ease with which its acquisition from Mexico had been followed by the "rush" of 1849. The placid days of the Jesuit regime were over. We can only surmise how and why the hordes of converts melted away, the Spaniards into the chaotic violence of the south, the Indians into reservations and decay.

Harte advanced to his place on our western stage in San Francisco, the melting pot of every race. Here, when resort to the "code duello" failed, and the advocates of "Judge Lynch" overstepped the mark, thousands of men filled up

the ranks of the Vigilance Committee. Of this famous Committee Harte said "It was the most peaceful, orderly, well organized and temperate mob the world has ever known, and yet in conception as lawless, autocratic and imperious as the conditions it opposed." My grandfather, Judge O. P. Stidger, a warm and close personal friend of Harte, also held these views of the Vigilance Committee.

Bret Harte and Mark Twain entered upon fame together, but their controversy relative to their collaboration on the "Ah Sin" story sundered their friendship.

If Harte did not create, certainly he stimulated the writing and success of the *short story*. He excelled all other writers in expressing the western character in brief and lucid narrative. He dealt with the reckless community of those times in terms it could understand, and though his characters were sometimes, more often than not in fact, turbulent, dissolute, profane, they were at all times human; and though his writing was "not always clothed in the best language and often appeared in the slouching, slangy undress of the place and period, yet it never was rustic nor homespun, and sometimes struck home with precision and fitness."

Of his contemporaries there were Poe, who wrote tales in which the sun never shown; Hawthorne, the Puritan, who wrote with the ponderousness of that New England period; and de Maupassant, who alone vied with Harte on soundness of plot and brightness of tone. De Maupassant, however, depresses, while Harte lifts up the heart to gayety and joy.

The sovereign gift of humor makes Harte's writings unapproachable. Time should catch up with him and do him justice for his achievement in many fields: in the lyric and the parody, in the handling of dialect, in his great breadth of outlook, and in the preeminence of his genius as a writer of short stories. Let us appreciate his refined emotions as well as his great constructive skill, and help history do him the justice his memory well deserves.

Stage Coach Days

A group of photographs from a collection of views by Edward Vischer.
Published by permission of Mr. Hubert Vischer.

COAST STAGE ROAD. CLIFF PASSAGE SOUTH OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA STAGE LINE COACH "BEACHED" AT MIDNIGHT BETWEEN SANTA BARBARA AND SAN BUENAVENTURA.

SAN LUIS OBISPO STATION AND WATERING PLACE OF THE SOUTHERN OVERLAND STAGE LINE.

STATION OF THE SOUTHERN OVERLAND STAGE LINE.

PASSAGE OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA STAGE LINE BETWEEN SANTA BARBARA AND SAN BUENAVENTURA.

Announcements and Reports

SECRETARY'S REPORT

March 31, 1930.

Fellow Members:

We have started the new year with a "bang," so to speak, in having elected to membership Richard Edward Tobin (4th generation), descendant of John Parrott; Michael deYoung Tobin (5th generation), descendent of Joseph Oliver Tobin; George Herman Meyer and Leo William Meyer, grandsons of George H. Eggers: and Howard Simpson, a descendent of William Simpson.

At the January meeting the Hon. Lewis F. Byington gave a glowing account of his "Reminiscences of my late trip through romantic Spain, Italy, Switzerland, France, Germany and Spain." In February Hon. Charles C. Moore thrilled us with his account of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce' "Around the Pacific good will cruise to the Orient, Malay States, Java, Australia, New Zealand, and the South Seas on board the S. S. *Malolo*." This trip has brought those countries into closer touch with San Francisco than ever before, by establishing a better acquaintance, which should be of mutual advantage for international commercial relations and better world understanding. At the March meeting the distinguished Dr. David B. Domb spoke to a large audience, giving us an outstandingly clear and interesting talk on "Nutrition, the Chemistry of Life," which was received with enthusiasm by all present.

You cannot afford to miss these occasions when gifted men bring to us their experience in travel and science.

Respectfully yours,

H. L. Van Winkle,

Secretary.

Accessions to the Library and Museum

The following gifts have been received since October 1, 1929:

Mr. M. J. Aguirre. Portraits of his father and mother, Juan Miguel A. and Maria Martina Labayon Aguirre; biographical notes; framed picture of Dupont Place east of Grant Avenue in 1866; and a gold dust belt worn by J. M. Aguirre in 1849.

Mrs. Nellie Armistead. A chair brought "round the Horn" in 1852 on the ship *North America* by James Stratton (this was presented in the name of the Tamalpais Parlor of the Native Daughters, No. 231, Mill Valley); James Stratton's Diary; clippings relating to the Washington Grammar School of which Mr. Stratton was Principal; and a group of coins.

Mr. Phil. B. Bekeart. Piccolo brought out to California in the early '50s, by Rinehart who organized the old Coloma Brass Band. Photograph of the G. A. R. Arch on Market Street, 1886.

Mr. H. G. Blankman. A collection of 258 silver and copper coins and tokens, dates ranging from 1679 to 1924.

Miss Margaret Cameron. Memorial Resolution sent by this Society to Mrs. M. K. Murphy at the time of her husband's death in August 1879.

Mr. W. F. Chipman. Papers of historical interest from the Phelps' Estate:—Copy of the New York *Herald*, April 15, 1865; copy of the *Daily Alta California*, April 14, 1863; copy of a speech on taxation, delivered in 1863 by Timothy Guy Phelps; Stock certificate of the Wall Gold & Silver Mining Company, 1863; a $20 and a $100 bill of the Confederate States of America; copy of the address made by Senator Charles Perkins at the funeral of Mr. Phelps; letters from Mrs. Leland Stanford and Mr. N. F. Brittan to Mrs. T. G. Phelps; and a newspaper clipping being a picture of the late Timothy Guy Phelps.

Mr. John E. Connor. Two copies of an invitation to the launching of the *Monterey;* and a piece of the rope used in the launching of the *Oregon.*

Denis, Alberta J. Spanish Alta California. MacM., N. Y., 1927.

Mr. Francis Doud. Letter to his father, dated Sept. 1, 1847, describing the battle of Cerro Gordo in the Mexican War; "Conveyance" of land to Ann Lisa Brannan by Jacob P. Leese; Title to some land deeded to Jacob P. Leese and signed by Walter Colton, 1847; and a number of other valuable and extremely interesting papers of the same character.

Mr. J. H. P. Gedge. A miscellaneous collection of early San Francisco newspapers and magazines.

Mr. Lowell E. Hardy. The Diary of Lowell J. Hardy, giving a bit of the early history of Oakland; and a miscellaneous collection of lithographed letter sheets and newspaper clippings. This collection is loaned to this Society as a memorial to Lowell J. Hardy.

Mr. H. C. Kirkpatrick. Pioneer Number of the Pacific Service Magazine, October 1929.

Mr. Philip J. Lawler. Enlarged portrait of Gen. John Sutter in 1878.

Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels. Photograph of the gold rocker in which she was cradled in 1849.

Mr. W. L. Murphy. *Sonoma Bulletin* of August 6, 1853.

Mr. Robert W. Neal. Fire badge of 1907, San Francisco. Press Badge worn by members of the Reception Committee (San Francisco) the first time the Fleet entered San Francisco Bay.

Mrs. Ethel W. Otis. Five daguerreotypes, being a panorama of San Francisco in about 1851; and a check for ten dollars to cover cost of framing.

Mr. F. W. Payne. Newspaper article "Texas Rangers Range no More," by Oliver P. White.

Mr. James D. Phelan. The original manuscript diary of Sterling B. F. Clark, kept while crossing the plains in 1849; daguerreotype of Mr. S. B. F. Clark and his bride; tintype of Ella Sterling Clark at eleven years of age; framed letter from Clark to Rachel Mitchell written in mucilage and gold dust; gold locket containing two daguerreotype heads of Clark, 1850; photograph of a miner's gold rocker, which cradled Mrs. Ella Sterling Clark Mighels when a child.

"The Journal of Pierson B. Reading across the Rocky Mountains to California in 1843"; "Memorial" to Mr. Reading, written by his daughter, Alice M. Reading; Reading's Com-

mission as an Indian Agent; and photostat copies of some surveys made by Reading.

Mr. Edwin Shepard, through Mr. T. H. Palache. A "one seat" ticket of the North Beach and Mission Railroad Co., signed by W. Southwick, Secretary.

Mrs. Rachel J. Snyder. A group of papers belonging to her husband, Jacob Snyder; deed to some land sold by John A. Sutter to P. Slater and James King of Wm. in 1850; letters from David W. Alexander, James King of Wm. and Pedro C. Carrillo; "orders" from Jacob Snyder, Quartermaster of the California Battalion.

Mrs. A. B. Spreckels. Framed cartoon, "Steamer Day in San Francisco," by E. Jump. A Nagel print.

Mr. Delger Trowbridge. Copy of a "notice" printed by the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger*, April 18, 1906, telling of the earthquake in San Francisco; and, two "passes" issued immediately after the San Francisco fire of 1906.

Maps

Cary. Map of North America, 1806.

D'Anville. Map of North and South America. In two parts. 1772.

Jaillot. Map of North America. 1694.

Ortelius. Map of the Pacific. 1589.

Wyed. Map of America. 1824.

Books and Pamphlets

Author's Carnival Album, Illustrated. Bancroft & Co. S. F., 1880. Gift of Mr. Edward M. Moore.

Baker, C. D. Eloquence of the Far West. Murdock, S. F., 1899. Gift of Mr. O. P. Stidger.

Butler, Francis. Spanish Teacher and Colloquial Phrase Book. Thompson, N. Y., 1850. Gift of Mrs. E. S. Mighels.

Clark, Sterling B. F. How Many Miles to St. Jo? Taylor & Taylor, S. F., 1929. Gift of Mr. James D. Phelan.

Cleland, R. G. and Osgood Hardy. March of Industry. Powell Pub. Co., L. A., 1929. Gift of the publishers.

Deleisseques, Rebecca and Mylar, Lucretia. Early days in Corralitos and Soquel. Evening *Free Lance*, Hollister, Calif., 1929.

Fascinating San Francisco. S. F., 1924. Gift of Mr. O. P. Stidger.

Fletcher, F. N. Early Nevada. Carlisle Co., Reno, 1929.

Geological Survey, San Francisco Earthquake and Fire of April 18, 1906. Gov. Print. Off., Washington, 1907. Gift of Mr. R. W. Neal.

Hammond, G. P. and Rey, Agapito. Expedition into New Mexico made by Antonio de Espejo, 1582-83. Quivira Society, Los Angeles, 1929.

Harpending, Ashbury. The Great Diamond Hoax. J. H. Barry, S. F., 1918. Gift of Mr. O. P. Stidger.

Theodore Henry Hittell, In Memoriam. Calif. Acad. of Sciences, S. F., 1918. Gift of Dr. B. W. Everman.

Hunt, Rockwell D. and Sanchez, Nellie Van de G. A Short History of California. Crowell Co., N. Y., 1929.

Index to Harper's Monthly Magazine, vols. 1 to 85, inclusive. Gift of Mr. P. B. Bekeart.

Mighels, Ella Sterling. Fairy Tale of the White Man; The Full Glory of Diantha, Forbes, Chicago, 1908; San Francisco—Redi-vivus!, Harrington, McGuinness, Oakland, n. d.; Society and Babe Robinson, Pac. Pub. Co., S. F., 1914; Wawona, an Indian story of the Northwest, Harr Wagner, S. F., 1921. Gift of the author.

Mighels, Ella Sterling. Life and Letters of a Forty-Niner's Daughter. Harr Wagner, S. F., 1929. Gift of Mr. James D. Phelan.

O'Shaughnessy, M. M. Past, Present and Future Roadways of San Francisco. 1929. Gift of the author.

Southern Pacific Bulletin, November 1926 to October 1929, containing the story, From Trail to Rail. Gift of the Southern Pacific Company.

Stidger, Felix. Treason History of the Order of the Sons of Liberty. 1903. Gift of Mr. O. P. Stidger.

Stidger, O. P. High Lights on Chinese Exclusion and Expulsion. S. F., 1924; Our Immigration Law and its menace to American Citizenship, S. F., 1924. Gift of the author.

Taylor, Frank J. Land of Homes. Powell Pub. Co., L. A., 1929. Gift of the Publishers.

Touring Topics. January 1930. Gift of Mr. R. E. Cowan.

Von Geldern, Otto H. Reminiscences of the Pioneer Engineers of California. Amer. Soc. of Civil Engineers, 1929. Gift of Mr. N. A. Bowers.

Weare, W. K. Songs of the Western Sea. Bacon Co., S. F., 1879. Gift of Mr. O. P. Stidger.

Respectfully submitted,
EDITH TREANOR,
Acting Curator.

QUARTERLY
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H. L. VAN WINKLE
Secretary

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Editor

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A Message from the Retiring President

AN ADDRESS MADE AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS ON JULY 7, 1930

Fellow Members:

I regard it a very great honor to have been called upon by you to preside over the work of this Society for the past three years, and I take this opportunity to express to you my deep appreciation for the splendid token of your esteem, I hope I may say of your affection, upon my retirement as your president. I do not know of any other task which would have tempted me to draw away from my ordinary life into an arena so public and so open to critical observation. But if I have added a little to the share of the accomplishment of those men who have preceded me, I am indeed happy. I feel that within the past three years we have not been merely "Mr. President" and "Fellow Members," but loyal fast friends, and I have always felt, when I have been called upon to preside at meetings of the Board of Directors, or of the Members, that I have been sitting around a council table of earnest, sympathetic, warm friends, eager to carry on the work of the Society for the common good of all, and with a firm determination to perpetuate the history of California and the memory of the people who made this history.

I feel that we are now a Society devoted to research and information. I feel that we are becoming better known. I feel that people throughout the country are giving us more personal attention, and I am indeed honored to hand over the work of the Society to our associate Director and very good friend, the Hon. C. C. Moore, who will serve you for the en-

suing year. Mr. Moore is renowned for the accomplishment of great things for California. His name is internationally known. His deeds speak for him more fully than any encomium of mine or any other man. I ask from you, for him, the whole-hearted support you have given me. With this help the work of the Society will advance materially.

I am indeed happy to continue to serve you as a member of your Board of Directors, together with the men who have served you so long and faithfully. Before the term of my office expires I hope to conclude several subjects which I deem of importance to the continued happy existence of our Society: first, to stimulate in the minds of all Californians and especially the youth of this State, a greater interest in the early history of California; second, as I brought into life the Third Generation Committee, it is my hope to further stimulate the interest of the members of this committee to such an extent that they, too, will go out into the highways and byways to preach the doctrines for which this Society stands; third, the erection of a new building somewhere on land owned by the City and County of San Francisco to house permanently our valuable historical collection.

The time is now here to bring about a closer union between this organization and that of kindred organizations having within the scope of their intentions the enhancement of the grandeur and the beauty which we now enjoy—the eloquent witnesses of peace and progress. Among the most sublime sentiments which should move Californians today should be the respect, the honor, and the veneration due to the memory of those men and women who made the "magnificent march of travel," and we should commemorate the result of the peace they won, and typify their hopes of the future in noble work laid out for the youth of the State. The people of any state who do not have an interest in the preservation and the commemoration of the past history of the founders of their state, are truly lost; and the children who are not taught to revere the heroic background, deeds, history, and memory of their fathers will not particularly care to what part of the devil that history and that memory may go. So, if all of us forget what we and our people were yesterday, we surely will not care what

we are today and may be tomorrow. The present young Californian seems ignorant of the striking episodes in the history of this State, and perhaps it is because of their ignorance of the striking and colorful early history of California that I feel like accusing them of disliking the subject. Perhaps they are too close to the picture and their minds focused solely on contemporary problems, causing a mental unconsciousness of the great and glorious history which, through the passing years, seems in a perpetual state of material change.

The California to which I refer is the California of the forties and fifties, during which period daring and courageous souls conquered supposedly insurmountable difficulties and won the everlasting applause of mankind. The men and women of those earlier days have left the mark of their hardihood, bravery and example unaltered. We can only enshrine their names, their deeds, and all that we have gained by their conquering purpose, in a monument or museum, everlastingly commemorating their memory.

In all ages the aspirations and achievements of men have been represented in symbols. Nations have disappeared from the earth and no records remain of their progress. But from their monuments we know their history. The Assyrians and the Egyptians erected their huge monoliths to tell the stories of the forgotten civilization and to glorify those who were responsible for their grandeur. The Greeks erected the Parthenon, the Temple of Athena Parthenos, as an expression of their hope. The Colossus of Rhodes was erected to the God of the Sun to commemorate the great avenues of commerce. Later, England erected a monument to Nelson to commemorate his victories off Trafalgar. Columns were erected in honor of Napoleon. The Statue of Liberty, rising in New York Harbor, illustrates an idea inspired by honor and trust between nations. But none of these are greater than the mighty adventures and the inspiring thought which led our pioneer men and women, our own forbears, to come here to raise a social structure abolishing "privileges for the few," enfranchising the individual, guaranteeing all men and women equality before the law, free education, free speech and free press, freedom to worship and equal opportunity for honor and fortune.

I venture to say that there is not another State in the United States where the foundations of religion, of law and order, of happy relations between individuals, of public administration, of political organizations, were so generously agreed upon and established in the beginning as in California. In almost every instance here, the process of the forming the structure of the state was done by free and conscious acceptance by all the people.

To honor the names and deeds of California's Pioneers we should erect a shaft on the highest peak above our city, commemorating their high conception of law and order, which was born from the flame of divinity and conquest. Let this shaft be built from the enthusiasm of our people, by generous contribution from grateful givers. On it should be depicted the legislator, the judge, the merchant, the banker, the farmer, the painter, the player, and the preacher, each in his particular niche contributing to the welfare of our state as he did in observance of his duty in those early times.

Yours very sincerely,

Oliver P. Stidger.

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In this issue we are publishing three very interesting chapters from "Recueil de Voiages au Nord," which have been carefully translated by Col. E. V. Smith, to whom we offer our sincere thanks, as well as to Mr. Philip B. Bekeart for his carefully compiled "Notes" for these same chapters, and for the maps and print which are copies from his collection.

These chapters deal with the history of exploration on the coast of Lower California, so for those of our readers who, perchance, are not familiar with this subject, the following paragraphs culled from two books—Arthur W. North's "Mother of California" and Ora Eugene Monnette's "California Chronology," will provide a brief resume of that rather fascinating story.

Saluting "The Great State of California," Mr. North says, "California, carest thou, on thine onward march, to recall the centuries when thou wert but an unknown part of the strange mysterious lands, *las Californias!* Wouldst thou, and those to whom thou art a potentiality, hear the romantic story of thy Mother, the first California, that California whose beginnings are thine own? A land great in its past and lean in its present. A land of strange contradictions. A Peninsula which to the Spanish *conquistadores* was an island glittering in the azure web of romance, a land for which the padres gave their lives in fanatic devotion to the Cross, a land rich in history when the timbers of the *Mayflower* were yet in the forest. Lower California, once sought and guarded for her ores and jewels, now a veritable terra incognita slumbering unnoticed at the feet of her courted child, the great State of California.

"In the days of Hernando Cortez, the great Spanish Captain-General, there was a widely read romance which had been written by Garcia Ordonez de Montalvo and published in Spain in 1610. "Las Sergas de Esplandian" or the "Adventures of Esplandian" it was named, and it told of an island called California—a term implying insularity coupled with riches. 'Know,' says the Sergas, 'That on the right hand of the Indies there is an island called California very close to the side of the Terrestrial Paradise; and it is peopled by black women, without any man among them, for they live in the manner of Amazons. They are of strong and hardy bodies, of ardent courage and great force. Their island is the strongest in the world, with its steep cliffs and rock shores. Their arms are of gold, and so is their harness, for in all the whole island there is no metal but gold.'

"It was not until 1527 that Cortez, unsatisfied with the wealth of the Montezumas and keen for further adventure, dispatched an expedition from Tehuantepec on the west coast of Mexico to 'discover' a route from New Spain to the recently discovered Spice Islands (Philippines) and a strait supposed to exist somewhere to the northwest. Undaunted by its failure and that of other exploring parties, he sent Mendoza from Acapulco in 1532 to 'make diligent search along the coast of New Spain for the westerly island heralded in *Las Sergas Esplandian*,' from which the courtiers of the Aztec Montezuma declared that their Emperor had acquired much of his treasure.

"Mendoza sailed and never returned. Two more of Cortez' ships sailed from Tehuantepec in 1533. Both captains had instructions to search for Mendoza and both failed, though one reported the discovery of a mermaid, and the other was murdered by his pilot. So in 1535 Cortez sailed to the west in person, and though his efforts at colonization were a failure, he found the Bay of Santa Cruz, now called La Paz, and plenty of pearls and sufficient Indians to make securing them interesting.

"About this time Alvara Nunez, Cabeza de Vaca, and the mulatto Sebastian, appeared unexpectedly in New Spain with tales of the wondrous Seven Cities of Cibola, tales to fire anew the ardor of the *conquistadores*. A year later Friar Marcos de Niza, who had wondered in the country north of Mexico, arrived with even more extravagant accounts of the northern wonders. So in 1539 Cortez sent his last expedition in search of gold and silver and jewels. Francisco de Ulloa was in command, and had three vessels. Indians, sickness and disaster visited them and they did not come upon the cities with the golden pavements but they recorded having sighted the superb harbor now known as Magdalena Bay just off the 25th parallel; they discovered the mighty Colorado River; gained some idea of the southern outline of California; and partially explored the Gulf of California, then called the Sea of Cortez.

"Next Mendoza, bitter rival of Cortez, dispatched Fernando de Alarcon up the coast, and late in the summer of 1541 he sighted the headwaters of the Gulf and the mighty stream which empties into it. Small wonder he could make little progress in ascending this river, for here the tide ascends full twelve leagues up the river, battling with the furious current of the mighty Colorado and producing a dangerous tidal bore, the lowest stage thereof being three feet, and the highest seven times as great.

"1542 found Juan Cabrillo (also sent by Mendoza) near the 30th parallel. Some twenty years later Andreas Urdeneta, a sailor monk, steering for the Philippines, found favorable winds which brought his vessel off what is now known as Cape Mendocino on the California coast. After 1570 Spanish treasure ships sailed twice a year from Acapulco to the Philippines, and made their return voyages along Urdeneta's course, a course mightily favored by the winds and by the equatorial and Japanese ocean currents.

"In 1587 Sir Thomas Cavendish, an English explorer and privateer, also itching for some of this good treasure, coursed along this coast. A brief quotation from his report rendered after his arrival at Plymouth, England, in 1589, gives an interesting picture of maritime conditions on this coast in the 16th century. 'I have,' he wrote, 'navigated along the coasts of Chili, Peru, and Nova Spagna, where I made great spoils. I burnt nineteen ships, small and great, and all the villages and towns I landed at, I burnt and spoiled.'

"The wars of the Reformation in England and Holland were coincident with the sailing forth of many English and Dutch filibustering expeditions. They traded with the Indians of Lower California for pearls, they captured the rich cargoes of the Manila galleons—silks, satins, spices, bullion, coin and jewels, not forgetting in their haste, an occasional batch of pretty senoritas, for these were the wild times when life and death and romance and fighting mingled freely together.

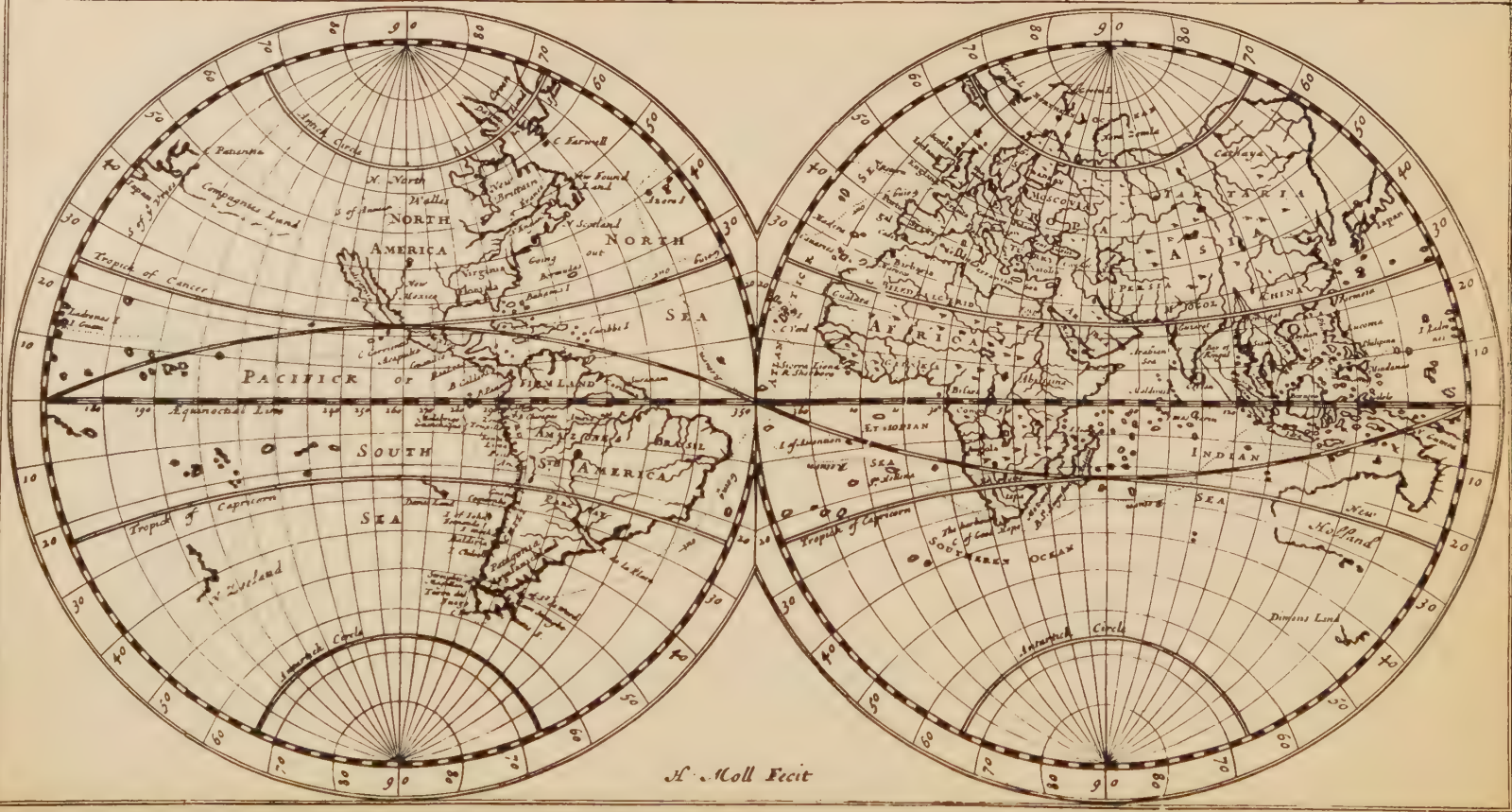
"Such presumptious daring awakened the resentment of their Spanish Majesties, and the Viceroy of Mexico was directed to explore the coast of California and to found settlements, one near Cape San Lucas and the other somewhere immediately below Cape Mendocino; to assist the Manila galleons; to make the western slope an actual part of their Majesties' domain; to extend the Catholic religion among the Indians; and locate the 'Straits of Annian' which were thought to pass through the land north of California and come out near the New Foundland cod fisheries.

"On this manifold mission Sebastian Vizcaino was sent from Acapulco in command of three ships manned by a company among whom were four Franciscan Friars. At the Port of Santa Cruz, which he named La Paz, he landed and planted a settlement, which, however, was not successful, and he returned to the mainland about 1602.

"Many long years now elapsed before further explorations were undertaken along the western coast of California. Then in 1683, Admiral Isidro Otondo y Antillon whose story is partially told in this issue of the QUARTERLY, sailed from the Spanish Main accompanied by Padres Juan Copart, Kino, and Goni, Jesuits, with a royal warrant for colonizing the country. However fruitless their first labors of fortifications were, they deserve notice, for theirs was the first serious attempt at building ever made in the Californias.

"Notwithstanding the many venturesome trips of the various bold voyagers, the general conception of the coast line of the peninsula was still so hazy that the Californias were set down in Otondo's and Kino's reports as an island. As for the interior of the country, it was a book with uncut leaves. Though not for long, for in the spring of 1697, the Spanish Viceroy, Conde de Montezuma, granted a license empowering Fathers Salvatierra and Kino, who were later joined by Father Picolo, to undertake the conversion of the Californias on two conditions: first, that it should be at their own expense; second, that the country should be taken possession of in the name of the King of Spain. Management, routine, and policy were left in the hands of the padres, and in this the Spanish government made no mistake for the Jesuits who entered the missionary field in California were possessed of the tact of the French explorers, the persistency of the English settlers, and the diplomacy and bravery of the American frontiersmen. Of this even a skeptic will be convinced after traveling through the wildernesses of Lower California and observing their works and studying their history."

A MAP OF THE WORLD. *Shewing the Course of M^r DAMPIERS Voyage Round it: From 1679. to 1691.*



H. Moll Fecit

"Recueil de Voiages au Nord"

(Collection of Voyages to the North)

FOREWORD

By Phil B. Bekeart

The book from which Col. E. V. Smith translated the three following excerpts is titled "Recueil de Voyages au Nord, Contenant divers Memoires tres utiles au Commerce & a la Navigation. Tome Troisieme," published by Jean Frederick Bernard, Amsterdam, 1715.

Recently I remarked to Col. Smith that I was uncertain whether or not the California chapters had been translated into English, and he offered to translate the chapters for me. I then wrote for further information to our Honorary Member, Robert E. Cowan, who called my attention to page 188 of his "Bibliography of California and the Pacific Coast." The book referred to, "A Relation of the Invasion and Conquest of Florida" (London, 1686) contains an English translation of the chapter, "Some Discoveries made by the Spaniards in the Island of California in 1683." This same chapter was again printed in "Travels of the Jesuits" by John Lockman (2 Vols., London, 1743).

The Picolo Memoir was translated into English and published in a Philosophical Magazine in London in 1708. It was also printed in Lockman's "Travels of the Jesuits."

Joseph Nicholas de l'Isle was the first geographer and writer to assert positively that California was not an Island. His letter concerning California may have been printed in English, as it has been referred to by several writers and geographers, but I have not been able to find a complete translation. His map of 1752 will be found opposite page 91 of this article.

ACCOUNT OF THE INCURSION INTO CALIFORNIA BY THE SPANIARDS IN 1683

From the time Spain made herself mistress of Mexico the great Island of California had always appeared to Spain to be a conquest worthy of her arms. Religious zeal and salvation of the Islanders, added to the hope that those who had navigated those coasts had given us of great pearl fisheries, had, from the beginning inspired the desire of extending the empire in these vast and rich lands. The famous Marquis de Valle, Don Hernan Cortes[1], was the first who formed a plan and made

1—Hernan Cortes—Famous Spanish soldier, Conqueror of Mexico. Born at Medellin Estremadura, Spain, in 1485. Died at Castillejo de la Cuestra near Seville, December 1547.

Cortes is variously written Hernando or Fernando Cortez.

a voyage there. But fear of trouble that might menace in a country newly conquered having called him back to Mexico, the hope which had been conceived through his valor and desire to increase his fortune, was extinguished. Several great captains after him had renewed the enterprise, but the plans had ever gone awry through unforeseen accidents, and nothing had been brought back from all the incursions other than some knowledge of the people that inhabit that island, some pearls gathered there, and a species of ambergris that is found there.

The glory of succeeding in this conquest, important alike to religion and commerce, has been reserved to our Monarch, who has defrayed the expenses of this last expedition, and its initial success has given a foundation for every hope. The Marquis de Laguna, Viceroy and Captain General of New Spain, having received commands from his Catholic Majesty[2] to spare nothing for the enterprise whereby it was hoped to extend the Faith in the lands of the Barbarians, caused two vessels of war and a barge, for use as a cutter, to be fitted out; and, having manned them with good troops and supplied them with every kind of munitions, sent them out on this conquest under the command of Don Isidro Otondo[3], Admiral of New Spain, from whose letters this account has been taken.

This little fleet left the harbor of Chalaca in New Galicia on the 18th of January, 1683. The first days of the voyage were not too happy. Almost continually they had contrary winds. It was necessary to sail close to the wind and they were driven by a tempest into the harbor of Mazatlan, which they entered on the 9th of February. On the 18th of March they arrived at the mouth of the Sinaloa River where they found a quite commodious harbor. There they remained to rest for some time, and then resumed the voyage along the Sinaloa Coast as far as the Island of St. Ignatius[4] where they took advantage of the winds in order to go faster, or rather a little less slowly than they had been going up to then. The

2—Felipe IV, King of Spain.

3—Under command of Admiral Isidro Otondo y Antillon three vessels, the *Limpia Concepcion*, Captain Francisco Pereda y Arce, the *San Jose*, Capt. Blas de Guzman y Cordoba, and the *San Francisco Javier*, Capt. Alferez Martin de Verastegui, left Chalaca, January 18, 1683. Chalaca is about twenty-five miles south of San Blas, and was then the port of the town of Compostela, Mexico.

4—St. Ignatius Island is in the Gulf of California off the west coast of Sonora between the 25th and 26th parallels.

route they took was from east to west. The weather was so favorable that they were carried to within sight of Cerralvo[5] and the land of California in a single night, notwithstanding the strong currents that were encountered in that arm of the sea and which rushed so impetuously into the southern sea. Then, the wind having changed all of a sudden, they were not able to make a landing until after three days.

From there they coasted along the land towards the northwest, and after eight leagues of travel arrived at the entrance of the harbor of Nuestra Sonora de la Paz[6], which ordinary maps show as at twenty-four degrees. Some particular ones give it at twenty-seven, and others at twenty-five or six degrees. The marine map of Captain Francois de Lureville[7] that puts it at twenty-four is in accord with those of Janssonius, but Father Eusebio Francisco Kino[8], Jesuit and famous mathematician, who was on the voyage, says that the entrance to that harbor is twenty-four degrees and forty-five minutes. This gives cause for some doubt as to whether the harbor was actually that of Puerta de la Paz; a doubt, moreover, well supported by the fact that the Indians found at the harbor they entered, knew not a single one of the words spoken to them by the Jesuits with the Fleet. These words were the ones marked in a dictionary that the Fathers of the company had made at Puerta de la Paz on the previous expeditions of the Spaniards to that place. In addition the old accounts that had been made stated that the Indians of that port were accustomed to coming out to the vessels on rafts and in canoes, with great demonstrations of friendliness, but on this occasion there came out neither canoe nor raft, and several days passed before any person was seen. The Admiral, Don Isidro Otondo, to whom this doubt also had occurred, tried to satisfy himself by saying that the Indians called Guaricures, who, according to old accounts, had been at war with those of La Paz, had been able to drive away the old inhabitants and had made themselves masters of the country; and moreover, that certain

5—Cerralvo is a large island in the Gulf of California, east of La Paz.

6—Bay of La Paz is on the east side of Baja California. The Duflot de Mofras Atlas (Paris, 1844) shows it at 24 degrees 30 minutes.

7—Captain Francois de Lureville—no available information.

8—Fra. Eusebio Francisco Kino—Jesuit priest, mathematician, geographer, missionary and writer. A native of Trent, Austrian Tyrol, born about 1640. Died in Mexico in 1710 or 1711, after thirty years of missionary work in Mexico where he founded eight missions.

marks found at the end of the Island of Cerralvo proved that the port was the old Puerta de la Paz. Be that as it may, we shall call it by that name.

They entered there on the 30th of March after devotions in honor of St. Joseph. The bay is quite large and resembles a little that of Cadiz[9]. The next day they went on five or six leagues farther and anchored. The Admiral and Captains took two shallops to go ashore and landed in a very agreeable spot covered with palm trees, and where they found a spring of very good water. They saw no one, but judged by the signs they noticed that men had been there. They went no further that day and returned to the beach to sleep.

The following day all came ashore. First a cross was erected on an eminence, thus taking possession of the country in the name of their God and their King. Then they sought to discover if there were any Indians hidden in the depths of the woods with which the mountain was covered, and left foodstuffs such as wheat and biscuit, as well as some other things, among them beads. And, contented with their progress, they reembarked.

On the third day of April they again went ashore and found these things still untouched and in the same places they had left them. Accompanied by some of his men, the Admiral ascended a hill from where they saw nothing more than a large lake and so they returned to the fleet.

The following Sunday the shallops were sent out to explore a strait that extended for more than three leagues. Father Kino writes that the entrance to this strait is at twenty-four degrees, ten minutes. They amused themselves in the evening by fishing, and caught a quantity of sea-wolves (Loups Marins), sole, skate, and several other fish of enormous size, which supplied them with food for three days. They also found some venomous things, but only those already known. Monday they returned to the place where they had first debarked. At once they began the construction of a small fort with a Church to Our Lady of Guadaloupe, so named because it was under the auspices of that Saint that the conquest of the country

9—Cadiz, Spain.

had been undertaken. This precaution was not unwise for the Admiral and some of the Captains, having gone up a hill, saw some large clouds of smoke—the signal used by the Californians for assembly when they prepare to make war. The Admiral deemed it proper to fortify, which was done with trunks of trees, between which were placed, as fascines, the bundles and boxes of the soldiers. This was necessary so that in using their artillery, they would be under cover from the arrows and darts of the Indians. Three pieces of cannon were placed in the fort which was built in demi-lune form, and after these precautions had been taken they passed the night with all assurance.

The next day the soldiers who had gone to clear off a hill and cut timbers for the fortification suddenly heard terrifying cries from some Indians, who came right up to the place where they were. The alarm was sounded and all withdrew into the fort. They had scarcely taken up their defense when there appeared about thirty-five very strongly built Indians armed with bows and arrows and darts. They lined up in a semicircle and made signs to indicate that they wished us to leave their country. Then we made them understand that only peace was desired and that we had come to make an alliance with them. We indicated to them that we would put down our arms, and that they also should do so. But they would do nothing. However, Fathers Goni[10] and Kino, Jesuit Missionaries, went forward towards them in an intrepid manner and offered them some biscuit, some wheat, some gay beads and other trifles quite precious in the eyes of the Barbarians. At first they would not take them in their hands, but made gestures telling us to put the things on the ground, and that they would then take them. This being done, they took the gifts that had been proffered to them, and after they had eaten some of them with great satisfaction, they laid down their weapons, approached the Fathers, and took from their hands and from the hands of the Spaniards, too, all that was given them. They appeared to be very hungry and often passed their hands over their stomachs, which they rubbed in indica-

10—Father Pedro Matias Goni. Father Juan Bautista Copart was also in the party.

tion of their need for food. It was not that they lacked food, for they had venison that they gave to the Spaniards and some pieces of a certain roasted meat that is eaten in New Spain. But having accomplished a fine stroke, as they considered it, it was apparent that they desired to keep their own supply of provisions until they could again eat around the spring that the Spaniards had seized. It was then noticed that, having eaten a little of the things given to them, they carried the rest off to the mountain, afterwards returning and signifying by gestures that it would please them to be given more. Perhaps their women and children were in the neighboring woods, and they went there to share with them what they had received. They did not retire finally that day until evening, when, although the Spanish were quite satisfied with what had occurred, they believed, nevertheless, that too great precaution could not be taken, knowing nothing as yet of the nature or trustworthiness of these natives.

The following days were spent in cutting down large trees for use in strengthening the demi-lune and on Thursday, the 8th of April, they went fishing on a large scale. The Indians, not appearing that day, were suspected of evil designs and of a desire to attack, but the next day ninety of them, quite different from the first ones, were seen and they showed all friendliness possible.

The surprise they showed on sight of the crucifix and of the image of Our Lady made it clear that they had never seen anything of the like before. In the evening they went away to sleep on the mountain, and returned the next day showing much familiarity and freedom, mingling with the Spaniards without fear and with even too much liberty, for they stole some small trifles with great adroitness.

The Admiral perceived this and thought it necessary to inspire in them both fear and respect. This is how that was done. He attached a shield of very thick leather to the skeleton of a whale that was, by chance, at hand. Signs were made to the Barbarians to shoot their arrows at the shield, which some of the strongest did with much skill, but the arrows broke without having been able to more than scarcely graze the surface of the shield. That surprised them, for their arrows

were so sharp that they pierced entirely through every kind of animal. The Admiral then asked them by signs if they wished to see the power of the Spanish weapons, because they imagined, as they afterward admitted, that the arquebus was a kind of bow and the bayonet the arrow. In order to demonstrate to them the power of the arquebus, he ordered Don Martin Verastegui[11] to fire at the shield. Placing himself six paces farther away than they had been, he discharged his arquebus and pierced not only the leather of the shield but also the whale's bone to which the shield was attached.

Astonished, the savages came up nearer to see the effect and asked for a bullet in hope of doing the same thing with it. So they were given a ball. One put it on the point of a dart and puffed with all his strength, thinking that the puffing was the reason for the great noise that they had heard, but as soon as he released the ball it fell at his feet. Thus they were intimidated and made no more attempts to steal, and if they did pilfer something, they returned it as soon as they were ordered to.

They were asked by signs if there were any rivers in the country. In reply one of them took a dart, and having pointed it towards the west, he set out at a trot. Then, having made the circuit of the camp one and a half times, he turned the point of the dart towards the sun, desiring by these acts to show that there was a river distant by a journey such as one would be able to make traveling in the manner he had run in the space of time measured by one and one half journeys of the sun. Later they were given a pinch of salt to taste, and asked if they had had any of it. They put it in their mouths, and by shaking their heads made us understand that they had not. After that they gave us to understand, by closing their eyes, that they were going to sleep.

The Jesuit Missionaries applied themselves at once to learning the language of the country, noting very exactly all the words that they heard, and writing them down forthwith in order to study them. Father Kino, who had begun to understand their language, affirmed that it included all the letters of the alphabet. These people are very docile, affable,

11—Don Martin Verastegui, Captain of the *San Francisco Javier*.

and good humored, and they pronounce Spanish very distinctly; and from the beginning their children came to talk and play with ours as familiarly as though they had been brought up together. Scarcely any day passed when some new Indians did not come to the camp.

Having celebrated Holy Thursday in the church built from trunks and branches of trees, the Spanish saw moving around about forty Indians different from those hitherto seen. Friendliness was shown them and they were given some trifles in pay for some bundles of wood that they were carrying. They were so satisfied with these presents that they returned next day with more packs of wood on their shoulders.

These people were very docile and lent themselves to instruction. They prayed with the priests, made the sign of the cross and repeated distinctly the prayers that had been taught to them. The simple manner in which they expressed themselves clearly indicated that they were not lacking in intelligent minds. Here is how an old, old man made us understand that he had lost one of his five children and buried it a few days before. He dug a ditch, put a small piece of wood therein, and covered it with earth, trying by that means to indicate the loss he had suffered. It is not as yet known whether they have huts or not, though the Admiral ordered some of his men to proceed into the country as far as they could to find out. These men marched out three leagues, and ascended a very high elevation from which they saw a large lake, fine plains and some heavy columns of smoke off at a great distance, though they saw no men nor huts.

The air of this island is very healthful and agreeable. There are great mountains covered with timber and filled with game such as rabbits and stags. The depth of the soil seems very suitable for all kinds of seeds and there has already been planted wheat, melons and other grains that were brought along. The prairies and fine pastures that are found here make it seem probable that all varieties of animals could be raised here. For this reason the Admiral sent the Captain in search of stock animals.

Some soldiers, having gone out walking to quite a distance from the camp, found a cave where there was a large quantity

of human bones, which causes conjecture as to whether the dead here are not buried in that manner. There were also found some debris of vessels and it appears that these are the remains of Ortega's[12] shipwreck in the harbor in 1633 or 1634. There were also found some mineral bearing rocks and pearl shells. The great Gulf is filled with these if one may believe the ancient accounts. But some of the marvelous things that have been told have not yet been seen, and the Indians themselves have no knowledge of them. It may be that they are found only in the Islands of which there is a large number in the middle of this strait, particularly towards the north-west. In the same cave were also found some bones of whales of such enormous size that a single jaw bone was five ells in length. The Admiral Otondo set out to penetrate further into the country by passing to the other side of the harbor and to the Bay of Santa Maria Magdalena[13], which is twenty leagues from Puerta de la Paz.

The length of California from the north-west to the south-west is seventeen hundred leagues from Cape San Lucas[14] to that of Mendocino. Its extent from east to north-west is five hundred leagues from Drake's Bay to Cape Mendocino[15], according to the ancient accounts. One shall be able to speak of that with much more certainty when the entire exploration of the country has been made.

12—Francisco de Ortega, commander of the exploring expedition in 1632.
13—Santa Maria Magdalena—Magdalena Bay, west side of Baja California.
14—Cape San Lucas—the southern extremity of Baja California.
15—Drake's Bay and Cape Mendocino are on the coast of Alta California.

MEMOIR RELATING TO CALIFORNIA

Being an extract from the Report of the Missions established by the Jesuit Fathers and rendered to the Royal Council of Mexico, and written by Father Francisco Maria Picolo[16] in 1697.

We embarked in the month of October 1697, and crossed the sea that separated California from New Mexico. The people of the country around where we landed, not being informed of our intentions, thought that we came into their land only to carry off their pearls as others had more than once appeared to wish to do in the past. In that frame of mind they attacked us with violence, but our people withstood them so well that they were obliged to take flight.

This defeat rendered the Barbarians more tractable, and before long they sent some from among their number to us whom we received in amity. So soon as we acquired a little of their language, we informed them of our purpose, which they did not reject; and the happy prospect of bringing them on to hear the Evangel set us to studying diligently the Mongui tongue that is spoken in that country.

Following the thought to seek out other peoples to whom we might render ourselves useful, Father Salvatierra[17] journeyed to the north and I (Father Picolo) went to the south and to the west. In these journeyings we observed that several tribes of different tongues were mixed together, some speaking the Mongui language that we knew, and others the Laimone language that we did not yet know. Laimone appeared to us widely spread over that great land.

California will be found to be quite reliably located on our ordinary maps. During the summer the heat is great along the coast and it rarely rains, but in the interior the air is more temperate and the heat is never excessive. Winters vary

16—Father Francisco Maria Picolo was born at Palmero, Italy, March 24, 1654, and died in Mexico, February 22, 1719. He arrived in Mexico in 1682 or '83 and was a missionary there for forty-two years.

17—Father Juan Maria de Salvatierra –born in Milan, Italy, November 15, 1648; arrived in Mexico in 1675; died in Guadalaraja, Mexico, July 17, 1717.

between coast and interior as do the summers. In the rainy season there are deluges, and when that season is ended there is in place of rain, very heavy dew every morning. One could believe that it had rained. This makes the country very productive. In the months of April, May and June, there falls with the dew a kind of manna that gathers and hardens on the stalks of the reeds, and which is then collected. I have tasted it. It is a little less white than sugar, but it is quite as sweet.

The climate must be healthy if we judge as to ourselves and as to others who were with us. For in the five years that we were in that kingdom we were all in excellent condition notwithstanding the heavy labor that we performed. As to the other Spaniards, only two died. One of those was through misadventure and the other was a woman who was so imprudent as to take a bath when about to be confined.

There are in California, one of the most beautiful places in the world, great plains, agreeable valleys, fine pasturage all the year for cattle, small and large, fine springs of fresh water, and brooks and rivers whose banks are covered with willows, reeds and wild vines. The rivers are filled with fish and there are found there many crayfish which are carried about in a kind of receptacle and used as needed. There is also much Xicames which is better flavored than any of that eaten in all of Mexico. In the mountains are found Mescales, a fruit peculiar to the country, all the year in every season; large pistachio nuts of various kinds, and figs of different colors. There are fine trees there and among them the Palo Santo. It bears much fruit and an excellent incense is made of it. There are fourteen kinds of grain that the people use as food. They also eat the roots of several trees and plants, among others the Yucca from which they make a kind of bread. There grows there an excellent skirwort and a kind of red bean that is much eaten, and pumpkins and watermelons of extraordinary size.

The country is so fertile that it is not rare for many of the plants to bear fruit three times a year. Therefore, if labor be devoted to cultivation of the soil and a small amount of skill in irrigation be acquired, the country could be made extremely productive, for there are no grains nor fruits that may not be

harvested in abundance. We have ourselves proved this, for, having brought from New Spain some wheat, Indian corn, peas and lentils, we planted them and made abundant crops, although we had no proper tools for turning the soil since we had only one mule and a wretched plow with which to work.

Besides several known animals such as stags, hares, rabbits, and others there are two sorts of tawny beasts[18] that we did not know. We called them sheep because they are somewhat the shape of our sheep. The first is of the size of a calf one or two years old. Their heads are very similar to that of the stag, and their horns, which are very large, like those of the ram. The tail and the hair, which is spotted, are shorter than that of the stag, but the hoof is large, round, and cleft like the ox. Their flesh is very good. The other species of sheep, some of which are white and others black, differ less from ours, but they are larger and have much more wool. This spins easily and is suitable for use. Besides those animals good for food, there are lions, wild cats, and several others like those found in New Spain.

We had taken to California some cows and a quantity of smaller beasts such as ewes and she-goats which would have multiplied greatly if the extreme necessity in which we were once placed had not forced us to kill several of them. We had also taken some horses and some young mares as a stock for the country. We commenced the breeding of swine, but it was decided to kill them off on account of the damage they did in the villages.

All of the birds of Mexico and nearly all of those of Spain are found in California. There are pigeons, turtle-doves, larks, partridges of excellent flavor and in great number, geese, ducks, and several other kinds of river and sea birds. The sea is heavily stocked with fish and the fish are fine in flavor. There may be taken anchovies, sardines, and tunnyfish that are caught by hand lines from the sea-beach. Whales are found there and all kinds of turtles. The shores and beaches are covered with piles of shells very much larger than those of the pearl shell. Salt is not derived here from the sea, but there are places in which it is found white and shiny like crystal,

18—Mountain sheep and mountain goats.

but at the same time so hard that it is often necessary to use heavy blows of a hammer to break it up. It would sell well in New Spain where salt is rare.

It is now nearly two centuries since California became known. Its coasts are famed for pearl fishing, which has been the incentive for the most earnest hopes of the Europeans who have often planned undertakings to be established there. It is certain that if the king had defrayed the expenses of pearl fishing, he would have drawn therefrom great riches. I have, moreover, no doubt that mines may be found there in several localities if they be sought for, since the country is of the same climate as that of the provinces of Sinaloa and Sonora[19] where there are very rich ones.

Although Heaven has been so liberal to the Californians and although the land produces by itself what comes elsewhere only through trouble and by hard work, nevertheless even with that abundance, they are not well off. The country is thickly populated in the interior and all along the northern coast, and although there are but few villages that are not composed of twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty families, they have no houses whatsoever. The shade of the trees protects them from the sun's heat during the day, and they make of leaves and boughs a kind of roof as against the inclement hours of the night. In winter they shut themselves up in caves that they dig in the earth, and live there, several together, almost like beasts. The men go quite naked, at least those do whom we have seen. They bind around the head a band of very thin cloth, or one of net-work. They wear around the neck and sometimes on the wrists for ornament, divers shapes of pearl shells quite well fashioned and interlaced with much nicety with little round berries similar to the beads of our rosaries. They have for weapons only bows and arrows or javelins; but they always have them in hand either for hunting or to defend themselves from their enemies, for the villages often are at war one against another.

The women were clothed a little more modestly, wearing from the waist to the knees a kind of apron woven from reeds in very fine plaits. They covered their shoulders with the

19—Sinaloa and Sonora—Provinces on the east side of the Gulf of California.

A CALIFORNIA WOMAN HABITED IN THE SKIN OF A DEER. 1790

skins of animals and, like the men, wore on their heads a very light net. These nets were so suitable that our soldiers used them to confine their hair. Also, like the men, the women wore collars of pearl shells intermingled with fruit stones and shells that came down to the waist, and bracelets of the same materials as the collars.

The usual occupation of both the men and the women is spinning. The thread they use is made from long plants that serve them in place of flax, or else from cotton-like material found in the husks of certain fruits. From the finest of the thread are made the divers ornaments of which we have just spoken, and from the coarser are made sacks for various uses, as well as nets for fishing. Besides that, from various plants of which the fibres are extremely iron-like and fibrous, the men work at making certain kinds of vessels and kitchen utensils quite novel and of many sizes. The smallest pieces are used as cups; the medium sized ones as saucers, plates, and sometimes as parasols; the largest as baskets for gathering fruits and some even for frying-pans and basins for cooking. It is necessary, however, to take precaution to keep them constantly in motion whilst they are over the fires lest the flames ignite them, which would result in their burning up in a very short time.

The Californians have much vivacity and are natural jokers. This was proven to us when we began their instruction, for when we would make some mistake in their language it would set them to joking and making fun of us. When they were better acquainted with us, they were content to advise us honestly as to the mistakes we had made. In regard to ideas of theirs which did not conform to our doctrines, they argued with us with both force and spirit.

We have not found among them any form of government, and scarcely any religion or form of worship. They worship the moon, but I do not know whether their cutting their hair in the waning of the moon is done in honor of their Gods or not. They give themselves over to their priests and these make use of divers kinds of superstitions. Each family makes its own laws to its own liking, and it is that that so often brings them to blows.

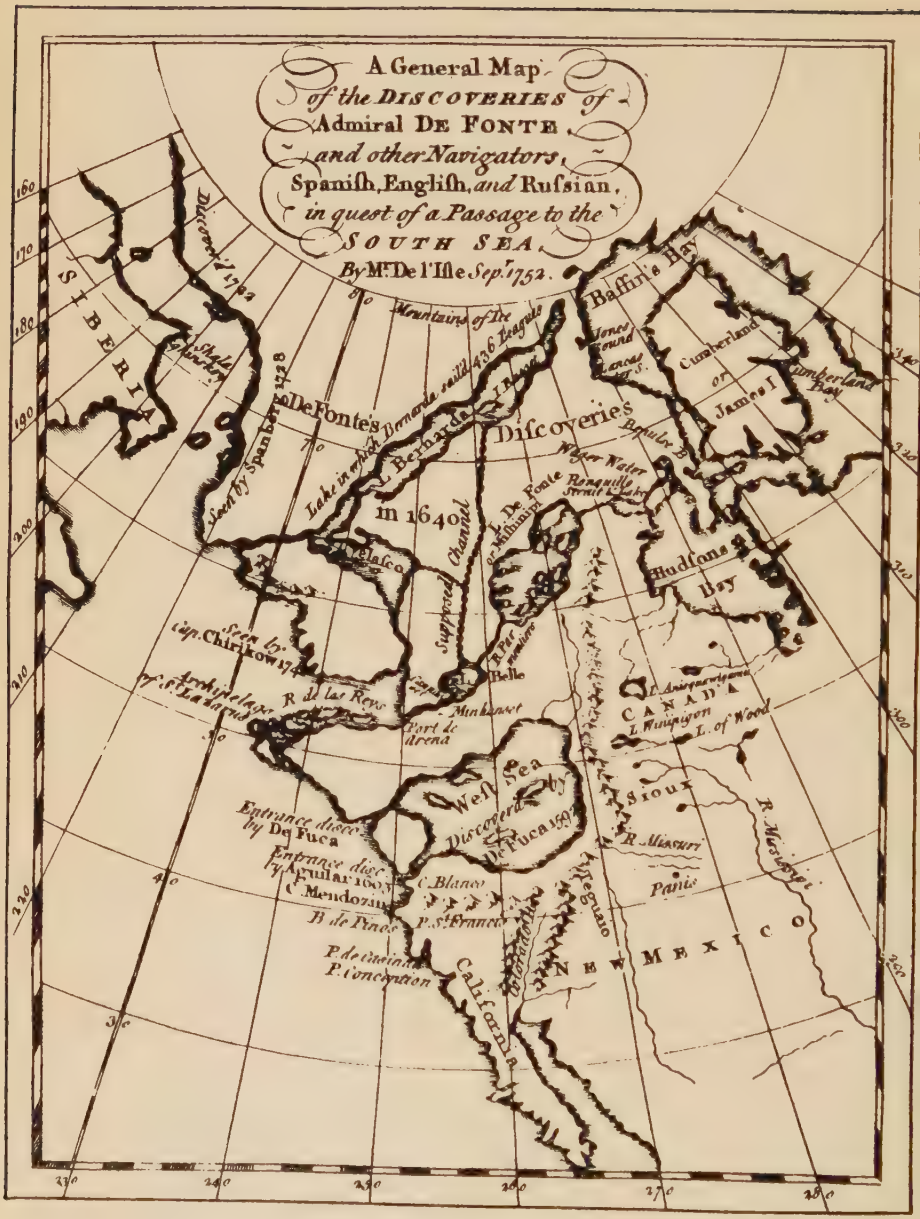
If we wish to establish ourselves in that country in a useful and permanent manner, it would appear to be absolutely necessary to send out two sailings each year, the larger for New Spain by which trade useful to both countries could be established, the other for the Provinces of Sinaloa and Sonora. Then there could be sent on for new explorations of the northern coast, the ships which have served for the outward voyage. The expense would not then be great if there were employed the same officers and sailors who had been employed coming out here, because, living here in the manner of the country, they would have provisions for almost nothing, and knowing the seas and the coasts of California they could make voyages more speedily and in greater safety.

It would be necessary to make special provision for the native Spaniards who are already here, and for the missionaries who will come, etc. We have already built a fort which would provide, in case of need, for the security of the Spaniards. It is located in the Saint Denys' section in a place called "Concho" by the Indians. We have given it the name of Our Lady of Loretto[20]. It has four small bastions and is surrounded by a good ditch. It contains a parade ground, barracks, etc.

F. M. Picolo, J.

At Guadalajara,
February 10, 1703.

20—Loretto is on the east side of Baja California at the 26th parallel.


A General Map
of the DISCOVERIES of
Admiral DE FONTE
and other Navigators,
Spaniſh, Engliſh, and Ruſsian,
in quest of a Passage to the
SOUTH SEA.
By Mr De l'Iſle Sep.r 1752.
Baffin's Bay
Hudſons Bay
CANADA
Sioux
NEW MEXICO
California
Discovered 1742
Mountains of Ice
Land ſeen by Spaniard 1728
De Fonte's Discoveries
in 1640
Supposed Channel
West Sea
Discovered by De Fuca 1592
Entrance diſcover'd by De Fuca
Entrance diſcover'd by Fuilar 1603
Seen by Capn Chirikow 1741
Archipelago of St Lazarus
R. de las Reyes
Port de Arena
Minbrave
C. Blanco
C. Mendozino
B. de Pinos
P. St Francis
P. de Cinisnado
P. Conception
Belle
Rivers Missouri
R. Missisipi
Panis
Lake Winipigon
L. of Woods
Cumberland or James I.
Cumberland Bay
Jones found
Lancas.r S.
Water Water
Renguille Straits
Bathurſt B.
Hudſons Bay
Straits of Anian
Seen by Capn Shelvocke 1721
Land ſeen by Spaniard 1775
Lake in which Bermuda raiſed 436 Leagues
St Bernard
Belaſco
Rivers Colorado
Rio Grande
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LETTER FROM MR. de l'ISLE[21] CONCERNING CALIFORNIA, (1752)

ADDRESSED TO MR. CASSINI[22].

I have shown you, Sir, in my preceding letter the reasons that I had for placing the Mississippi River in the location that I gave it. It is now necessary to discuss the other question, namely, is California an Island or a part of the Continent? As this can be cleared up only by facts, then opinions have no standing, and so I shall commence by giving an account of the discovery of the country, which should be of the greatest service in deciding the question, if I am not mistaken.

After Hernan Cortes had conquered New Spain, he applied himself to exploring the neighboring countries and those of the South Seas. In the year 1534 he sent out two vessels. These discovered the tip of California at about the twenty-third and one-half degree of latitude, but one of these vessels was wrecked and the other went no farther.

The following year Cortes himself put out to sea and arrived at the place where that first vessel had been lost. This place he called the Harbor of the Holy Cross. (Puerta de la Santa Cruz). He explored the river of the Saints Peter and Paul, crossed the sea that lies between the mainland and California; lost his ship on the coast of Culvacan, and returned only with great difficulty to the place from whence he had set out.

In the year 1539 he sent Francisco d'Ulloa[23] with two vessels to continue the explorations. They visited the eastern coast of California and when they had arrived at about the thirtieth degree of latitude they saw land on the right and on the left,

21—Joseph Nicholas de l'Isle—French astronomer, geographer and writer. Born in Paris, April 4, 1688, and died there September 11, 1768.

22—Jacques Dominique Cassini—Astronomer, Director of the Royal Observatory in Paris, 1784. Born in Paris, June 30, 1748. Died October 18, 1845.

23—Francisco d'Ulloa—Spanish Captain with Cortes on an expedition which left Acapulco, July 8, 1539. Died on this trip while exploring the Gulf of California.

and then arose the question, is California an island or is it a part of the Continent? Both sides of the question had their partisans.

Some fifty leagues farther on they found that the water had changed in color, whitening to a lime-like appearance. They went on nine or ten leagues farther, finding that in proportion as they proceeded, the sea had less of depth, and they continued until they had no more than five fathoms and the water was turbid and muddy. It was observed that the sea there ran with great impetuosity towards the land. Then the Captain and the pilot, looking from the mast-head, saw land on all sides and completely continuous—at least that is what they said— and the shore so low that it could hardly be seen unless near at hand. And, as they believed that they could go no farther forward, they crossed over to the other side to follow the coast opposite the one that they had just explored.

About these same times a Franciscan Friar called Marcos de Niza[24], accompanied by a negro who had been with Cabeza de Vaca[25], of whom we spoke in the preceding letter, resolved to go in exploration of the countries that are to the north of New Spain, and that we call New Mexico; and, when he returned, having published that there was much gold there, he aroused a desire in the Viceroy, Antonio de Mendoza[26], to send out to explore them more completely. He charged this duty to one named Coronado[27], and commanded at the same time that Ferdinand d'Alarcon[28] go by sea farther on than Ulloa had gone, if that be possible.

Coronado found to be true only a few things among those reported by Padre de Niza. The Alarcon command having gone to those shallow places where Ulloa had turned back, went,

24—Padre Marcos de Niza (Nizza)—A Franciscan Missionary who died in Mexico, March 25 1558.

25—Cabeza de Vaca—Spanish explorer. One of the de Narvaez party who started in 1528 to follow the shore line from Florida to Texas. All perished except de Vaca and three companions, who finally reached the Rio Grande del Norte and then the Pacific. He returned to Spain in 1545. He was born at Jerez, Spain about 1490, and died at Seville after 1560.

26—Antonio de Mendoza—Born about 1485. Died at Lima, Peru, July 21, 1552. Was appointed the first Viceroy of New Spain, April 17, 1535, and acted in that capacity until November 1549.

27—Francisco Vasquez de Coronado—Famous explorer. Appointed Governor of Neuva Galicia in 1538. Born at Salamanca about 1500 and died in Mexico after 1542.

28—Hernando d'Alarcon—Chamberlain of the Viceroy. He commanded an expedition leaving Acapulco, May 9, 1540, and ascended the Colorado River with two boats claiming a distance of eighty-five leagues up the river. He proved that California was not an island, but map makers paid no attention to his discovery.

as says Laet, through many dangers as far as the end of the Gulf. There he found a very rapid river that he undertook to ascend in some shallops, and he did ascend, in fact, about eighty leagues. But, not finding what he sought, he returned to his ships and from there to the port whence he had set out, after giving to the river the name of Bonaguia.

Two years afterward the same Viceroy, resolved to pursue the exploration of California by the west coast, sent there a Portuguese named Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo[29] with two vessels. Cabrillo went as far as the forty-fourth degree of latitude, but not being able to withstand the rigor of the cold experienced there, he was obliged to turn back. I believe it was he who gave the name of Cape Mendocino to the most northerly point of that country.

Since those times I know that the Spanish have made several expeditions and that they gave names to capes and harbors, such as Port of our Lady of the Peace (La Puerta de Nuestra Senora de la Paz), the Bay of Santa Maria de Magdalena, etc.; and that this was done in the years 1611, 1636, and 1675; that in the year 1683 the Marquis de Laguna[30], Viceroy of Mexico, having received a command from his Catholic Majesty to spare nothing in extending the Faith among the Barbarous Nations, sent out two ships under the command of Don Isidro Otondo, who having arrived at a harbor that he believed to be that of Nuestra Senora de la Paz at twenty-four degrees and twenty-five minutes north, built there a fort with a church, and sent back into the province of Sonora for horses, hoping to penetrate farther into the country. Finally in the year 1690, some Jesuits having gone by land as far as the Herises and Pimaces, which are in Mexico between the twenty-fourth and thirty-third degrees of north latitude, aroused the hope that in those places it would be possible to continue with the spiritual and temporal conquests. This, then, is what I know up to the most recent times, of the aforesaid country.

We must now discuss the matter that is in question—is

29—Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo—The discoverer of what is now Alta California. He died January 3, 1543, and was buried on San Miguel Island in the Santa Barbara Channel. No trace of his grave has ever been found.

30—Marquis de Laguna—no available information.

California an island or a part of the continent? It is beyond doubt that when the extent of the western part of the country first became known, that it was firmly believed to be a part of the continent or mainland. It has been seen through Wytfliet[31] that there were people who believed that from Cape Enganno one could go on foot as far as Tartary, and who gave to that coast an extent of seventeen hundred leagues. However, later voyages have greatly reduced the length of that coast.

Dudley[32] assures us that the pilots of widest knowledge and those who go continually from Mexico to the Philippines or from the Philippines to Mexico by California, have found that that coast has only six hundred leagues (of twenty to the degree) from Cape San Lucas to Cape Mendocino. The first named is at twenty-three degrees and second at forty-two and thirty minutes. Laet gives it only five hundred, but those of Dudley were Spanish leagues, which amounts to the same thing. Thus there must be an extent of a thousand or twelve hundred leagues of land or sea between the extremity of California and the extremity of Tartary.

When California had been reduced to its actual boundaries, and it had become known that the sea turned back to the east about the forty-third degree of latitude, people began to believe that that sea turned to rejoin the one that had been discovered between California and New Mexico, and thus made an island of California. It was the Spanish who began it. All the others believed the sea that separates California from New Spain to be a Gulf that ended in a pocket. Furthermore it had been given the name of Red Sea, or Vermilion Sea, on account, says Wytfliet, of the resemblance borne to the Red Sea that separated Arabia from Egypt. But the Dutch, having adopted from the Spanish a marine map that followed Janssonius[33] in his Maritime World, California was known as an Island, and from that time on it has been commonly represented in that way.

It is then on the authority of that Spanish map that it was believed, and that it is still believed, that California is an

31—Wytfliet—no available information.
32—Robert Dudley, an English courtier, politician and general, the son of John Dudley, Earl of Leicester and Duke of Northumberland; born in 1532 or '33 and died in Sept. 1588.
33—Janssonius—Jan Janszen—cartographer famed for his maps of the Pacific Coast made in 1657 and of the New England coast in 1685.

Island. Now it is a question of judging of the worth of that map, of knowing whether or not it was prepared from true and reliable data. That is what I have difficulty in accepting. I have difficulty in accepting it because if the belief were sure and unchangeable among the Spanish, their maps would be uniform on that point. Yet it is Laet[34] who says there is an uncertainty at present; that there actually can be seen old geographical and hydrographical maps that make an island of California and separate it from the mainland by a strait quite wide in the beginning, but which narrows in its continuation; that in the modern maps it is more often joined to the continent than it is separated from it, and he believes so little in its being an island that he is in search of what gave rise to the error.

Perhaps some may say that since the time of Laet, the matter has been settled; yet in the account of the new entry by the Spanish into the country in question in the year 1683, it is spoken of as an island and called that way throughout. Le Sieur Froger[35], who gave us the curious account of the voyage of Monsieur de Genes[36] to the Straits of Magellan, told my son that he had seen a pilot who assured him of having sailed completely around California and that such must have been a fact since the map sent to the Academy, which was made in 1695, shows it that way.

I reply to that, that in the account of 1683 which always used the name island for the Country (speaking of it according to the ancient ideas held concerning it) evidence is given that the supposed island has seventeen hundred leagues of length and five hundred of width, as was given it in the beginning; which is evidently erroneous. Elsewhere the author of that account says positively that when a complete exploration of the country shall have been made, one will then be able to speak more precisely on that point. It was not known at that time whether it was an island or not. In the year 1686 nothing

34—Jan Van Laet—Dutch author. His book "Der Nieuwe Wereld" (1626) was probably the book de l'Isle referred to. Van Laet died at Antwerp in 1649.

35—Le Sieur Froger—no available information.

36—M. de Genes—no available information.

MAP OF NEW GRANADA AND THE ISLAND OF CALIFORNIA
Amsterdam. By Pieter Goos, A. D. 1666.

more was known of it than what Dampier[37], celebrated voyager who was that year in the South Seas, said that modern maps of the Spanish made only an island of it. Finally the Jesuits, who were in the country of the Herises and the Pimaces in the year 1690, wrote to Europe that from the place where they were the sea was so narrow that they could distinctly see the coast of California; that they hoped by getting up further they would find where California was joined with the land of New Spain. This they wished ardently to know, but they had not yet been able to accomplish it, though the sea was so narrow at that point that with very small boats and in but very little time, they could pass easily from one coast to the other. And this account is so in accord with the one given above as to the discovery by Ulloa that there is not the least doubt of the truth of either one or the other.

But one observation of all that we must not fail to make is that during more than one hundred and fifty years, from the exploration of Ulloa that was made in 1539 until the year 1690, it was not known whether California was joined to the continent or was separated from it. And, in consequence, the Spanish map that the Dutch followed and which was apparently used as a foundation by the Dutch and by others to make an island of California, was a map that we must not count on, like some other maps that pilots praise and sell as wholly correct, and which serve only to cause disaster to those who place too much confidence in them. I have seen maps of both kinds. The one that M. le Duc d'Escalon[38] has employed can be no better than another on this subject, and one should never depend on the correctness of maps if they be not accompanied by instructions and by reasons.

I believed some years ago that I had found some reason for this difficulty in the voyage of Alarcon in the year 1540, as it was given by Laet, for that author says positively that Alarcon went to the end of the Gulf of California. It appeared to me

37—William Dampier—Born at East Coker, Somerset, England, June 1652. Died in London, March 1715. An English Captain who circled the globe. Author of "A New Voyage round the World" (London, 1697), the map in which depicts California as an island. (See frontispiece). The best edition is that of 1729 in four volumes. Dampier was one of England's most noted seamen, having made three trips to the coast of New Spain, the last time as navigator for Woodes Rogers in 1708.

38—M. le Duc d'Escalon (Lopez Pacheco Cabrera y Bobadilla) Diego, Duke of Escalon and Marquis of Villena. Became Viceroy of Mexico, August 28, 1640. Died after 1643 in Spain.

to be true because it is what Francisco de Ulloa said one year previously. Well! who would not be deceived when one has the testimony of a searching author who is elsewhere exact and diligent. But M. L'Abbe Longuerue[39] has pointed out to me that in the original account of that voyage, which is in Spanish, the writer did not say that he was at the end of the Gulf. Let not those who have not been initiated into the mysteries of geography, mix into the making of maps; and let those, also, who have good intentions and work seriously, be not conceited, since after much research and much application, one is still subject to being deceived either by nature, or by ignorance, or by lack of diligence of authors—if it be permitted me to make use of that expression.

But what is to be said to M. Froger? I reply that if he had said he himself sailed around California, I would believe it on his word; but as to his pilot, whom I do not know, I still prefer not to believe readily. In a word, in 1690, it was not known whether California was an island or not. The map used by M. le Duc d'Escalon was made in 1695. There were nearly three hundred leagues of coast to explore from the mouth of the River Bonaguia to Cape Mendocino. I had difficulty in believing that that was done in so short a time at a time when the States of the King were fighting Europe and the Prince had not the liberty to incur other expenses of the size necessary for explorations of that magnitude. However, be that as it may, I have taken the precaution of showing on my globes and on my maps the coast cut and interrupted at both places, on the Cape Mendocino coast and on the coast of the Vermilion Sea[40]. I have left blank spaces in those places, awaiting inscriptions during suspended work, for I have not believed that I myself should settle a matter that is still so uncertain. Thus I have made California neither an island nor a part of the continent, and I shall remain in that attitude until I have something more positive than I have thus far seen.

Le Sieur Nolin[41], who copied me line for line in this matter as in several others, not knowing what he was doing nor why

39—Mons. L'Abbe of Longuerue—no available information.
40—Vermilion Sea, so named by Cortes, is now called the Gulf of California.
41—Le Sieur Nolin—no available information.

he was doing it, had no need of such precaution. He has made a Gulf of the Vermilion Sea and he closed it at its extremity. It is of him that should be asked the reasons for what he has done. He assuredly has no other reason than that he has not looked sufficiently well over my work.

SHASTA

Shasta

By Charles A. Shurtleff.

FOREWORD

June 8, 1930, was Pioneer Home Coming Day in the old and historic Town of Shasta, Shasta County, California, and on that day a celebration was held there under the auspices of the Shasta County Historical Society. Charles A. Shurtleff, who was born in the Town of Shasta and who is a member of the Board of Directors of The Society of California Pioneers, was the Speaker of the day and read the following paper.

Mr. President and Friends:

As I look into your faces I see many whom I have known all my life. Standing, as some of us are, in the shadow of the homes wherein we were born, the deep emotions which rise "thick and fast" are best expressed in the opening lines of the "Old Oaken Bucket,"

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view.
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

We are indeed upon hallowed ground. It was here that many of us had our birth; it was here that we spent our happy childhood days and received the first rudiments of our education; it was here that we formed friendships which to this day have endured in all the freshness and enthusiasm of their making. The mutations of time, and the separation of years have not caused those friendships to wane or pine away and die in the lap of forgetfulness. It was here, under the tutorship and direction of beloved teachers, some of whom through the beneficence of Providence are still with us, that our characters were molded and the foundation laid upon which we were to build our future lives, but, as we look about us, behold, how changed! The same heavens are indeed over our heads; the mountains and hills resting against the horizon form the identical, eternal skyline of long ago; the streets we knew so well, and upon

which we played in merriment and glee, remain intact, and a few of the structures that once graced this old Town have withstood the ravages of years, but all else, how changed! Most of the buildings we knew and remember have fallen, victims of one or the other of those monarchs of destruction—fire and decay—and only live in memory. The parents of most of us who resided here in early days, long ago passed into the bright Beyond, and in other ways our family circles have been broken. But, notwithstanding these pathetic changes, which deeply touch us and mean Shasta's physical and material decline, our presence here upon this Sabbath day is living, eternal proof that it matters not what vicissitudes may assail or misfortunes befall her, our affection for and fidelity to the old Town shall abide forever.

"There is no place like the old place
Where you and I were born;
Where we lifted first our eyelids on
The splendor of the morn.
There is no friend like the old friend
Who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome,
No homage like his praise."

The discovery of gold by Marshall on January 24, 1848, augmented by the glowing account of the richness of the mines in California, set forth in the Fourth Annual Message of James K. Polk, then President of the United States, of date December 5, 1848, which was after California's acquisition, but before her admission as a State, created great excitement in America and caused many to turn their faces toward the West. An influx of immigrants followed, and thus began the early and marvelous history of California.

If I frequently refer to my father, the late Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff, a pioneer of Shasta County, having lived here from 1849 to 1874, it is due to the fact that much that I shall say came either from his lips when relating, or his pen when writing of his early experiences in California, a subject upon which he ever delighted to dwell.

A name which at once leaps into prominence upon mention

of pioneer days in Northern California, is that of Major Pierson B. Reading who was born in the State of New Jersey on November 26, 1816. Although his activities were not in the beginning wholly confined to this section of the State, to him is justly accorded the distinction of being the first white settler in Shasta County, whither he came in 1843, considerably in advance of the date upon which California passed from Mexico to the United States of America. In 1844 he received from the Mexican Government what was known as and called the Reading Grant, and which consisted of twenty-six thousand ninety-five and seventy hundredths acres of land located upon and along the banks of the Sacramento River. It ran from Salt Creek to the mouth of Cottonwood Creek, was fifteen miles in length and three miles in width, and was called "Bueno Ventura Rancho." It is written that he did not take complete possession of this grant until 1845 and did not make it his sole abiding place until about 1847, the year he built his first house on his ranch.

Nothing like an adequate story of the part he took in the formative activities of this great State and of its development, can be told in the necessarily narrow limits of this address. Major Reading was one of the first to visit, in 1848, the scene of Marshall's gold discovery in the mill race at Coloma. Shortly thereafter he engaged in prospecting, washing out the first gold in Shasta County in a creek near Horse Town, a village which has met the fate of many mining settlements and is no longer in existence. He also found gold in the vicinity of the Town of Shasta, then called Reading Springs. He was at one time a candidate for Governor, but met defeat. To his praise it should be said he was kind to the Indians. No doubt at times he found them troublesome, but his treatment of them was fair and just and they eventually placed great trust and confidence in him.

Major Reading died at his ranch on May 29, 1868 at the age of fifty-one years, six months and three days, and when you recall that he was about twenty-seven years old when he came to the coast, and contemplate what he accomplished between that time and his death, you marvel that he compassed so much in a space of twenty-five years. Although quite young, I was

present at the funeral of Major Reading. A number of the residents of Shasta attended, and I was one of them. I often wonder if, aside from the members of his family, I am not one of the few now living who took part in the last earthly and solemn tribute paid to this noted man of history. Major Reading is buried upon his ranch on a slight elevation overlooking the Sacramento River and the valley he so deeply loved, and how fitting it is that there, where many of the exciting incidents of his wonderful and useful life occurred, his labors o'er, his memory forever safely embalmed in the history of this great State he helped to found and build, he should rest in peace. No massive monument bearing his inscription or repeating the story of his life and deeds marks his grave, but rather a simple bronze tablet proclaims to those living, and to the generations yet to come, that at its base sleeps "Northern California's First Pioneer."

When on the 9th of September, 1850, California was admitted into the Union, the State was divided into twenty-seven counties, of which Shasta was one. Her original boundaries extended from Bank Creek south of Red Bluff to the Oregon line, and eastward to and along what is now the western boundary of the State of Nevada, and west to the Coast Range. A number of counties have since been either wholly or in part carved from Shasta's original territory. Reading's Ranch was designated as the first County Seat, but on February 10, 1851, the body vested with the power to remove a County Seat to such point in the County as public convenience might require, with the acquiescence of Major Reading, changed it to the Town of Shasta.

The records containing the names of those who were the first County Officers were destroyed in the great fire of 1853, but Doctor J. Robinson, father of E. C. Robinson, who is at present a Superior Judge of Alameda County, was the first County Clerk, and Benjamin Shurtleff the first County Treasurer. I have recently seen a list of those who served as County Officers from 1854 to and including 1881 and 1882, and its perusal was indeed interesting. It contains many well-known names, and the following are a few of them: J. R. Gilbert and D. D. Harrill were in 1854-56 respectively Treasurer and

Public Auditor. Many of us will remember Mr. Harrill as the owner of the old soda works, attached to which was a garden in which, with his consent, many of the young people assembled on Sunday afternoons. Without indicating the time of service, I will mention a few who served subsequent to 1856: William McGee, County Surveyor; E. Garter, once Assistant District Attorney, then State Senator and later District Judge; Royal T. Sprague, State Senator and later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California; B. Swasey, Public Administrator; Doctor J. E. Pelham, County Physician; William P. Daingerfield, District Judge; Doctor Gutman, Coroner; C. C. Bush, County Judge; John S. Follansbee, Sheriff and subsequently District Attorney; Barney Gartland, Assessor; Dennis H. Dunn, Public Administrator; John V. Scott, Supervisor; Felix Tracy, Treasurer; William E. Hopping, Sheriff, and County Judge; Jack W. Garden, Tax Collector; Clay W. Taylor, District Attorney for fourteen years; Thomas Green, Sheriff and Tax Collector; Grant I. Taggart, County Clerk and later Clerk of the Supreme Court; W. J. Tinnin, State Senator; Frank C. Tiffin, Clerk, Auditor and Recorder; J. E. Stockton, Surveyor; Aaron Bell, Superior Judge;William H. Bickford, Clerk, Recorder and Auditor; A. P. Ladd, Assessor; F. B. Chandler, Treasurer; D. P. Bystle, Coroner and Public Administrator; Charles McDonald, County Treasurer; George D. Forbes, Recorder and Auditor; John Schuler, Coroner and Public Administrator; A. M. Roseborough, District Judge; A. R. Andrews. Member of the Assembly; J. N. Chappell, Member of the Assembly and State Senator; Sylvester Hull, Sheriff and Tax Collector; Mrs. D. M. Coleman, Superintendent of Schools and one of the best known educators in Northern California; W. L. Carter, Superintendent of Schools and for years proprietor and editor of the *Shasta Courier,* Daniel Lynch and William C. Hartman, each acting as Coroner and Public Administrator; J. S. P. Bass, Assemblyman. Many more names of equal distinction could be mentioned.

The Town, which had its origin upon this very spot, was in its inception called Reading Springs, but on June 8, 1850, just eighty years ago today, at a public meeting held at a point in front of where the Army Hall stood, the name was changed

from Reading Springs to Shasta, which is the anniversary we are now celebrating. Its growth was rapid. It soon enjoyed the distinction of being one of three principal towns in the State, and was conceded to be the chief town in Northern California, and it had a myriad of things accomplished to its credit.

The first public school in the Northern part of the State was established in Shasta in June 1853, hence you see, to her enduring credit, this Town was also a pioneer in promoting education. It was Sargent S. Prentiss who, more than eighty years ago, gave utterance to those living words,"The common schools of America are her fairest boast, the brightest jewel that adorns her brow."

The old Jail and Court House, which once stood upon yonder hill, and which, when superseded by the new Court House and Jail on Main Street, was converted into a schoolhouse, long ago became a matter of memory. Many happy days were spent in that old school house, after, of course, its promotion, and we love to live them over in moments of reflection. Many of us here present were taught reading, writing and spelling within its walls, but I think all have successfully suppressed the fact that at least part of our education was acquired in a jail. It is said that the California poet, Joaquin Miller, was once confined there, but when I recall how beautifully he sang in his after life, I am constrained to think that the poet of the Sierras added distinction to the jail, rather than the jail detracting from his name or fame which sprang from the better things of his more mature years.

Until about 1861 most of the merchandise and freight bound for points north of Shasta, was, because of poor roads, transported by pack trains, which were numerous. North, towards the Tower House, some twelve miles from here, the roads remained in bad condition until the late Charles Camden, who landed in South America in 1847 and in Shasta in 1849, constructed a wagon road in 1861 from Shasta to the Tower House, which is now the public highway, and is still the only road between those two points.

In searching the archives of my home for facts which I thought would be of interest to those assembled here, I found

a composition entitled "Shasta and Vicinity," written by my brother, the late George C. Shurtleff, on June 1, 1866, which relates certain historic events and is undoubtedly authentic. I believe many of them have never appeared in print. At the cost of repetition, I take the following from this paper:

"Shasta was first settled by the whites in June 1849. The first settlers were principally immigrants from Oregon. Late in the summer and in the fall of the same year a great many settled here who came from the Atlantic States. Most of those who came across the plains were from the valley of the Mississippi. All of the Oregon immigrants left, none having become permanent residents of Shasta. The first settlers lived in tents or camped under large oak trees growing on the hill west of the Town. The first log house was built by Milton Magee, in October 1849. This house stood close to the present residence of Mr. Robert Stevenson which is upon High Street near the point where that street turns to the east to intersect Main Street. The cabin was about 16 feet long and 14 feet wide and had a ground floor. It was torn down in 1856 to make room for more substantial improvements.

"The St. Charles Hotel was built by James Mackley and others and stood where the store of A. Grotefend was standing on Main Street in 1866; and the Trinity House was erected on the west side of Main Street above and adjoining High Street. These were the first frame buildings erected in Shasta, both having been built in the Spring of 1850. Some of the lumber used in these buildings was shipped from the Atlantic States around Cape Horn to San Francisco, thence reshipped to Sacramento, thence it was transported on wagons to Shasta at a heavy expense. The remainder of the lumber used in the construction of these buildings was whipsawed in the vicinity of Shasta at a cost of one dollar a foot, board measure. Both of these structures were built about the same time. The St. Charles was much the finer of the two, and its construction was commenced a little in advance of the Trinity House, although the latter was the first to be completed. In the memorable fire of June 14, 1853 both of these public houses were burned as was also the entire business portion of Shasta. The loss by this fire was over one-half million dollars.

"The settlement was first called Reading Springs by reason of the numerous, fine perpetual springs in the locality, and in honor of Major P. B. Reading, who now (1866) lives in Shasta County on the west bank of the Sacramento River, above Cottonwood Creek. Major Reading was not only the first white settler in Shasta County, but the first in Northern California, he having resided on his ranch, where he now lives, since 1845.

"In June 1850 the residents of Shasta held a meeting at the store of the late R. J. Walsh, and by vote changed the name from Reading Springs to Shasta.

"Immigrants that wandered here in 1849 suffered much from exposure and sickness. The rainy season commenced on the morning of the second day of November, the rain continuing almost unceasingly during the entire month. December and January were also very stormy. The Sacramento Valley was overflowed a considerable part of the winter. At this early period (1849) steamboats did not navigate the Sacramento River above the mouth of the Feather River; indeed, my information is they did not run above the City of Sacramento until early in the following spring.

"Provisions, clothing, mining tools and almost everything used in this locality were hauled here in wagons from Sacramento. Considerable freight was packed on mules, but the water being so high, and there then being no bridges or ferries across the streams, all communication was cut off, sometimes for more than a month, between this place (Shasta) and Sacramento. After the rainy season commenced prices were very high. Flour was $2.25 a pound, and some was sold as high as $2.50 a pound; boots were worth $50.00 a pair, and common tacks were fifty cents a dozen. A half-gallon jar of pickles was worth $8, and sour-kraut was $2.00 a pound, but notwithstanding these high prices the miners who had their health made a great deal of money, for gold was then very plentiful in the surrounding creeks and gulches. Many of the immigrants sickened and died for want of proper food. No fresh fruit or vegetables could be procured in those days, which caused many to die of scurvy.

"The Indians in 1849 were not troublesome until the com-

mencement of the rainy season. They were not bad in the vicinity of Shasta until February 1850. They were very numerous in those days; probably there were twenty then where there is now (1866) one. They used to attack miners while prospecting for gold, often wounding them, and sometimes killing them with their deadly arrows. In February 1850 they entered the cabin of an old man, a miner, on Rock Creek, and murdered him; then dragging his body to the bank of the Sacramento River, rolled it into the stream. They also robbed the cabin of its contents. In June of the same year a German, while sleeping under a tree near where the Union Church now (1866) stands, was shot by an Indian. He lived about a month suffering great pain, but finally died. After his death the fatal arrow was found imbedded in his lungs. In those times (1849-50) depredations were nightly occurrences. The Indians seemed to have possessed a rare genius for stealing blankets from men while they were asleep under them. Persons who slept in tents or under trees on the outskirts of the town were fortunate if they were able to pass a night without having their blankets stolen."

Little did the author realize, when, sixty-four years ago, being then a trifle more than twelve years of age and a pupil in the public schools of Shasta, he wrote the composition from which I have liberally quoted, that he was recording history, some of which is not, to my knowledge, elsewhere written.

I might add that at a very early day, beyond my memory, miners built and occupied a log cabin on Shurtleff Hill; it was located at a point a short distance beyond the barn and near the old picnic grounds. This cabin was destroyed and years after some of the boys of the Town washed the ground upon which it stood and while their labor was not richly rewarded they did get some fine gold which the miners had failed to save. So far as I have ever heard, with this exception, no gold was ever found on Shurtleff Hill.

The flourishing, golden period of Shasta is generally conceded to have been the years between 1851 and 1857, both included. It was then that she was in the zenith of her splendor. It was about 1858 that the Town began to give evidence that she was slipping, but her decline was slow and it was not

until late in the sixties that her loyal and devoted sons and daughters began to see that the shadows were gathering and her star setting. The statement is frequently seen that at one time her population approximated ten thousand. This is an exaggeration, but doubtless an unintentional one. The most reliable data upon the point is that at the highest peak of her prosperity her population numbered about twenty-five hundred. This does not embrace the large number of transients who daily visited the Town, remaining but a brief period and passing on, and who could not be classed as permanent residents. Many of the early settlers tenaciously and devotedly clung to the hope that by some magic touch Shasta would be rejuvenated and regain her former supremacy, but "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." That time never came.

The moral and personal qualities of the early settlers of California—the true pioneers—were of the highest. That there was an occasional blackleg among them cannot be denied; that would be expected in a mixed population, but as a whole they matched favorably with the best civilization of the nation, and such was the type that came to and dwelt in Shasta. It was a happy, peaceful, law-abiding assemblage of men and women. As a lady who resided here in the early fifties recently said to me, the residents of Shasta should be likened to a large and contented family. There was no class distinction. No one thought himself or herself superior to the others, and it has been ever so, which is one of the blissful memories of "old Shasta" as we affectionately term her.

It may be that somewhere in history there is chronicled the story of acts and deeds of a group of men and women that parallel those of the California Pioneers, but I affirm that none can be found that excels them in courage, self-denial and exalted virtues.

Many men of note and distinction have either lived or tarried within the boundaries of Shasta County. The time allotted to this address forbids the mention of but a few of these distinguished persons. In 1855 General Phillip H. Sheridan, the hero of many battles, and whose memory is embalmed in that stirring poem "Sheridan's Ride," was at Fort Reading, which is located some five or six miles north of the Major Reading

Rancho, and which fort was named for Major Reading. The General, in his "Personal Memoirs," gives a very spirited and impressive account of an exploring expedition he made from Fort Reading to a point in Oregon at a time when the Pit River Indians were hostile and in whom he placed but little confidence, notwithstanding their frequent friendly demonstrations. General Sheridan had just been graduated from West Point, and commissioned a Captain, when he was sent to Fort Reading.

In early days the Town of Shasta was host to another man of note, whose name is prominent in the pages of California history, and who, with Junipero Serra, the immortal Franciscan Missionary of 1769, was named as California's representative in the National Hall of Statuary in the Capitol at Washington, D. C. I refer to Thomas Starr King, the celebrated and eloquent Divine. In 1861 he lectured in the old Union Church for the Union cause. It is said that on one occasion, when he was visiting Shasta, he expressed the desire to obtain a good view of Mt. Shasta. He was escorted to a point in the hills east of town which afforded the view he craved. When Shasta, in its transcendent beauty, suddenly came in sight, the great Priest of the Temple was overwhelmed and stood mute for several minutes, and then, moved and inspired by its grandeur, burst forth in a soliloquy of matchless beauty and eloquence.

Shasta was once the home of James R. Kean who rose to prominence as one of the Nation's financiers; and of Daniel Callaghan who became President of the First National Bank of San Francisco; and of Alpheus Bull who, when living here, was a member of Bull, Baker & Co., and who subsequently became prominent in the business circles of the Bay City; and it was here that the late Jean Parker, who became one of the leading educators of San Francisco and the State, commenced her brilliant career. Many other names could be mentioned, but time forbids.

While I can devote but little time to the many men and women now living, who have resided and now reside in Shasta County, and who have become prominent in the vocations they chose for their life work, I must tarry to mention a native

son who has attained fame and distinction in the Navy of the United States, Rear Admiral James H. Glennon, who was born in French Gulch in 1857. He was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1878, and rose through the various grades, becoming Captain in 1909, and Rear Admiral in 1916. During the Spanish American War he served on the *Massachusetts*. He was a representative of the Navy Department with the American special mission to Russia, and held many other commissions in the Navy. He is now retired.

The dwelling still standing in stately majesty on Shurtleff Hill was built in the summer of 1851, seventy-nine years ago, and it was there I was born. The history of its erection is well known and need not be repeated. After the disastrous fire of June 14, 1853, Western Star Lodge No. 2 of Masons, having suffered the loss of its lodge room, until such time as it was rebuilt, held its meetings in this residence. When the lodge assembled my Mother, knowing that its deliberations were veiled in secrecy, in thoughtful consideration absented herself from home until such time as the meeting adjourned. It is a matter of historic interest that this Lodge is the second oldest in the State, its charter having been brought to California by Peter Larkin. A lodge was first located at a place called Benton City, which lodge was on May 9, 1851, moved to Shasta. All rejoice that the Masons have acquired and are carefully preserving the building in which the meetings of this Lodge have been held for more than half a century. This in itself insures that Shasta will live on and not become to "forgetfulness a prey."

Immense political gatherings were held here in former days, and especially during a period following the Civil War. People came from miles around—distance was leveled by the devotion to the cause of the party holding the meeting. Some of the political processions consisted of a double line of vehicles for the full length of Main Street. At night huge bonfires illuminated the streets and the excitement and enthusiasm ran high, but the meetings were always orderly; they were usually held in the open air as there was no available hall large enough to accommodate the assembled crowd.

There has been as many as one hundred freight teams in

this Town on a single night, and one can readily imagine that the release of one hundred teamsters in a settlement of the size of Shasta meant excitement.

In early days Shasta was the commercial shipping center of the northern part of the State, from which goods were distributed to points reaching to and beyond the Oregon line. The merchants did a thriving business, both wholesale and retail. A member of the firm of Bull, Baker & Company, a large merchandising house doing business here, early one morning before he had breakfasted sold a bill of goods of over three thousand dollars. Even in the present age of prosperity, with a population of six millions, few merchants in this State can boast of selling over three thousand dollars worth of merchandise before they had partaken of their morning meal.

But we must not dwell at too great length upon the recital of these interesting incidents of former days. How true it is that

> "Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
> Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
> Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise,
> Each stamps its image as the other flies."

The pioneer stage driver was the Beau Brummel of his time. No other suitor compared with him or had an equal chance in the race for "my lady's" hand. Happy was the Miss when a "Knight of the Reins" was seeking her affection; she was ever the envy of her companions.

I have attempted, as carefully as time and opportunity would permit, to ascertain the earliest resident of Shasta, now living, and I believe it is Mrs. L. A. Kelly, formerly Annie Mears, who now resides in San Francisco, and who in 1852 crossed the plains in a covered wagon, and the same year settled in the Town of Shasta. She was then a mere child and hence is able to recall but few of the events of her early life. Notwithstanding the many years that have intervened between her residence here and the present, time has not diminished her fondness for the old Town. She holds it in the same deep and abiding veneration, and we may be assured that today, in

common with many others not present, her thoughts have turned to Shasta.

Would I were endowed with the power to draw a word picture of a Spring day in Shasta in the late sixties. At dawn the smoke curling heavenward from the many peaceful homes that nestled here, proclaimed that the village was awake and that the day had begun. Soon is heard the musical chuckle of a Concord Coach drawn by four splendid, spirited horses under the direction and control of a skillful and popular pioneer stage driver, bringing passengers and mail from the south. Here and there frolicking, romping school children are gathering, and their merry, joyous shouts are music to the ears and joy to the heart. In the fullness of the day the streets present a busy, active appearance, men are hastening to and fro, vehicles drawn by horses are coming into and leaving the Town—all is life and bustle. As the close of day draws near, you are conscious of the presence of a deep, guttural sound which you soon discover emanates from a band of singing, dancing Indians bound for the Main Street of the Town, decorated with bright and gaudy feathers, their faces and bodies painted in all the colors of the rainbow. As they dance for the entertainment of the public, Indian women form at their rear, their movements of rhythm and grace keeping time with the singing and dancing of the men, the whole scene being both picturesque and pleasing. Soon you hear bells which ring out the tidings that freight teams coming from Red Bluff are approaching. Some are drawn by four and others by six animals; all are laden with merchandise destined to the Trinity and Siskiyou country. "Just as the evening shades prevail," the ladies, middle-aged and young, dressed in white, appear upon the streets, presenting a picture of purity and beauty, and the day concludes with a dance in the evening held either in the Charter Oak or the Armory Hall, which is attended by our fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers and last but by no means least, our sweethearts. The movements and figures of the dance do not consist of the fox-trot, Charleston, or even the lancers, but of the old-fashioned waltz and the now antiquated quadrille, the movements in the latter being called and directed by an announcer. The dance over and the hesitant partings at the gate accom-

plished, the Town is again quiet and the merry makers and the entire populace are in deep slumber, awaiting the coming of another morn. These were indeed happy, happy days.

"Still o'er these scenes our memory wakes
And fondly broods with miser care.
Time but the impression deeper makes
As streams their channels deeper wear."

Gathered as we are in this quiet, friendly little valley, it is difficult to visualize the exciting experiences that have transpired here.

One summer afternoon my Mother, who came to Shasta in 1853, while sitting by a window in her home on Shurtleff Hill, saw a young man slowly and laboriously, for he was in irons, making his way up the trail past the house. Soon several men appeared and inquired if she had seen anyone come up the path, and she replied that she had and indicated the point at which she saw the party enter a cluster of wild roses near by. Presently she saw the pursuers returning with the young man who had escaped from the jail. He was a mere boy, but, if my memory serves me accurately, had been convicted of a serious crime. My Mother was seized with remorse; she felt that had she not disclosed his whereabouts, he might have gained his freedom. While she knew she had done her plain duty, the circumstances so preyed upon her mind that she interested the ladies of the town in the young man, and through their united efforts the Governor was induced to pardon him.

One Sunday afternoon in the early seventies, the exact year I do not remember, but prior to 1874, about five o'clock, Shasta was the seat of an exciting jail break. There were confined in the jail at that time four desperate criminals who had been arrested for robbing Wells, Fargo & Company's express box carried by one of the Oregon and California stages, the robbery having been committed in the vicinity of Cottonwood.

I recall that the name of one of the criminals was Shorty Hayes, and that Thompson was the name of another. On that Sunday afternoon the prisoners had accomplished their release from their cells, gone upstairs to the Sheriff's office and

fully armed themselves. When the cook from the Empire Hotel arrived at the jail with the prisoners' evening meal, they seized him and locked him in one of the cells and hastily proceeded to make their escape. In a moment the alarm was given and the Town was in a high state of excitement. A hot pursuit followed. Some of the escaped men ran through the Dunn Corral and, notwithstanding their pursuers were shooting at them, they did not slacken their speed until they reached the hills east of town. Thompson was overtaken and captured.

Shorty Hayes was more cunning than the others and made his way into the cemetery just north of town. Many of you will remember that in those days it was, and perhaps still is, the custom of the Chinese to ship the bones of their dead to China. They frequently failed to fill the empty grave after the removal of the body, and Shorty slipped into one of these and quietly remained there that night, and until he felt that the excitement had abated. He then arose and made his way south. It was in the winter and his feet froze, with the result that he was apprehended somewhere near Marysville. All were recaptured and returned to the jail, but thereafter ordinary handcuffs were not used, but a blacksmith was employed to make a special handcuff consisting of straight bars of iron with a place just large enough to fit the wrists, and these were riveted on the prisoner. The officers took no further chances. All were convicted and punished.

Shasta has suffered from a number of destructive fires, the first, which is generally referred to as the "big fire," occurred in 1853. Practically the entire business section of the Town was destroyed, the buildings being mostly wooden burned like kindling, but a new city immediately sprang up on the ashes of the old, the structures of the new being largely built of brick and supposed to be fireproof. Some of the bricks used in the construction were baked in a brick-yard south of town.

The fire of 1878 was crushing in its destruction; it reduced to ashes the equivalent of two large blocks comprising many business houses and a number of residences. It was indeed a disheartening blow, for the then business status of the Town did not warrant rebuilding; and just recently another fire has

swept over the old Town, destroying in its path the Union Church which was one of Shasta's landmarks, having been built in 1860. Well we might wish that the elements had passed it by. The funds with which this Church was built were partly raised by the ladies of the Town, dances being one of the means adopted, and at that time dancing was not very popular with many of the religious organizations; indeed, by some it was prohibited. Some of the gentlemen of Shasta took a roguish delight in reminding the ladies that the Church had been "danced up," but, however built, the end justified the means. The old bell that hung in the belfry was ever faithful. For over sixty years its sacred tones upon a Sabbath Day summoned the populace to worship. It performed still another important function; if some disaster threatened the settlement, it would, with like fidelity, ring out the alarm and bid the citizens gather for defense. Those of us present, who have returned to renew the scenes of our childhood, miss the old Church.

Have you ever, in moments of deep reflection, when through the aid of blessed memory you live again the days of your youth. and dwell upon the changes in this old Town between then and now, personified her and fancied you heard her say: "I have lived to be the last leaf upon the tree, and have long since touched the highest point of all my greatness; nearly all of my contemporaries and those who abided here when I was young and vigorous are no longer in the land of the living, and I too, weary and alone, long to join them in the promised land."

But this must not, shall not be; we will not take any such melancholy attitude. The growth of Redding means the ultimate growth of Shasta. Modern means of swift transportation have brought the two towns in close proximity, and each is interested in the progress of the other. As much as we would delight to witness it, we can hardly hope to see Shasta rise again commercially. Her geographical location is not favorable to such a consummation, but the beauty and charm of her setting, her natural endowments, such as climate, pure spring water and soil which responds readily and abundantly to cultivation, render it an ideal spot for homes, and let us hope that such is her destiny.

The assassination of Abraham Lincoln on April 14, 1865, cast a mighty and universal gloom over the Town of Shasta. I well remember that the business portion of Main Street was draped in mourning consisting of festoons of black and white, which gave a very solemn and impressive effect. Upon the day of Mr. Lincoln's burial, appropriate ceremonies were had consisting of a funeral procession lead by a catafalque drawn by four horses, driven by the late John Craddock.

During the long winter months the home talent of the Town, and there was an abundance of it, organized and put on the boards a local minstrel show, and their performances were always sources of amusement and pleasure. Many of the jokes had a local application and coloring. One of the black face artists was William E. Hopping, whom many of us remember. His weight approximated, if it did not exceed, 350 pounds. He was gifted with musical talent. At one of these performances he sang a song picturing his babyhood, the striking words of which were: "The girls used to wash and dress me, why don't they do it now?"

An address devoted to the early history of California would be incomplete if it omitted to mention the Indians, members of a race which is rapidly becoming extinct. It seems ordained that these children of the soil must fall before advancing civilization, which many contend is in obedience to the law of the survival of the fittest. It is authentic that the Pioneers at times suffered greatly from the depredations of the Indians, and especially the Pit River Indians. Notwithstanding their early rebellious and warlike attitude, the reduction of their number and their association with the whites caused them to become more civilized and docile, and especially was that so in and about Shasta. It is a source of gratification that the citizens of Shasta were kind to the Indians.

The Indians in the main were loyal to those who befriended them, and in many ways showed commendable fidelity. While it is true that there was not among them a Sacagawea, the guardian angel of the Lewis & Clarke Expedition, or a Pochhontas, so revered by the Pilgrim Fathers, nevertheless, as I say, there were those who possessed kindly and trustworthy attributes of character. We must judge them by their sur-

roundings and opportunities. It is a source of satisfaction to me to know that, similar to the other residents, my Father was kind to them. At times there were as many as two rancherias upon Shurtleff Hill, one was almost within a stone's throw of the rear entrance to our home. Being a physician, whenever he knew any of them were ill, my Father treated them faithfully, without compensation or reward. In addition to the rancherias, one of the Indian burial grounds was upon his land, and I remember some of the Indian burials that took place there.

Upon the death of one of their tribe the deceased was placed in a stooping posture, wrapped in blankets, and carried to the grave on the back of one of the Indian women. The burial ceremonies would last from twelve to thirty-six hours. All of the Indians acted as mourners. The lamentations of of the widow, if the deceased was a husband, could be heard for a mile away, and it seemed as though the pitch of her sobs indicated the measure of her grief. The men would join in a low, mournful chant, but I do not believe they shed any tears. There was an indescribable sadness to an Indian funeral. After the ceremonies were concluded, the face and head of the widow would be treated to a very heavy coat of tar, the idea being that she would then be unattractive to the male Indians. All the belongings of the deceased were burned or otherwise destroyed. It is a legend that the Indians buried their dead in a stooping posture so that they might spring quickly into action when the Great Spirit bade them enter the Happy Hunting Ground.

The affection we feel for the Town of Shasta extends alike to the County. It is from Shasta County we hail either by birth or adoption. It is gratifying to know and see that our home County has kept step in the march of progress, and is pressing onward to greater commercial supremacy. Its county seat, Redding, is the imperial city of Northern California, and, rapidly as it has risen in the past, it gives promise of even greater thrift and prosperity.

To many of us the memories awakened by these surroundings are not altogether free from sadness, for there arises spontaneously before many present, and especially those of

the first generation, the forms and revered faces of one or both of our beloved parents and of others near and dear, who have crossed the river, and some of whom peacefully repose in one of the cemeteries adjoining the Town, but I take it we would not wish to forget every sorrow, heavy though it may be, that comes to us. Time mellows the most crushing grief, and often transforms it from one of sadness to a sacred memory not to be forgotten.

The devotion and courage of the Pioneer wife and mother was both marvelous and sublime. Not only did she give up her home and the comforts it offered, but she willingly and bravely followed her husband, facing the dangers and hardships of a journey across the plains, or across the Isthmus, into a wild and unsettled country. Well has it been said—"No bard can sing, nor orator speak, words that can paint all that we owe to those brave women" of Pioneer days.

Happy are we that we are honored today with the presence of three Pioneers, Mrs. Anna B. Leach, Mrs. Elizabeth Larkin, and Mr. Charles Jones, all of whom came to California in 1849. With one accord, and with united hearts and deep appreciation, we greet them as the distinguished guests of honor, and rejoice that their days have been lengthened that they might see the growth of this great commonwealth of California, and behold it in all its majesty and splendor—one of the brightest stars in the constellation of states. How supreme must be their satisfaction, how infinite their gratitude, that they were among the first to come to California, that they have been spared to participate in this demonstration of appreciation of the wonrous work and achievements of the Pioneers, of which each of them is one. They may be assured that when we part, they carry with them our earnest, affectionate supplication that they may be spared many added years, and that their declining days may be filled to overflowing with health, peace and happiness.

The Pioneers are rapidly passing, and, ere long, not one will be here to tell the story of the Argonauts of 1849. Out of a total of three thousand and twenty-three original members of the Society of California Pioneers, composed only of men, every

one of whom arrived in California on or before December 31, 1849, but six are now living, and these were very young when they entered the State.

Before the day closes there will be staged, in striking and impressive faithfulness, a reproduction of the days of '49—of the miner, the stage coach, the stage driver, the ladies clad in their quaint and becoming attire, the Indians, the ox-team, and other features illustrative of the period we are now celebrating. Not only is this interesting and pleasing, but it materially aids in visualizing and commemorating the past, which is so full of interest, and which we today delight, as near as we can, to live again.

The pleasures and enjoyment of this glorious homecoming will abide with us always. In moments of meditation it will come to us enriched by time and laden with precious memories of a perfect day. It is well that we have gathered in this old Town of history, not alone to renew former associations and friendships, but to re-affirm our ever present obligation for the priceless heritage transmitted to us by the Pioneers—the frontiersmen of California.

Sponsors of the "Trails of '49," all hail, all hail! Worthy your mission, exalted your purpose, great your vision! Do not weary, do not falter, do not let your enthusiasm abate, or your devotion lapse into indifference, but rather, let these pilgrimages to the hearths of your ancestors be oft repeated, and may you now, upon this very spot where long ago many of them dwelt, inspired by the past and the marvelous story of the Argonauts, unite in a solemn pledge, to the fulfilment of which you plight your sacred honor, that their deeds shall live "until time is o'er and worlds have passed away"; that the trails of the forty-niners shall not grow dim or become effaced nor their builders forgotten. With this accomplished, as it inevitably will be, the living, and the generations yet unborn, with one accord, their hearts filled to overflowing with gratitude, will call you blessed.

JOHN CRADDOCK

The Late John Craddock

Stage Driver of the Fifties

By Charles A. Shurtleff

No aggregation of men was more prominent nor more respected in the pioneer days of California than the stage drivers of that period who did their part in developing the State and bringing it into prominence. Theirs was an important part of the early history of the State.

The subject of this sketch, the late John Craddock, was a pioneer stage driver of northern California. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri in 1832, and at about the age of eight years worked for a brief period on a farm at Alton, Illinois. At the age of ten years he was working in a livery stable for two dollars per week, one dollar of which he gave to his mother. The proprietors of the stable and his patrons had the same confidence in this mere lad that he inspired in others when he reached his manhood. It was in this environment that he developed his great fondness for horses.

In 1853 he came to this State, going to the old town of Shasta, Shasta County. He had been there but a short time and was about twenty-two years of age when he took up stage driving in 1854, his first run being from Colusa to Tehama. He afterwards drove from Tehama to Shasta, from Shasta to French Gulch, from Shasta to Trinity Center and from Shasta to Weaverville, sometimes driving four and at other times six horses. Mr. Craddock was universally known as a very careful driver, and, during the ten years that he drove stage, he did not have a single accident. Neither was he ever "held up" by "road agents," though he did have that experience long after he ceased driving. His sole object was to reach his destination, to use care in doing so, and at all times to favor his horses. He was not what you would call a spectacular driver, for ostentation and show when driving did not appeal to him.

On one occasion the stage company by which Mr. Craddock was then employed, desired either to sell or consolidate with another company, I do not know which, but the consummation of the deal depended upon whether, using a Concord Coach, the sixty-five mile drive between the Tehama postoffice and the Shasta postoffice could be made in nine hours with a full load of passengers and mail. Mr. Craddock was selected to make this run, and his orders were to do it even if he killed his horses. Mr. Sanderson, one of the parties interested in the company that owned the stage line, sat with Mr. Craddock in the driver's seat for the entire distance holding his watch in his hand, and marking each moment and mile of the journey. As they neared Shasta, the start having been made at Tehama, Sanderson said to Craddock, "You have five minutes to reach the postoffice and go thence to the Empire Hotel, where the passengers are to be discharged." This did not excite Craddock nor make him at all nervous, but, calm and confident, he succeeded in reaching his destination within the stipulated time, and he did not lose nor injure a horse in so doing.

Mr. Craddock was so well known as a safe driver that frequently persons, who wished to travel on the stage line for which he drove, would plan their journeys so as to be able to ride with him. Among his contemporaries were the following pioneer stage drivers: Jim Comstock, Harry Burke, Jerry Robins, Dan Robins, William Mayhew, Gus Scammon, Billy Bert and a man named Cushing, all of whom were well known to those who lived in the northern portion of the State. They were representative, upstanding men, and all agree that the memory of these frontier stage drivers should not be permitted to grow dim.

The stage drivers of the fifties endured many hardships. The roads over which they traveled, aside from being new, were often hastily, therefore poorly, constructed, and hence not always safe. Especially was this so in winter. One exceptionally hard winter, when Mr. Craddock was driving between Tehama and Shasta, his home being in the latter town, he was so constantly on the road that for a time he could not spend even a moment with his family, even when in Shasta. For days he did not remove his overcoat, much less his clothes,

but would snatch a few moments of sleep while sitting in a chair in the hotel, thus holding himself in readiness to "go out" at any moment.

Upon the conclusion of his tenth year of driving, he announced to Mrs. Craddock that he had resolved never to drive again for pay, a resolution he kept. After his resignation he was appointed Route Agent, at Shasta, of the company by which he was employed, and he acted in that capacity for a number of years. In 1862 and 1863 he served as United States Revenue Collector for the District embracing Shasta and vicinity, for the duties of that office did not interfere with those of Route Agent. When the district was enlarged so as to include Tehama County he resigned as Revenue Collector. Subsequently he purchased the livery stable and business, in Shasta, of the late F. B. Chandler, and successfully conducted it for years. In 1872 the City of Redding, Shasta County, was established, and Mr. Craddock purchased property there, upon which, at different times, he erected two wooden buildings in which he operated a stable in conjunction with the one in Shasta. Both of these buildings were destroyed by fire. He was successful in business, accumulated a comfortable fortune and ultimately retired, not, however, until he was well along in years for he enjoyed active life. Eventually he erected a brick building upon the Redding lot, which he owned at the time of his death.

Mr. Craddock was a man of pleasing, genial personality and was highly respected. He loved fun and enjoyed a good joke, and delighted to relate the exciting experiences of his driving days, which though interesting can not be repeated in this necessarily brief article.

In 1861 he married Miss Elotia Chancey, the wedding taking place at the home of the bride on the East Fork of Clear Creek, Shasta County. Mrs. Craddock is still living, at present making her home in Oakland. Six children were born of this union, four girls and two boys, all natives of Shasta County, California. Four of them are now living; Mrs. Edith C. Dickie, Oakland, California, Mrs. Edna Newman, Grants Pass, Oregon, Charles A. Craddock, a leading merchant of Redding, California, and Chancey J. Craddock, who is a

prominent educator of northern California, residing at Eureka, Humboldt County. Two of their daughters, Ella and Rose, died a number of years ago.

Mrs. Craddock and her children, in memory of Mr. Craddock, recently presented to the Society of California Pioneers two lithographs of stage scenes. One of these, a Britton & Rey print, rare and difficult to procure, is of a California and Oregon Stage Company coach drawn by six horses. The scene is laid near the foot of Mt. Shasta and faithfully portrays the stage coach of early days.

The pioneer stage drivers not only took great pride in their teams, but also in their fine whips. Frequently some of the whipstocks were highly decorated with silver ferrules, and they always supported a good lash. Mr. Craddock's family have the whip he used when driving upwards of seventy-five years ago, and they prize it highly, for it seems as if it were a part of him. It is indeed an interesting souvenir of early days and is a mute reminder of that coterie of men who played an important and picturesque part in the pioneer days of the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Craddock died in Redding in 1923, at the ripe age of ninety-one years. His was indeed a long and useful life, and truthfully can it be said of him that he never knowingly wronged a fellow being—a splendid memory to leave to his widow and children.

Announcements and Reports

SECRETARY'S REPORT

July 8, 1930.

Fellow Members:

Last night as we sat together at our annual banquet following our election of new officers for the coming year, I found myself reviewing the past three years and our progress during that time under the leadership of President Oliver P. Stidger. Notable were the renovating of our building in 1928; the reduction of our mortgage by $27,500.00; the marked increase in attendance at our monthly members' meetings; and the acquisition of the Turrill Collection through the donations of several of our members. Mr. Stidger has been tireless in his efforts for the Society, and will continue as Acting President until President Charles C. Moore, to whom few of you need introduction, returns to the City in the fall.

Since March the following names have been added to our membership roll:

John Degener Ahnden
Leo Bruce Meyer
Thomas Nordman Meyer
Burnett Sheehan

Our monthly members' meetings have been well attended, and small wonder, for on those occasions Dr. Walter Morritt told of "The Arab-Jewish Conflict in Palestine"; Capt. W. H. Royle of "The Training of Commercial Aviators"; and Stanley A. Weigel of "The Salt Water Barrier of Suisun."

Due to the fact that this Quarterly is going to press somewhat late, our Curator's Report for April to June will not be printed now, but will be included in the July to September report.

Yours very sincerely,

H. L. Van Winkle,
Secretary.

QUARTERLY
of
The Society of California Pioneers

H. L. VAN WINKLE
Secretary

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Editor

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PIERSON B. READING

Pierson B. Reading

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

Out of the notes compiled by his daughter, Miss Alice M. Reading, and from the "Obituary" written by a committee of The Society of California Pioneers in 1868, the life of Pierson B. Reading in California can be briefly, though fairly completely sketched. He arrived at Sutter's Fort on November 10, 1843, and within a very short time had betaken himself to Monterey, though he soon returned to the Fort in Sutter's employ. It was through Samuel J. Hensley, one of the party with whom Reading came to California, that his attention was called to the site of Buena Ventura Rancho. Hensley had been rafting logs down the Sacramento River and was struck with the loveliness of its location and surroundings—more than 26,000 acres extending down the course of the Sacramento from Salt Creek to the mouth of Cottonwood Creek at the head of Bloody Island, so named by Hensley because of a fight he'd had there with some Indians.

Through the friendship and influence of Sutter, Micheltorena deeded Buena Ventura Rancho, the northernmost of any of the Grants made by the Mexican Government, to Reading in December 1844, and he took possession in August 1845. For the better part of ten days Reading and Hensley rode over these acres choosing suitable locations for fields and buildings. Then a house was built and a Frenchman named Julian left in charge. That fall the land was stocked with horses and cattle, but in the following spring the Indians, in a sudden hostile temper, burned the little house and put a temporary end to developments there.

In June of 1847, however, Reading resumed possession, built a second house, and restocked his lands. He planted fruit trees and probably the first grape vines north of New Helvetia (Sacramento). He raised, so it is said, the first olives in northern California and was the first to grow cotton in the state. Pear trees which he planted at this time are still in bearing—they now have a circumference of thirteen feet and have attained a remarkable height.

Odd—all this activity, when he'd written so positively, soon after his arrival, (his letter is quoted on page 143), of his intention to return to the United States. He was then about twenty-eight and quite frankly homesick for his own far-away family.

May 1845 found him trapping in the waters of northern California and Oregon for beaver and otter. With a party of thirty men and one hundred horses he crossed the mountains near a point called Backbone and after a bit reached the banks of a stream he named the Trinity, supposing it led into Trinidad Bay, as marked by the old Spanish charts. So far as it is known, Miss Reading says, this was the first definite exploration to the Trinity country region by a white man.

On the 5th or 6th of July, a day or two before the U. S. flag was flown, Reading enlisted in the Fremont battalion and, according to his diary, he was soon on his way southward, "Left Monterey July 25, 1846, on the U. S. ship *Cyane*, Commodore Samuel F. Dupont, bound for San Diego. On board—the California Battalion, Maj. J. C. Fremont, Adjutant Archibald H. Gillespie, Captains Ford and Swift, and one hundred men."

But this narrative must be briefly told, for all the space possible in this little volume must be saved for Reading's own "Journal," his daily account of his trek across the plains, and we can take time here only for the bare facts of his later life.

Early in 1847 Fremont appointed the now Major P. B. Reading, Paymaster for the United States troops in California. Reading was among the first to visit the scene of Marshall's gold discovery in the Mill Race at Coloma in February of 1848, and he himself engaged extensively in prospecting for gold. He fitted out an expedition (July 1848) and again

crossed the mountains striking the Trinity River at what is now known as Reading's Bar. His party consisted of three white men, seven Delawares, one Walla Walla, one Chinook, and sixty Digger Indians. One hundred and twenty head of cattle were taken along together with an abundant supply of provisions and tools. For six weeks they had worked at this bar when they had the misfortune to encounter a company of Oregonians on their way south; and these people, embittered against all Indians by reason of the recent bloody Indian wars into which they had themselves been plunged, protested against his Indian laborers. So, in disgust, and to prevent further trouble he abandoned his claim on the stream. In the six weeks of mining there, however, he took out $80,000 in dust. This was the most northerly point mined in 1848. Again in 1849 he mined in Trinity, followed by a large train of miners, a section of which started by sea from San Francisco to seek an entrance from the coast, and there plant supply stations. He made discoveries in Shasta County and washed out the first gold in a creek near Horsetown. He found gold, too, in the present town of Shasta, long known as Reading's Springs—Shasta, the scene of one of the principal mining rushes in the summer of 1849—Shasta, at that time the third city of importance in the State.

To settle his accounts as Paymaster of the California Battalion, Major Reading went to Washington, D. C. in 1850. His disbursements had exceeded $166,000, and with pardonable pride he reported, on his return, the compliment of the Auditor, that the neatness and accuracy of his accounts excelled even the best of those presented during the entire war.

While in the east he attended to another errand, too. In 1837, during the crisis which caused such widespread bankruptcy and ruin among the merchants of the southwest, he, too, had become bankrupt. Now he returned to Vicksburg, able to repay in gold the principal and interest of his long standing and almost forgotten debt. $60,000 repaid—an exceptional instance of commercial integrity of which his adopted State has reason to be proud.

In politics Reading was not so successful. Perhaps he didn't desire office enough. Certain it is that he did not seek

office of his own accord, and certainly he hardly deserved the "accidental" defeat that prevented his election to the governorship of California in 1851. Years later the man who deliberately destroyed the thousand votes in the interest of the successful candidate humbly apologized to Reading, saying, "Had I known you then, Major, I should never have done it." Queer that it should have had to happen when Reading was so keenly desired by so many men of prominence, as noted for instance, in the following letter from Wm. D. M. Howard.

San Francisco, May 7th, 1851

Dear Reading:

I had intended to have written you from Sacramento from which place I arrived just two hours before this town was burned up. This fire has been far worse than all the others put together, but still the people keep up their spirits and have again commenced building.

The people of California are determined to elect you as their next Governor. Now Reading, *you must* come forward; if you do you will go in sure without opposition; you will be put up for the office whether you consent or not. Brannan will probably be the Democratic candidate but he will work for you, and your election is certain. Now my dear fellow if you have any regard for your old friends, for your adopted country, do come down here and you will be put through by daylight.

I had hoped to have had the pleasure of visiting your farm this Spring, but my business will prevent it.

Hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you soon,
I remain,
Yours most truly,
Wm. D. M. Howard.

Firmly and positively he declined the nomination for the Governorship when it was again offered to him in 1855 and in 1861. Nor would he accept when the nomination for United States Senator was offered to him.

In 1852, September 15th, Reading was appointed United

States Special Indian Agent, with a cash fund of $25,000 to be spent for the benefit of the Indians. This work extended over many years and he received no compensation, though he was highly complimented by the Department for the splendid results of his work.

The matter of having the title of his Grant confirmed took him to Washington in 1855, and there and then it was that he met Miss Fannie Wallace Washington, who three months later came to California as his bride. Now was his home enlarged, and now did it become a place of many visitors. "The Mansion house," to quote the Red Bluff *Beacon* (August 25, 1858), "is a massive adobe, plastered and whitewashed on the outside, and hard finished within. It is built on an eminence overlooking not only the Sacramento River that meanders away among the oaks and cottonwoods that skirt its banks as far as the eye can reach, but the broad valley stretching out in all directions for a distance of several leagues, and crossed at right angles by two dark lines of timber (along the other creeks and river) that resemble the arms of a mighty mill wheel. Circumscribing one's vision then to a range of a few miles north and south, to the land immediately bordering on the river, one beholds the cultivated fields and pastures that belong to the rancho. Around and within are many hundreds of cattle of all descriptions industriously grazing as though they were aware that every pound they added to their own weight added as many cents as that pound was worth to the pockets of their owner, the Major.

"Gardens and orchards lie adjacent to and help to beautify the residence. Here are fruits and vegetables in rich abundance. Rows of China trees, reminding one of Baton Rouge or Natchez, completely surround the house making a dense shade most refreshing after riding several hours across the plains in the hot sunshine. So it is that Buena Ventura is regarded as an oasis in the desert.

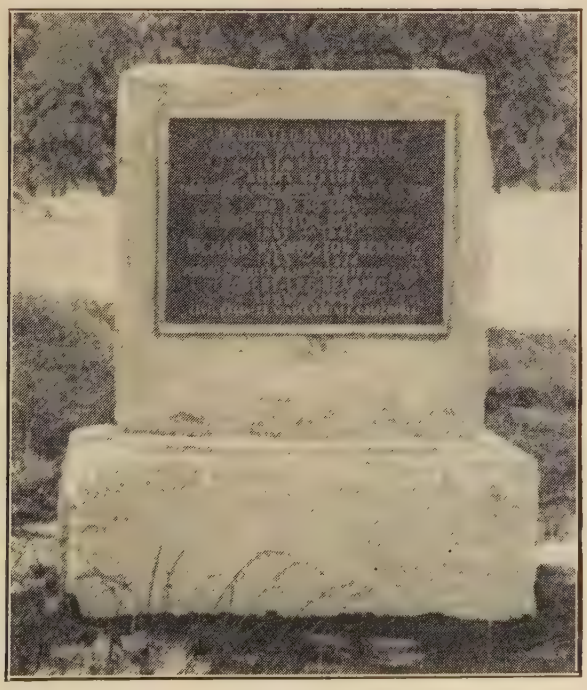
"As one approaches the Rancho it appears like a small village with its ten whitewashed buildings—smoke house, woodshed, chicken sheds, wagon sheds, machine shops, granary, carpenter shop, blacksmith shop, barns and corrals, hog sheds, and vaquero house."

From a pencil sketch by Miss Alice M. Reading.

THE HOME OF PIERSON B. READING

A large revenue was had from grazing cattle and sheep, from the sale of wood, from mining privileges near Shasta, and so on, for Major Reading's earlier business training stood him well in management of his ranch affairs. But his interest was not entirely engrossed in his ranch affairs. Navigation on the upper Sacramento River was a question of much interest to him, Indian affairs still occupied much of his thought, and he was unfailing in his hospitality to his friends as well as to the many weary travelers who, seeing Bueno Ventura from far across the plains from the Oregon Trail, came seeking a temporary haven of rest.

The announcement of his death was heard with profound regret throughout the State on May 29, 1868. Born in 1816, on November 26th, he was still a comparatively young man. A man, though, whose life had been packed with hard work and interesting adventure, for from the time he was fourteen and his family—proud and prominent residents of New Jersey since 1684—met with devastating financial reverses, he had made his own way in the world.



And now follows his own *Journal*, and possibly the best introduction to it, a letter written from Monterey to his brother to whom he sent the *Journal*. Only a few days before (January 2, 1844) while at Monterey, where he had gone to see Governor Micheltorena,[1] he had written the following paragraphs concerning the *Journal* to this same brother.

"I have taken much pains to have it as correct as possible. The distances, of course, are not entirely accurate. I imagine, however, the error is not great as one can tell very nearly in having animals which vary but little in their gait or speed of traveling from one day to another. Before setting out I provided myself with a good compass and was most careful in taking the course of each day's travel.

"It is with me a matter of regret that I have not a greater knowledge of mineralogy. Some sections of the mountains which I passed must have been most interesting, had I possessed a knowledge of the character of the many beautiful specimens of ores, the various stones, etc., which I found frequently in abundance. I have collected specimens which I will preserve with the hope of exhibiting them to you some day."

1—Manuel Micheltorena. A Mexican Brigadier-General appointed to govern California. Arrived in San Diego August 25, 1842 with about two hundred and fifty soldiers, half of whom were recruited from the convict prisons of Mexico. He drilled his troops in San Diego and finally assumed official direction of California on December 31, 1842.

The utter disregard by Mexico of the wishes of the Californians as shown by Micheltorena's appointment, and particularly by the rogues and prison riff-raff sent with him, caused much dissatisfaction. Residents of Los Angeles and Monterey, particularly, suffered from this band of thieves, and they also felt that they had been humiliated and insulted by the Mexican government. Micheltorena made Los Angeles his headquarters until the summer of 1843, at which time he removed to Monterey.

Rumors of a revolution were rife as early as the fall of 1843, and these plans finally materialized in November 1844, when the revolution was started, headed by Manuel Castro, Jesus Pico, Antonio Chavez, Francisco Rico, and others. Juan Bautista Alvarado, the deposed governor, was also prominent in the revolt. The Californians who rendezvoused in the localities north of Salinas and around the Bay of San Francisco, enlisted Americans and other foreign citizens in their behalf. Micheltorena did the same in the southern part of the state. The Californians then had about two hundred and fifty men, and Micheltorena had anywhere from two hundred and fifty to four hundred.

Captain John A. Sutter, who had been appointed Mexican Commandant of the northern frontier, naturally sided with Micheltorena. He started south and joined Micheltorena at Salinas. Sutter had under his command one hundred of his trained Indians, also about one hundred American riflemen under Capt. John Gantt. The noted Isaac Graham and John Marsh were also in the party, as were many other well known American settlers of that period. The opposing forces —each about four hundred strong—finally met in "battle" (principally conversation) at Cahuenga near San Fernando, February 20, 1845. Both sides had a few cannon, and they engaged in a long distance duel.

The Americans on both sides finally got into communication with each other and decided that it was a very foolish proposition for them to fight each other. As a consequence Micheltorena surrendered to the Californians. Then he and his forces marched away "with all the honors of

Monterey, California, Feb. 7, 1844.

Dear Brother:

From the above date you will perceive that I have arrived on the shore of the distant Pacific, and at the city rendered notorious with Americans by Commodore Jones.[2] As regards my journey across the Rocky Mountains, I will refer you to my Journal, which is enclosed with this letter and forwarded by the Barque *George Henry*, Captain Smith[3], now in this port, and homeward bound for Baltimore. You will discover that I have undergone many privations and hardships, more perhaps than you imagine me capable of, and a great deal more than I, in undertaking the trip, ever dreamed of encountering, during a great portion of the journey over such a boundless wilderness. Starvation and fatigue were our constant companions and as a last resource to sustain sinking nature we were forced to eat our horses and mules. In this deplorable condition we were journeying through a country which offered nothing to interest, and much to dishearten and discourage us. Mountain after mountain rose to our view, seeming to offer barriers sufficient to discourage the stoutest heart. Day after day, week after week, we continued in this manner, meeting too, with hostile tribes of Indians dogging us at every step and watching opportunities to take advantage of the weakness of our small party.

After a long exercise of all the perseverance and fortitude we possessed, we at last reached this happy country. So sudden was the change from the high, barren, desolate mountains into a lovely valley where everything bore the appearance of Spring. There was the soft and balmy atmosphere, the blooming of flowers, the singing of birds. A large and placid

war, trumpets playing, drums beating, and flags flying," and as a final testimonial of the esteem that each side held for the other, they were given a parting salute by the revolutionists.

Pio Pico was made governor, the last Mexican governor before American occupation, and Micheltorena and his troops were deported from Monterey to San Blas, Mexico. Sutter and others who supported Micheltorena were forgiven and the "merry war" came to an end. The total casualties of the entire war was one individual mule.—Vale—.

2—Commodore Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, Commander of the United States Pacific Squadron of five vessels mounting 116 guns—The Frigate *United States*, Sloops *Cyane*, *Dale*, and *Yorktown*, the schooner *Shark*, and the storeship *Relief*. On October 20, 1842 at 11 a. m. Jones landed a force of one hundred and fifty marines and sailors at Monterey, and raised the American flag, believing, as did his officers, that war had been declared between the United States and Mexico. The next day, late in the afternoon, after talking with U. S. Consul Larkin, Jones decided that he had made a mistake. The United States flag in Monterey was lowered and the Mexican flag saluted. Jones then embarked his forces and left the harbor.

3—Captain Smith. See footnote 42 on page 198.

river wound its way through the middle of the valley, its banks skirted with groves of live oak, under whose shade were reposing herds of deer, antelope and elk. So enchanting was the view that it seemed as if we were in some fairyland. I was reminded of the Indians' Heaven, of the Happy Hunting Ground which they believe awaits them in the world to come.

After a few days' journey to the south through this lovely country, we reached the Spanish settlement[4] on the Sacramento River, where we were most hospitably received. Here I remained a short time and then proceeded to the Bay of San Francisco, which joins the ocean, and from there by sea to this place.

With California I am truly delighted. The atmosphere is so very pure and mild that bilious diseases are entirely unknown. The skies, too, may vie with those of Italy, so cloudless and serene. As regards the soil, it gives a greater yield than I have ever known in any part of the United States. Wheat readily produces 60 to 70 bushels per acre. In short, everything produces in similar proportion. No country in the world could be more admirably adapted to grazing. The natural grasses of the country cannot be excelled for their nutritious qualities. Snow never falls in the valleys, and grass remains green throughout the year. I have ridden through thousands of acres of wild oats and red clover growing wild and more luxurious than ever seen in the United States under cultivation.

As you and myself were, during our happy boyhood days, great squirrel hunters, I will give you some description of the game in California. The grizzly bear is most abundant, and at one time I have seen ten within 300 yards. They are enormous animals, frequently weighing 1000 pounds. I recollect having seen four under an oak tree, feeding on acorns. Elk are very numerous, I having seen in one herd at least 2000. In shape they are similar to deer; the size of their horns is truly astonishing A fat elk will weigh, when dressed, about 700 pounds. Their flesh is very sweet and palatable, but rather

4—Spanish Settlement—Sutter's Fort.

coarse. Deer and antelope are numerous and tame, the latter I have seen in large herds. The otter, raccoon, wildcat and grey squirrel comprise the smaller game.

Of wild fowl there is the greatest abundance of swan, geese, brandts, ducks, snipe, pelicans, cranes and partridges. The latter are very different from those found in the United States—are larger and have the most beautiful gay plumage.

Wild horses are numerous, and frequently found in large herds. I may safely say that I have seen 2000 at one view. They are very wild and can only be caught by decoying them into inclosures.

The rivers abound in excellent fish, among which the salmon is the principal. They are large, frequently weighing 40 pounds, and are caught in great quantities by the Indians. The Columbia River is remarkable for its salmon, but I believe the rivers of California can excel it.

The principal trade of this coast is in hides and tallow, for which is given in exchange goods of every description. This business is in the hands of some strong capitalists, the foremost of which is the House of Appleton & Company, Boston, successors to the House of Bryant Sturgis & Company. The competition which exists at present admits of but light profit, hides bring in cash $1.50 and in trade $2.00. Formerly they were sold at $.50 each in trade, and the ships sold their goods at least 200 per cent above prime cost. In this manner, Bryant Sturgis & Company realized an enormous fortune.

I have received from the government a large tract of land as a grant. The title is good and secures the land to me forever. The tract is in length five leagues, on the bank of the river, and one league deep; one league makes three miles, which gives me 15 miles in length by three miles in breadth. A more beautiful tract of land I never saw.

The Sacramento is navigable for steamboats some distance above my homesite. There is one very good advantage, among many others—that is as regards labour. The Indians of California make as obedient and humble servants as the negroes in the South. These Indians are quite different from any I have ever seen in the mountains or prairies, being mild and inoffensive in their manner, and easily taught the various

duties of the farm. There are on my land, two villages, each numbering 150 persons, men, women and children. I am confident that by treating them kindly I can easily convert them into useful subjects, and at the same time improve their condition as human beings. They are at present sunk very low in the scale of humanity.

Do not think that I have located in California for life. No, I hope to be able to return to my native land before many years. This is a most delightful country and in every respect calculated to make men happy. But when I reflect and see how far distant I am from all my relatives, father, mother, sisters and brothers, and from the scenes of my childhood, I am led to ask myself for what do we toil, for what do we endure fatigue, privations and hardships, separation from our kindred —'tis all in search of fancied happiness which dances before our eyes leading us from place to place, and we can never grasp it.

Your most esteemed letter dated Philadelphia, August 12, 1843 I received at Norton, and have it before me now. I value it highly as it is the only letter of yours which I brought across the mountains. I also have two letters from my father which I prize very much.

After you have perused the journal please send it to the family with instructions to return it to you after reading. It is in nowise intended for the eyes of the public. In it exists many errors, having been written in a hurried manner, and I have not returned to make a single correction.

Soon as you can, write me, giving me a description of everything you think would interest me. Write me about home, with every particular. John, too, must write. Letters from either of you, or from any of the family, cannot be *too* long. I am a long distance from you, and the only truant in the family. Wilson P. Hunt[5], is, I believe, the only relation of the family except myself, who has crossed the Rocky Mountains, and I hope that I may be the last.

As regards the means to send letters to me, the best opportunity is offered through the house of Messrs. Appleton & Co., of Boston, who have several vessels on this coast. I believe

5—Wilson P. Hunt. See footnote 39 on page 181.

they send out one every year. Direct to the care of Nathan Spear[6], Bay of San Francisco. Do not fail to write me.

The climate agrees with me. My health is excellent. My weight a few days since was one hundred eighty pounds. I have not seen a sick person since my arrival in the country.

To speak of any definite time of returning, I cannot. I shall never re-cross the Rocky Mountains, but will return by sea or by the City of Mexico.

Your affectionate brother,

P. B. Reading.

6—Nathan Spear was born about 1802 in Boston. He was a druggist's clerk before coming to California in 1823. He became a merchant in Monterey in 1832, formed a partnership with Leese and Hinckley in 1838, and moved to San Francisco. He continued business in San Francisco for some years, and on account of poor health moved to Napa County in 1846. He was a large owner of San Francisco water lots. Returned to San Francisco in 1848, where he died in October 1849. Spear was an honorable fair-dealing gentleman, and well thought of by his contemporaries.

Journal of Pierson Barton Reading

IN HIS JOURNEY OF ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-THREE DAYS ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS FROM WESTPORT ON THE MISSOURI RIVER, 450 MILES ABOVE ST. LOUIS, TO MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, ON THE PACIFIC OCEAN, IN 1843.

FOREWORD

The manuscript of this Journal was procured for the Society of California Pioneers by Director Philip B. Bekeart, who has also written the "Notes" for it. The illustrations used are copies of pictures in Mr. Bekeart's collection and of illustrations found in the following books: "Beyond the Mississippi" by Richardson, "Argonauts of 'Forty-Nine" by Leeper, "The Great Salt Lake Trail" by Inman and Cody, and "A Journal of Army Life" by Glisan.

[May 1843]

Friday 19th, May 1843. Crossed the Missouri River at Westport Landing and proceeded to the encampment of the Oregon Immigrants, 2½ miles S-W of Westport, ¼ mile off the State line of Missouri. Found encamped here about 250 persons expecting to leave in a few days for the Columbia River. Would have left at the appointed time the first of the month, but owing to the late Spring, the grass was not sufficient for the support of the animals.

Saturday 20th. Visited the Shawnee Indian Mission under charge of the Reverend Mr. Berryman. This is a Methodist Mission and appears to be doing much for the benefit of the Shawnees. The improvements are two large brick buildings with a large barn, stables, wheelwright, blacksmith and shoemaker shops. Mr. B. informs me the Indians make very good mechanics. The school consists at present of about one hundred scholars; 40 females and 60 males. This establishment cost about $45,000.00 and is situated on the land of the Shawnees north of the Kickapoos, northwest of the Kansas, and west of the Delaware and Stockbridge Indians.

Sunday 21st. About 10 o'clock left our encampment to meet the main company at Elm Grove, about twenty miles distant. Passed the Quaker Mission ½ mile west of the Methodist Mis-

sion. Apparently not in a flourishing condition. We have now bid farewell to the home of the "Pale faces." About 4 o'clock camped on a small creek with some timber on its banks; an open country, soil dark and rich. No timber except on streams. Six miles west, four miles south.

Monday 22d. Set off about 9 o'clock; struck the Santa Fe route in about ½ hours travel; followed this track for 10 miles when we reached Elm Grove, finding the main company camped here. Same description of country passed yesterday. South by west 14 miles. Continue this route. Met forty wagons from main encampment at Elm Grove.

Tuesday 23d. Made an early start. Found the prairie more undulating than yesterday; soil barren and gravelly. Saw scattered over the prairie many elk horns. Killed two very large rattlesnakes and a large black wolf. Ten miles south by west, four miles west. Camped about 5 o'clock on the banks of a beautiful creek, skirted with timber.

Wednesday 24th. Left about 10 o'clock after traveling over a hilly country entirely void of timber; came to a creek called by the Indians—"Walka Rocha," which signifies "to surround." Crossed the stream and camped on the west bank where we were joined by our pilot, Captain John Gantt*, an experienced mountaineer. Ten miles northwest.

Thursday 25th. Set off about 7 o'clock, traveled over a hilly prairie country. Soil better than that we passed yesterday. Some points covered with a loose limestone. The weather today, as well as several days past, most delightful. Camped about 3 o'clock on the east side of a small creek with good water and sufficient wood for fire. Delightful weather. Seventeen miles. 5° north of west.

Friday 26th. A little after sunrise were under way. Passed over a very beautiful rolling prairie, crossing some small streams skirted with timber, such as black walnut, oak, hickory, cottonwood, sycamore and locust. Saw many prairie wolves. About 4 o'clock camped on the east side of a small creek, emptying into the Kansas River. In the evening were visited by some of the Kansas Indians, some of them fine looking men, but filthy and many nearly naked, their heads shaved, leaving only a scalp lock, which is plaited with beads. Met with one who

*—See footnote 20 on page 163.

spoke the English and French languages very well. They are preparing to send out a war party against the Pawnees. The Kansas number about 3,000 souls, living in villages on the River. Their lodges are made of sod and skins stretched over poles.

Saturday 27th. Left camp about 9 o'clock and in an hour's travel reached the Kansas River where we camped on its south bank. The stream is swimming and we shall be obliged to construct boats to cross. It is about 275 yards wide and very rapid current. The land lying on it is very rich. Were visited by many of the Kansas Indians; they are very fond of trinkets. In the afternoon I paid a visit to a village about one mile distant from our camp, composed of about 25 lodges, each lodge being about 40 feet long, 15 feet wide and 10 feet high, with an oval shaped roof. They are made by placing poles in the ground over which is laid wide strips of bark. Several families live in each. The same buffalo robe which they wear in the day serves as their bed at night. Most of the men were absent hunting. Found the squaws engaged in dressing skins. They gave me to eat a root growing in the prairie which is about the size and shape of a hen's egg. It is both palatable and nutritious and serves the Indians as an excellent substitute for bread. It is very white and is called by the French "le pomme blanc" or white apple. On returning to camp, found the company had finished a boat and were engaged in crossing.

Sunday 28th. Our mess crossed the River with baggage and animals about 10 o'clock and proceeded to camp on a creek called Black Soldier, about two miles from the River, where we will remain until the company are all across. Today we were visited by many men and squaws. Find them to be miserable wretches, begging for food and stealing all they can lay their hands on.

Monday 29th. Remained in camp waiting for the remainder of the company to cross the River, a very tedious process. Indians in camp today with some dressed skins and moccasins to trade for tobacco and trinkets.

Tuesday 30th. The company not yet finished crossing; passed the day in writing to some of my relatives and friends, an opportunity offering to send letters to the settlement by a French trader. The weather very warm.

Wednesday 31st. Still at the encampment which we have named Camp Delay. Much discord prevails as regards forming regulations for our mutual protection against the Indians, such as a day and night guard. Some persons have from fifty to one hundred head of cattle which they take through for the purpose of speculating, most unreasonably expecting the company to protect them from the tribes of Indians, when the men will be fully employed in taking care of themselves, their families and work stock. The majority of the company desire to be organized for the purpose of forming plans for mutual protection. Called a vote of our company for the purpose of electing a suitable person to take command of the party. Elected Peter H. Burnett[7], a gentleman well suited to the office.

[June 1843]

Thursday June 1st. After electing Peter H. Burnett Commander-in-Chief, the company met at 10 o'clock for the purpose of organizing. Entered into many rules and regulations to which all the company unanimously agreed, with the exception of one, permitting some of the company to take through with them a large number of loose cattle, herding them with the work oxen and guarded by the sentinels of the company. This subject creates much discord and entirely destroys the harmony that would otherwise prevail, and insure the mutual safety of the company. A division must take place. Left Camp Delay about 1 o'clock. Proceeded due west seven miles and encamped, forming a hollow square with the wagons on the

7—PETER H. BURNETT—Peter H. Burnett, a native of Nashville, Tennessee, was born November 15, 1807. As a young man he studied law for six months, then entered the mercantile business. He later moved to Missouri, where in 1831 he was practicing law.

In the spring of 1843, Burnett headed a band of immigrants from the Southern States, bound for Oregon. They reached the Platte Purchase rendezvous and were joined by various other parties headed by Jesse Applegate, Joseph B. Chiles, T D. Kaiser, Jesse Looney and Daniel Matheney. The combined party totaled nearly one thousand men, women, and children, of whom nearly "three hundred were fighting men," over sixteen years of age. On May 20th, while camped on the Kansas River, Burnett was elected Captain and J. W. Nesmith, Orderly Sergeant. They then continued their way to Oregon. [The Chiles party for California, left the Oregon party at Fort Hall.]

After Burnett's arrival in Oregon, he became a farmer, was elected a member of the legislature and afterwards, Judge of the Supreme Court. Leaving Oregon, he arrived in California, November 5, 1848. He mined for a short period, then became a real estate agent for John A. Sutter, Jr., in Sacramento. Later he sold his own Sacramento property for a large sum, and became a resident of San Francisco, where he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court. He moved to San Jose, where he established a home, was elected Governor of California in 1849. He resigned January 8, 1851.

In January, 1857, he was appointed to the Supreme Court. He removed to San Francisco in 1863, and was active in starting the Pacific Bank. He died in San Francisco on May 16, 1895.

Peter H. Burnett was a member of The Society of California Pioneers, and wrote an account of his trip across the plains, titled: "Recollections and Opinions of an Old Pioneer," (New York, 1880.)

F. O. C. Darley

EMIGRANTS CROSSING THE PLAINS

north bank of the Kansas. Named the encampment "Go Ahead." W. L. Sublette's[8] company is a short distance ahead of us. Sir William D. Stewart, with a number of young gentlemen, passed us today. Their object is a buffalo hunt. They appeared in fine spirits and were well equipped for the chase. Two of my acquaintances are of the number. Sun two hours high. We camped on the bank of the River. West ten miles.

Friday June 2d. Divided our company into four marching divisions; one Captain to each, subject to the order of the Commander-in-Chief. Left camp about 10 o'clock, continuing up the Kansas River. The bottom land on this stream is as fertile as alluvial lands of the Mississippi and from three to five miles wide with a growth of timber close on the banks of the stream. The highland is a beautiful rolling prairie. Saw today many Indians who are now busily engaged (at least the squaws who perform all the labor) in planting and hoeing corn which grows well on the rich bottom land. About 4 o'clock encamped near the river on a small creek. Fourteen miles west.

Saturday, June 3d. Made a late start this morning, keeping up the little valley of bottom land of the river. Camped early on the east bank of Sandy Creek, a beautiful stream with rocky bottom. Passed today a large village of Kansas Indians. The Chief and twelve of his principal men visited our camp in the evening and smoked with us. Eighteen miles west.

Sunday, June 4th. As usual, made a late start. It appears impossible to leave early. Left today the Kansas and traveled over an open prairie country. Soil very gravelly but good.

8—WILLIAM L. SUBLETTE—William L. Sublette of St. Louis, was a well-known trapper and plainsman, famed for his ability and integrity. As early as 1823 he was known as an experienced trapper; in 1824 he was trapping and hunting with James Clyman. In 1826 he was one of a trapping party in the Gila River country, with William Wolfskill and "Peg Leg" Smith, who were driven out by the Indians.

Sublette gave the United States Government the first account of a battle with the Indians, at Pierre's Hole, July 12, 1832; and again when accompanied by his two partners, Jedediah Strong Smith and David E. Jackson, he sent the Government an account of their journey into the Wind River country. Smith made a trip to California in 1826 and again in 1827, the last one full of hardships and encounters with Indians.

The diary of James Clyman, now in The Bancroft Library, and printed in Vol. IV, No. 4, California Historical Society *Quarterly*, records—"June 27, 1844, Mr. Sublette and party arrived on the opposite side" (of the stream). Clyman goes on to say that the party consisted of twenty men "eleven of whom were sick and traveling for their health. One man died that morning—" Another died June 30, another July 7. Clyman did not meet Sublette again on that trip.

On October 8, 1845, Captain Sutter wrote to Thomas Larkin in Monterey, that Mr. Sublette had arrived the day before at Sutter's Fort, with a party of fifteen unknown men. He left the fort in the spring of '46. Edwin Bryant, the noted traveler and writer, records that while traveling west in July, 1846, he met Sublette and three men, traveling east.

Sublette was the discoverer of a pass in the Rockies, known as the "Sublette Cut-off." His career is recorded in many historical articles and books of the plains.

No timber. We are now in the neutral country of the Pawnees and Kansas, the land on which their war parties encounter one another. Last night a heavy rain with much thunder. One horse killed by lightning. Mr. Dougherty[9], Mr. Dement[10] and myself visited this morning the upper and last village of the Kansas, and were received by some of the important characters a short distance from the lodges. Enquired for the Chief. They informed us by signs that he was absent. Our curiosity leading us farther into the village, they led us before the Chief's lodge, where we seated ourselves on the ground. The Chief's pipe of peace was then brought, which we smoked with about twenty men. Some of the squaws were quite pretty and one was certainly handsome. Children to the age of 10 or 12 were

INDIANS TRAVELING

running about as naked as the day they were born. Overtook the company. In the evening encamped on a small creek running toward the river. Fifteen miles, 20° north of west.

Monday, June 5th. Left camp early; passed through a hilly prairie country with no timber. Crossed a creek called Black Vermilion. Saw five deer and several large wolves. Company sent forward an advance of pioneers. Camped on east bank of the north fork of Blue River. Twenty miles W. N. W.

9—WILLIAM P. DOUGHERTY—In 1846, Dougherty, Joseph Hull and P. G. Stewart, called a meeting of Masons in Oregon City. The charter was issued October 19, 1846 by the Grand Lodge of Missouri to the Multnomah Lodge No. 84. This charter was brought across the plains in 1848, by Pierre B. Cornwall, father of Bruce Cornwall, a member of our Society.

Dougherty came to California after the discovery of gold, and then returned to Oregon, where he was a commissioner for Pierce County in 1853.

10—WILLIAM C. DEMENT—Arrived and settled in Oregon. He came to California after the discovery of gold, and possibly returned to Oregon, as did many other Oregonians.

Tuesday, June 6th. Took up the line of march about 8 o'clock. After traveling a short distance met a war party of Osage and Kansas Indians, eighty in number, all well mounted on fine horses. But a few days previous they had encountered a party of Pawnees, several of whom they killed, and they exhibited to us the most disgusting sights, such as fingers, thumbs, hands and scalps of their victims. One man had a nose on a string which he wore around his neck. We gave them some provisions as they had been two days without eating. They presented a singular and grotesque appearance,wearing a loose buffalo skin or blanket with their heads ornamented with tails of foxes, otter, wolves and feathers dyed red. One carried a staff from which was suspended a snow white skin which was waved to and fro as they approached us, intended, I presume, as a token of peace. Their faces were painted with various colors. Most, however, were daubed with a kind of red earth, and were armed with spears, bows and arrows. After remaining with our company about an hour, proceeded toward their village two days travel east. By 4 o'clock we camped on the west bank of Blue River. Twenty-one miles W. N. W.

Wednesday, June 7th. In consequence of rain last night, were obliged to encamp only one mile from last night's camp, a creek here being too high to attempt fording. Last night experienced one of the heaviest rains I ever knew. The storm commenced about 10 o'clock at night with a high wind from the N. E. Most of the tents were blown down, placing the occupants, women and children, in a most pitiful condition. Our tent was well pitched and braced, and weathered out the storm. The whole atmosphere seemed charged with the electric fluid, and during some five hours seemed a continuous blaze. I felt much uneasiness, sleeping in the back part of a tent, at the foot of which were six guns with the horns full of powder near them. One mile W. N. W.

Thursday 8th. Left our encampment about 9 o'clock in a heavy rain. Very heavy showers attended with much thunder and lightning last night. About 1 o'clock pitched our tents on a small creek in a small grove of timber. Killed some duck and plover and curlew. Much discontent in our company.

Mr. Applegate[11] has withdrawn his wagons and some others joined him, numbering in his party 25 wagons. Rain all day; no prospect of clear weather. Many have all their provisions and ammunition all wet. Double blankets over our wagon cover. I have been cooking five hours for our mess; made three loaves of light bread. Burned one to charcoal. Nothing more tiresome and unpleasant than cooking. Found on the creek very fine gooseberries. Captain Burnett and Sergeant Smith[12] have this day sent to the council their resignations. An election called this evening for a Commander-in-Chief. William Martin[13] of our mess was almost unanimously elected under the title of Colonel with the same duties as our former Captain. Fifteen miles, 10° N. of W.

Friday 9th. Were delayed in starting by the heavy rain of last night, having to dry blankets, provisions and so forth. Camped on a small creek after traveling about 12 miles. 15° N. of W.

Saturday, June 10th. After traveling 18 miles W. N. W. camped on a small creek which empties into the Blue River. Passed today some mountain traders from Laramie's Fork of Platte River, with five wagons loaded with buffalo robes. Discovered on the plains several bodies of the Pawnees, supposed to have been killed by the party of Kansas and Osages whom we met on the sixth inst. Saw today on the prairie the body of a Pawnee, his head severed from his body and thrown some feet away from it. The scalp and ears taken off, and the body much gashed and mutilated. Several arrows and bullets

11—JESSE APPLEGATE—Jesse Applegate, born in Kentucky in 1811, was a well-known, courageous frontiersman, of the Daniel Boone type.

With his brothers, Lindsey (born 1808) and Charles (born 1806) Jesse Applegate headed a band of immigrants bound for Oregon. They left St. Clair County, Missouri, in the spring of 1843. At the Platte Purchase, the party joined other bands of immigrants, and under the leadership of Peter H. Burnett, continued to Oregon. While running the rapids at The Dalles, a canoe overturned, and Jesse's son was drowned and a son of Lindsey Applegate was crippled for life.

The three brothers settled in Oregon, where, in 1845, Jesse was a member of the provisional government of Oregon. All of the brothers were prominent in the history of Oregon. The Applegate Pass in Southern Oregon was discovered by Jesse and his brother Lindsey, and was used by many immigrants to Oregon and the extreme northern part of California.

In 1849, Jesse and Charles settled in Umpqua Valley (Yone-Calla). Lindsey settled at Ashland Creek, where Ashland now stands. Jesse was active in the Modoc War, 1873. He died in Portland, April 23, 1888.

12—SERGEANT SMITH—There were seven Smiths in the combined party under Burnett. Sergeant Smith was probably Robert Smith, a native of Virginia, who married a daughter of Charles Applegate. (Incidentally, according to Colonel E. V. Smith, U. S. A., retired, there were 57,000 Smiths in the United States Service, who participated in the World War.)

13—WILLIAM J. MARTIN—William J. Martin, an American Mason with the Chiles-Walker party, was for a short period, pilot for the Burnett Oregon party. He became a member of the Oregon Legislature in 1848, was a member of the State Council, 1852-54, and in 1855 was commissioned Major in the militia formed for the purpose of fighting Indians.

were found near it. Saw today several antelope, an animal about the size of a deer and of a bright color with a white spot on the hips. The last two days we have been traveling within sight of the Republican Fork of Blue River on our left. Eighteen miles W. N. W.

Sunday, June 11th. Left camp about 10 o'clock and traveled nearly all day through a cold rain. The character of the soil has changed from a dark rich soil to a sandy, gravelly one. Saw today several deer and antelope but were so wild as not to permit us to come within gunshot. Camped on the west side of Horse Creek. Twenty-two miles W. N. W.

Monday 12th. Camped on a small creek near the Blue River. Prairie more rolling than any yet passed. Soil sandy and gravelly. Saw several buffalo. Captain Gantt of our mess killed a very large bull. The meat very similar to beef. Made our supper and breakfast from the hump and liver. Saw several elk and deer. Mr. Lufborough and myself were hunting about three hours in the bottom land of the Blue River. Saw but little game. Sensitive plant very abundant, also rye, gooseberries and currants. Twelve miles W. N. W.

Tuesday 13th. Camped on west side of Ash or Sand Creek. Fording very bad. Greater part of the day spent in getting our wagons across. Saw four or five buffalo, some antelope and black wolf. Prairie growing thinner in soil; very sandy and gravelly, more rolling. Six miles N. W.

Wednesday, June 14th. Eighteen miles, 5° N. of W. Camped on Republican Fork of Blue River in a small grove of ash and elm. Saw more buffalo, elk, antelope and wolves. Killed nothing. Fine roads over gravelly soil. Rain in the evening.

Thursday 15th. Eighteen west. Camped on Blue River. Saw at least 50 antelope. Some killed by the party. The flesh is similar to mutton. Sandy soil roads very firm. Rain in the evening. Timber very scarce on the banks of the river.

Friday, June 16th. Set off about 9 o'clock; find the traveling excellent over a gravelly soil. Saw some game; killed one deer. Find the prickly pear growing abundantly. Twenty miles west.

Saturday, June 17th. The company made a late start this morning; camped about 5 o'clock on a small creek which emp-

ties into Blue River about eight miles distant. Were visited at our camp by a party of Pawnees, about 80 in number who were returning from a successful buffalo hunt having 100 animals loaded with dried or jerked buffalo meat. These are the best featured Indians I have yet seen. They are tall with a well developed muscular system. They are frequently very troublesome to the Santa Fe traders in stealing their horses and mules. They camped near us in the evening. They are different from other Indians in one respect, they do not beg. They bear the character of being a proud and honorable nation. Captain Gantt traded his horse for a large black mule, also traded for some jerked meat. Rained in the morning. Clear and pleasant in the evening. Fifteen miles west.

Sunday, June 18th. This morning set off by sunrise, having a long distance to perform for our day's travel. Leaving the waters of Blue River for the Platte, traveled over a beautiful prairie country. Saw the carcasses of many buffalo. After sunset we pitched our tents on the south bank of the Platte River, opposite the head of Grand Island. Saw traces of Pawnees. Twenty-seven miles N. N. W.

Monday, June 19th. Today we started late and traveled very slowly. Camped on the bank of the Platte. This river is about ¾ of a mile wide and very shallow with a rapid current. The bottoms are from three to five miles wide, soil sandy and in many places strongly impregnated with sulphate of soda. A ridge of high and barren sand hills running parallel with the river on the south side. Saw some antelope and deer. You may travel hundreds of miles on its banks without seeing one tree. Eleven miles west.

Tuesday 20th. Made today 14 miles and camped on the river. A party of 20 men under Captain Martin, myself in the number, went ahead to kill buffalo for provisions, and continue to the ford of the south fork, about 100 miles distant, thence to prepare boats to cross the wagons in case the river should be too high to ford. High sand hills on both sides of the river, very barren; covered with a fine small grass. Fourteen miles west.

Wednesday 21st. Traveled up the bank of the river. Camped early. Saw some buffalo. Killed one calf which we found to

be very good meat, resembling veal. Find the mosquitoes very troublesome. Horses and mules suffer very much. The river in this place very shallow, nearly a mile wide with an average depth of not more than five feet. Water muddy. In standing a few minutes makes a heavy deposit of sand. The bottom land growing more sandy and barren than when we first struck the river. Sixteen miles west.

Thursday 22d. Continue our course up the river. Saw some buffalo. Killed only two, and three antelope. Camped early in a hard rain with much thunder. Cold wind from the north. Our clothing and blankets wet and no wood to make a fire. An uncomfortable night without fire, dinner or supper. It is to me rather hard, but there is no remedy. Misery loves company. There are 20 of us in the same situation. It is provoking to have plenty of meat in camp and suffer hunger. Sixteen miles west.

Friday 23d. Continue up the bank of the river. West 14 miles.

Saturday 24th. Traveled west 14 miles. Camped on the river. No timber. We now cook with dry buffalo dung, which serves as a tolerable substitute for wood.

Sunday 25th. Left camp about 8 o'clock. In an hour's travel reached the south fork of Platte River. Continued up its banks. Camped after traveling 18 miles 19° S. of W.

Monday 26th. West 16 miles. Camped on the bank of the river. Clear and very warm.

Tuesday 27th. West 17 miles. Camped on the bank of the river. Warm and sultry.

Wednesday 28th. 15° S. of West. Sixteen miles. Soil more barren. Great deal of prickly pear; can discern but two species; the pine-apple and ordinary flat pear growing in large beds some yards in extent. The blossom is very beautiful, some of a delicate straw color, some golden yellow, others pink and vermilion. Have discovered today some flowers surpassing in beauty those cultivated by the hand of man. Saw some parties of Indians on horseback supposed to be Sioux. I was hunting at the time some miles from the company. Had they discovered me they would in all probability have robbed me of my mule and gun. The country on the Platte through which

we have been traveling for several days past is a war or neutral ground, used by war parties of the Pawnees, Sioux, Cheyenne and Kansas Indians. Passed an encampment of Sublette and Stewart about nine miles from our encampment. They there crossed the river. Must have ferried the carts, the river too high to ford. Left a letter at the crossing informing Colonel Martin of their intention to pass over the North Fork, thence up it. They had lost some horses and mules. Three days travel ahead of us. Weather exceedingly warm and oppressive. The river at this point about half a mile wide and shallow. Intend crossing near here tomorrow.

Thursday 29th. Sixteen miles, 10°. South of west. Examined the river and found it too deep to ford. On examination found a better place for crossing above where we made our camp in a grove of timber. Killed several buffalo and brought in their skins for the purpose of making boats. Saw today many large herds of buffalo crossing the river and going south. Suppose they are hunted by the Indians on the north fork of the Platte. Today passed through several villages of prairie dogs, an animal something larger than a fox squirrel, of a dirty brown color; in shape, resembling the squirrel, except his tail, which is quite short. They live in deep holes in the ground, which join one another. Some villages occupy several acres. On the approach of any person many dogs appear to act as sentinels. They commence a loud, quick bark at which signal they all return to their holes. They are not the sole occupants of the village. Owls and rattlesnakes are their companions. The company came up this evening and have concluded to cross the river at this place. Plenty of dry wood for cooking, which we have not had for several days. Clear and very warm.

Friday 30th. Remained in camp today, preparing boats for crossing the river. Many of our men started out to hunt in the morning. Saw some buffalo and antelope from our camp. Men returned in the evening having killed five buffalo and three large white wolves. Very warm during the day; threatened with a storm in the evening which passed off with little rain.

Saturday, July 1st. Crossed provisions and baggage in skin boats, which carry very well. We will probably be detained here several days as the river is wide and current rapid. The boats a long time in crossing. Our camp today received a visitor in the shape of a fine girl infant, born in the tent adjoining our mess, the lady of a Mr. Stewart[14] being the happy mother. This occurred in a most fortunate period while we were in camp in a most beautiful grove, with plenty of timber and delightful weather. Success to the little one, born on a journey across the Rocky Mountains. Mrs. S. is the daughter of Mr. Cassan[15], who with his family, appear to be very genteel respectable people. We old bachelors feel ourselves fortunate in occupying an adjoining tent as there is embraced in the family a very pretty and interesting young lady, Miss Fanny.[16]

Sunday, July 2d. Engaged in getting across our boats. Boats succeed well. Some of the men remained in the water too long and are quite sick. The hunters killed some buffalo. Mr. Childs (Chiles)[17] with his company for California overtook us this evening, also Mr. Waldo[18] and his party. There are in Mr. C's company some very handsome young ladies, and, I am informed, accomplished and intelligent, having bid farewell to the land of their birth to emigrate to the far distant shores of the Pacific. For their sakes may the gods grant us most propitious weather, and may the bountiful hand of nature, the

14—MR. STEWART—P. G. Stewart, a jeweler, and Oregon immigrant of 1843. Was elected member of the Provisional Government in 1844, and became active in matters concerning the pioneers of that state. He was subsequently a surveyor of port at Pacific City.

15—MR. CASSAN (James Cason)—No further information available.

16—MISS FANNY—No available information.

17—JOSEPH BALLINGER CHILES—Born in Clark County, Kentucky, July 16, 1810. Was a farmer in Missouri, and went with the Missouri Volunteers to the Seminole War in Florida.

In April, 1841, he headed a band of immigrants from Southern Missouri, who started with the express purpose of settling in California. They were afterward in the Captain Bartleson party. This party arrived in California in October, 1841, by way of Walker's Pass. They reached Dr. John Marsh's* ranch near Antioch, November 4, 1841. This party consisted of thirty-one persons, including the wife and daughter of Benjamin Kelsey. According to Bancroft, the following is the only correct list of the Bartleson party:

John Bartleson (Captain), Elias Barnett, Josiah Belden, William Belty, John Bidwell, Henry L. Brolaski, David W. Chandler, Joseph B. Chiles, Grove C. Cook, James Dawson, Nic Dawson, Talbot H. Green (Paul Geddes), Geo. Henshaw, Charles Hopper, Henry Huber, James John, Thomas Jones, Andrew Kelsey, Benjamin Kelsey (his wife and daughter), John McDowell, Green McMahon, Michael C. Nye, A. Gwinn Patton, Robert Rickman, John Roland, John L. Swartz, James P. Springer, Robert H. Thomas, Ambrose Walton and Charles M. Weber.

In 1842, Chiles returned to Missouri. In 1843 he led another party of about sixty immigrants bound for California. This party and others made their rendezvous at Fitzhugh's Mill, twelve miles west of Independence, where on May 20, 1843, they joined other bands on their way to Oregon and California.

When they arrived at Fort Hall, Idaho, the party divided, some going to Oregon. The California contingent hired Captain Joseph Walker, who had crossed the Sierra in 1833, to act as

beautiful romantic scenery, the dancing rill, serve to enchant and delight, causing them to forget distant wanderings and the many privations and discomforts they must necessarily encounter.

Monday, July 3d. Continuing to ferry the companies, provisions and wagons, a very tedious process. One of the hunters, McIntosh[19], a half breed Cherokee Indian was badly wounded in the thigh and arm by the bursting of his gun. Weather clear and pleasant.

Tuesday, July 4th. This day is the glorious Fourth and I have spent it in swimming the Platte River towing or pushing a skinboat, crossing the goods of our wagon and Mr. Cassan's (Cason's). The exercise and exposure has made me quite sick; a chilliness succeeded by a high fever. The swimmers

FORDING THE SOUTH PLATTE
"Crossing the Wagons"

who towed the boats held the tow ropes between their teeth. Little did I imagine the Fourth of July past, that I should be swimming the Platte on my journey to the Rocky Mountains a year hence. The whole face of the country, both hill and

guide, and to follow the horsemen with the wagons. Chiles and thirteen horsemen went ahead. After crossing the Sierra, they traveled down the Pit River to the Sacramento Valley, arriving at Sutter's Fort, November 10, 1843. Walker and the wagons did not arrive at the Fort until December, 1843.

According to Bancroft, the following persons comprised the Chiles-Walker party of 1843: Lewis Anderson, William Hicks, John Thomson (?), James Atkinson, . Johnson, Bartlett Vines, William Baldridge, Milton Little, Joseph R. Walker, Thomas W. Bradley, Milton McGee, Isaac Williams, Joseph B. Chiles, Charles McIntosh, James Williams, Thomas Cowie,

valley is covered with a loose sand; grass shorter and thinner than any we have passed. Clear and very warm. The Oregon emigrants appear to care but very little about celebrating the glorious 4th. Not the first movement to that effect has been manifested.

Wednesday, July 5th. Finished in crossing the wagons. Everything is over safe, and tomorrow we leave this encampment. Weather middling warm. Captain Gantt[20], Mr. Cassan (Cason), and myself have been out all day hunting buffalo.

Thursday 6th. Left our encampment about 10 o'clock and proceeded to a grove of willows and cottonwood on the north side of the South Fork where we found an old Black Foot Indian encampment, also a sweat house. Grass very good. Some of the men killed and brought in some buffalo. Saw some elk. Cloudy and warm. Child's (Chiles') company passed us today, and 18 wagons of our company deserted us and joined him. Eight miles.

Friday 7th. Twenty-two miles N. N. W. Proceeded to the North Fork of the Platte River and camped on the south bank. Left the South Fork this morning. Saw and killed several

John McIntyre, John S. Williams, F. or F. W. Dawson, Julius Martin, Squire Williams, John Gantt, Wm. J. Martin, Wm. H. Winter (?), Sam. J. Hensley, *Pierson B. Reading*, John Wooden.

In 1844, Chiles obtained a Mexican grant of land in Napa Valley, known as the Catacula Ranch, on which he erected a log cabin. He was a member of the Bear Flag Party, and after the war devoted his attention to stock raising. He never visited the mines.

In 1847, he acted as guide and hunter to Commodore Stockton, who was returning east after the Mexican War, [redacted]. Chiles received two dollars a day.

In 1848 he brought his son and three daughters to California, his wife having died in 1837. In 1853 he again returned to Missouri, married and arrived in California the next year. He resided in Coyote Valley, Lake County, and also had a home in Chiles' Valley, where he died in the old homestead, June 25, 1885.

*Apropos of John Marsh who arrived in California in January, 1836, and was a member of The Society of California Pioneers, at this writing, a book of four hundred pages, titled "John Marsh, Pioneer," is just off the press. It is the result of five years of intensive research by George D. Lyman of San Francisco. In Marsh, the author has certainly portrayed a man whose entire life was full of exciting events—mostly tragic, as was his death. Dr. Lyman's portrayal of Marsh's colorful career will undoubtedly rank as one of the best of California's historical narratives.

18—MR. WALDO—Daniel Waldo, born in Virginia, 1800. Emigrated to Missouri in 1818. Resided in St. Clair County, Missouri, until 1843, where he was a neighbor of the Applegates and Joseph B. Chiles.

He died in Salem, Oregon, September 10, 1880.

19—CHARLES McINTOSH—A Cherokee or Delaware half-breed who arrived with the Chiles-Walker party, served in the Micheltorena campaign, and in the California Battalion of the Mexican War of 1846.

20—CAPTAIN JOHN GANTT—A member of the Chiles party, said to have been a former United States Army officer.

He commanded Captain John A. Sutter's force in the Micheltorena fracas, then contracted to suppress Indian horse thieves. In 1846 he was ill at Dr. Marsh's rancho, which caused him to stay out of the Bear Flag party and the Mexican War of '46.

In 1848, he was in the merchandising business in Napa, in the firm of Gantt & Hannah. Early in 1849, he was mining on the Feather River. He died in Napa Valley late in 1849.

In a list of names comprising the Chiles party of 1843 (The History of Napa and Lake Counties —San Francisco, 1881) is the following: "*Captain John Grant*, formerly an officer in the United States regular army, now dead and buried in the graveyard at Yountville." This book states he came out with the Chiles party.

buffalos. Chased one on my mule but could not come up with it. Saw the Child's (Chiles') company. Good water.

Saturday 8th. Continued our course up the south side of the North Fork. Captain Gantt killed two elk. I saw eight in one band. Cedar Bluffs. Seventeen miles W. N. W.

Sunday 9th. Up the Platte. High bluffs on both sides of the river. The bottom land same as soil on the South Fork, sandy and in some places very marshy. Saw some mustangs or wild horses. Some of them had the appearance of being very good animals. Were very wild and shy. Could not approach within 400 yards. Game rather scarce. At 2 o'clock had come in sight of a remarkable pillar or column rising from the bluffs, called the Chimney. Camped on the river in a beautiful bottom, opposite a very strange feature of the bluffs, an eminence separated from the main bluff or ledge and closely resembling the description my mind bears of some old castle in a dilapidated state. Twenty miles W. N. W.

Monday 10th. Left our company of wagons and proceeded in company with several men to examine the Chimney about 10 miles from our encampment. As we approached it, the appearance was truly singular and striking. Rising from a

CHIMNEY ROCK

mountain about 200 feet high and about 800 yards in circumference is a shaft or column about 15 feet in diameter and 175 feet in height. Both the mound or pyramid and shaft is composed of a very hard sandy earth. The base is formed of a stratum of white rock; and the pillar has from the top a fissure extending some 40 feet and threatens the destruction of the

remarkable phenomena. Is washing by the rains and I have no doubt in a few years it will be destroyed. Twenty-five miles W. N. W.

Tuesday 11th. Passed today a high range of bluffs called Scott's Bluffs, so named after a Mr. Scott, clerk to the American Fur Company. He was originally from Philadelphia; was returning to St. Louis with a company, taken sick and unable to travel. Two men were left to remain with him. In a few days they deserted him. Months afterward his bones were found some 20 miles from the place where the two wretches left him. These bluffs have a most romantic appearance, many of them resembling old castles. Twenty-six miles W. N. W.

Wednesday 12th. Fifteen miles W. N. W. On the Platte. Passed Horse Creek three miles from our last night's encampment. We are approaching the Rocky Mountains. The timber on the hills now quite distinct. Yesterday when first discovered had the appearance of black clouds rising from the horizon, distant about 80 miles. Large bluffs of sand in view on the other bank of the river. For the first time find timber on the banks of the river. Weather clear and warm.

Thursday 13th. Eighteen miles along course of the Platte. Discovered in the evening a village on the north side of the river. Face of the country begins to assume a hilly mountainous appearance. Cattle lost in the morning which delayed the starting of the caravan until a late hour. Heavy clouds in the west. Some rain in the evening. Mosquitoes and gnats very annoying. Passed deserted trading house. Camped on the river. Eighteen miles W. N. W.

Friday 14th. Reached Fort Laramie this morning at 10 o'clock, situated on Laramie Fork which empties into the Platte two miles below the Fort. The Fort is about 300 feet square built of sun-dried bricks; the walls are three feet thick and 15 feet high. The rooms are built against the walls and it is defended with two bastions. The stock of goods is at this time almost exhausted and they are daily looking for a supply by wagons brought across from the Missouri River, which is about 250 miles. This Fort was built and is owned by the American Fur Company. One and one-half miles distant be-

low on this Fork is Fort Platte, owned by Messrs. Adams and Cybile. We are obliged to ferry the Fork here. This country is owned by the Sioux. We found some of their lodges at this place, also met with some Cheyenne braves, who have come in

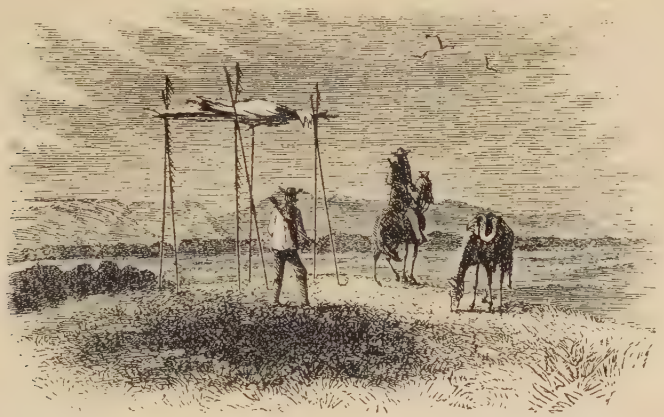
Fort Laramie

from their village of about 400 lodges 75 miles from the Fort. We sent by the Braves some presents for the village. Eight miles N. W.

Saturday 15th. The company busily engaged in crossing with boats obtained at the Fort. Twelve Chiefs of the Brula Tribe of the Sioux visited our camp. We made them presents of tobacco, beads, etc. My attention was attracted by some scaffolds erected a short distance from the Fort which, on examination, proved to be a place of deposit for the dead. A singular custom prevails with many tribes of Indians of placing the bodies of the dead on scaffolds erected some eight or ten feet high. Around the body is wrapped a buffalo robe or blanket, and deposited with it are all the movable property such as pots, bows, arrows, spears, etc., which belonged to the deceased while living; and, frequently the favorite horse is killed for him to ride in the other world. After the flesh has entirely decomposed the relatives take the bones and paint them with vermilion and place them on a scaffold about five feet high, near the one where the body was first laid. Their superstition leads them to believe that the Great Spirit is pleased with such an offering

and will manifest it towards the deceased in the next world by giving him a beautiful hunting ground abounding in game, and allowing him to remain young and have squaws. The weather clear and very warm.

Sunday 16th. Left our encampment this morning about 9 o'clock in company with Mr. Childs' (Chiles') expedition which we overtook at this place, proceeding very slowly over a very rough hilly country, called Black Hills. These hills form the base of the Rocky Mountains, and this day's travel is our first introduction to the mountains. Camped at a cold spring in a small valley surrounded by high stone bluffs. Discovered today mountain sheep standing on the very brink of precipices



INDIAN GRAVE ON THE PLAINS

several hundred feet deep. After a great deal of fatigue in climbing the bluffs, succeeded in killing one. They are about the size of our common sheep, are covered with long coarse hair of a dirty brown color, which hangs several inches below the belly, and have very large horns in the shape of a goat's, though much larger. I would suppose the horns to weigh 25 pounds. The flesh is certainly the most delicious of any I ever ate. Twelve miles, 16° W. of N.

Monday 17th. Left camp about 10 o'clock. Passed today many beautiful springs of pure cold water coming from the sides of the mountain. Traveled with the general course of the Platte, sometimes traveling on its banks and again leaving

it several miles on the right. Its course very crooked, winding through mountains with perpendicular banks several hundred feet high, in many places forming cascades. Game very scarce, saw but one elk. Camp much in need of meat. Camped late in the evening on the river in a small valley of good grass. The day very warm. Twenty-five miles N. N. W.

Tuesday 18th. Continuing our course up the Platte, passed Horseshoe Creek, so named from a cache of horse shoes made on it. Stopped at noon on a river just below a deep chasm in the mountain through which the river passes with a rapid current. Camped on the river opposite a very beautiful island with some of the finest natural grass I ever saw and plenty of timber. Our camp being near a cottonwood grove. Killed an antelope and four mountain sheep. Saw tracks of grizzly bear. Face of country quite mountainous. Soil very barren and dry. Ten miles N. W.

Wednesday, July 19th. After leaving the river this morning did not strike it again. Camped a little before sunset on a creek with plenty of wood and good grass, the banks of the creek composed of a red clay. Our road since morning quite mountainous. For several days past found a great quantity of wild wormwood, sometimes growing to a height of five or six feet. This herb is bitter and is frequently called wild sage. Found some wild flax growing luxuriantly and precisely resembling the cultivated flax. Also saw some grass resembling rye, but different from what is termed wild rye, growing to a height of seven feet. Our camp was alarmed this evening about 8 o'clock by some of the men very imprudently and foolishly firing their guns without any cause, outside of the picket guard. Eighteen miles W. N. W.

Thursday, July 20th. Leaving the Platte out of view. Camped on Squaw Butte Creek about 2 o'clock where we met Messrs. Vasquez and Walker, traders from the mountains, bound for Laramie Fort. Passed on the creek a new made grave over which was a letter informing us it was that of a child killed in Applegate's company by a wagon passing over its body. We have made today considerable ascent and are now finding a very pure atmosphere. A mountain we passed

yesterday evening was covered with snow which we saw distinctly and found the air from it quite chilly. Weather clear and pleasant. Fifteen miles west.

Friday 21st. Left the Creek in the morning at the usual hour and came eight miles to a creek, thence four miles to the Platte River, thence eight miles up the Platte about one mile below Big Deer Creek where we camped for the night. In all about 20 miles. W. 8° N.

Saturday 22nd. Came only 10 miles over a very rough country and camped on the river. W. N. W.

Sunday 23d. Six miles to noon. Found Applegate's company crossing the river at this place. Came on in the afternoon five miles and camped on a small creek, in all 11 miles. Applegate's company three miles ahead on the north side of the river.

Monday 24th. Came on eight miles to the crossing of the Platte, seven miles below the Red Buttes. Found a good ford and crossed without any difficulties. Camped on the north side at an early hour in the afternoon. A thunderstorm and slight shower of rain. Applegate's company nooned at this place. Fifteen miles West.

Tuesday 25th. Left the river to the south or left and came on the Salt Creek to noon. Twelve miles. In the afternoon 10 miles to a good spring. In all 22 miles west.

Wednesday, July 26th. Eight miles to a spring where we stopped and nooned. In the afternoon went 12 miles and camped on a small creek with but a little grass and great abundance of worm wood. I was here attacked very singularly with a vertigo. I have been quite unwell for several days. Attempted to bleed myself but failed in the operation. Twenty miles W.

Thursday 27th. Came on the Sweet Water River at Independence Rock. This is a noted place, a large rock separated from the mountain and standing in the valley near the river. It is covered with the names of trappers, mountain men and travelers. I was today very sick and was obliged to be carried in the wagon. Fourteen miles W.

Friday 28th. Set out at a late hour. Made today six miles and camped in a beautiful valley surrounded by high mountains

forming a park. Grass very fine. Determined to remain here for a few days and send out hunters to kill buffalo, which are abundant about half a day's ride away. Our company stands in need of provisions. Near here is a canyon formed by the river passing through the mountains with a narrow channel, with perpendicular walls of stone several hundred feet high. I am very sick today, not able to leave the tent. Six miles.

Saturday 29th. Remained in this place. I am worse than yesterday. Confined in my bed.

Sunday 30th. Still in camp. Some of the hunters came in without meat. Today very sick. Have taken medicine and was bled by Dr. Whitman[21] who cut an orifice in my arm large enough for a beaver to make his ingress.

Monday 31st. Remained in camp. Some of the hunters came in with meat and are engaged in jerking it. Several persons sick in camp who are unable to undergo the fatigue of traveling. Mr. Vasquez[22] and party reached Independence Rock this evening on their return from Laramie Fort destined for Fort Bridger on Black's Fork of the Green River. Mr. Burnett and his hunters left us on the 28th and are still absent. I am better today.

[August 1843]

Tuesday, August 1st. Came seven miles to the foot of a canyon to noon, and in the afternoon six miles. Camped for the night, having made today 13 miles. West 10° north.

Wednesday 2d. Came out opposite to a large gap in the mountains to the left, where we nooned and camped at a late hour on the river for the night, making 20 miles, and were joined by Mr. B. and his hunters who arrived safe with some dried meat. Twenty miles W.

Thursday 3d. Came up Sweet Water a short distance and

21—DR. MARCUS WHITMAN—Born about 1803 at Rushville, N. Y. In 1835, he was appointed a missionary by the American Board of Missions of the Methodist Church, and started for Oregon, accompanied by the Reverend Samuel Parker. He is credited with having saved Oregon from being a British possession. Considerable controversy has developed from his career in the northwest, as shown by several books on the subject.

On November 26, 1847, Whitman, his wife, and thirteen others, were murdered by the Indians in the Walla Walla Mission, and over fifty men and women were made captive. Their experiences were horrible. This episode is known as the Whitman massacre. The Whitman College at Walla Walla was erected as a monument to Dr. Whitman.

Reverend Samuel Parker wrote an account of the trip, entitled: "Journal of an Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains, 1835-36-37," published in Ithaca, N. Y., 1838.

22—MR. VASQUEZ—An associate of Sublette. The Fort of Vasquez and Sublette was on the South Platte. Wislizenius notes it as being occupied in 1839.

then through a sandy region about 10 miles to noon, without water, on a ridge. Some salt water to the left about 1½ miles from our course. Wagons sink in the sand and make it heavy work for the oxen. Encamped on Sweet Water, traveling about 25 miles.

Friday 4th. Delayed the company today in consequence of the death of one of our party, a Mr. Payne[23], who had been sick for several days. He left a family of children.

Saturday 5th. Set out this morning at the same time. Crossed the river just above our camp. Went two miles through the hills. Re-crossed thence two miles up the valley and stopped to noon. In the afternoon again took to the hills which were very rough, steep and rocky. Camped on a small creek, emptying into Sweet Water north of a large canyon. Fifteen miles West.

Sunday 6th. About 8 o'clock left camp. Traveled up Sweet Water River which grows much smaller as we approach its source. Crossed several of its tributaries. Twenty-four miles west.

Monday, August 7th. This morning left the river having traced it nearly to its source. After traveling about eight miles in S. W. direction crossed the dividing ridge of the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Here heads the North Fork of the Platte on the east side, and on the west the tributaries of Green River, emptying into the Colorado, which discharges its waters into the Gulf of California. Traveled about 14 miles S. W. Camped on a small creek without wood.

Tuesday, August 8th. Set off early following the creek, on which we camped for two miles. Thence a west course through very deep sand and wormwood. Camped on sandy creek after traveling 22 miles. General course S. W.

Wednesday 9th. Left camp about 8 o'clock. In a few hours travel stopped and buried one of our company who died about 9 o'clock in a wagon. His name was Stephenson (Stevenson)[24] and he was from Kentucky. His disease was congestion of the brain. They deposited the remains of this poor fellow on the bank of the creek, far distant from his native home. In all

23—MR. PAYNE—Clayborne Payne. Died of fever, August 4, 1843. The burial services were conducted by a Methodist preacher named Garrison.

24—MR. STEPHENSON—Mr. Stevenson died August 9, 1843 at the Big Sandy, a tributary of the Green River.

probability none of his relations will ever know his resting place. Covered his grave with large stones to prevent the wolves from digging up the body. Continued down the creek and camped. Sun an hour high. Twenty-two miles S. W.

Thursday 10th. Left camp early and at 2 o'clock reached Green River, a beautiful stream about 100 yards wide, rapid and from three to eight feet deep, running due south. Camped on the east bank in a grove of cottonwoods. Sixteen miles W.

Friday 11th. Crossed the river about 9 o'clock, traveling down its west banks and camped early. Fourteen miles south.

Saturday 12th. Left Green River and struck a west course. Reached Black's Fork, which empties into Green River, by a S. W. course. Continued up Black's Fork to Gray's Fork, a branch of Black's Fork where we camped. Twenty-four miles W. S. W.

Sunday 13th. Crossed over to Black's Fork, traveled up it 20 miles. General course 5° S. of W.

Monday 14th. Came 12 miles up the stream and camped near Fort Bridger, a small temporary fort built by a Mr. Bridger[25], an old trapper. Twelve miles W. S. W.

Tuesday 15th. At a late hour this morning left our camp and proceeded over a rough and rocky country for about 12 miles when we camped on a small creek with salt water. Grass very thin and dry; much wormwood. The day very warm and

25—JAMES BRIDGER—James Bridger was born in Richmond, Virginia, March 17, 1804. His parents were James and Chulo Bridger. The family emigrated to St. Louis in 1812. Bridger's mother died in 1816 and his father in 1817.

Young Bridger turned his hand to any work, and as a young man started west where he became one of the best known plainsmen in the Rocky Mountains. He died near Dallas, Texas, July 17, 1881.

An historical book of his life, "James Bridger," (Salt Lake, 1925) was written by J. Cecil Alter, who caused a monument, with the following inscription to be erected over Bridger's grave:

1804 JAMES BRIDGER 1881

Celebrated as a hunter, trapper, fur trader and guide.
Discovered Great Salt Lake 1824, the South Pass
1827 (1823). Visited Yellowstone Lake and
Geysers 1830. Founded Fort Bridger 1843.
Opened Overland Route by Bridger's
Pass to Great Salt Lake. Was
guide for U. S. Exploring ex-
peditions, Albert Sidney
Johnston's Army in 1857,
and G. M. Dodge, in
U.P. surveys, and
Indian cam-
paigns,
1865-66.

many suffer for want of water; some imprudently have drank the salt water which has increased their thirst. Eighteen miles W. S. W.

Wednesday 16th. Continued up the creek and camped near to its source at a good spring of cold water. Seventeen miles 5° north of west.

Thursday, August 17th. Still kept on the creek for eight miles from its source. Traveled then due west over a ridge of mountains, then struck a creek, down which we traveled 10 miles west. Eighteen miles west.

Friday 18th. Traveled down this creek about eight miles when we struck Bear River, a stream about 20 yards wide, three to five feet deep, rapid and running about N. W. to a beautiful valley from five to six miles wide. Here is a large and beautiful fountain, spouting from the bluffs on the east side of Bear River, sufficient for a large mill. From this spring made eight miles in the afternoon.

Saturday 19th. Traveled down Bear River, crossed a large creek on the west side, which is called Smith's Fork. Today killed three antelope, being the first game we have seen for several days. Have now left the buffalo range. They seldom come west of Green River. Camped with good grass on the river. Eighteen miles west.

Sunday 20th. Continued down Bear River. The valley growing very narrow, with high mountains on each side. About 12 o'clock came to where the river passes through a mountain, over which we passed with much difficulty. Camped again on the river, with good grass and a small growth of timber.

Monday August 21st. Our animals standing much in need of rest, concluded not to move camp today. We are now about four miles north of Little Eutaw (Utah) Lake, which is fresh water and joins the Great Salt Lake. Eutaw (Utah) Lake is about six miles wide and 30 miles long, surrounded by high mountains except on the south side.

Tuesday 22d. Left camp late this morning. In a few hours travel, met with a celebrated old mountain trapper, Peg Leg

Smith[26]. Found him just from Fort Hall, starting out on a trapping expedition. Passed today a large camp of Snake Indians. Suppose there were at least 800 persons. They have about 400 good horses; were friendly and traded with the company, selling horses for blankets, knives, etc.

Wednesday 23d. Set off at 9 o'clock, continued along the north bank of Bear River and camped at some very remarkable springs. Some of them force their waters through a concretion of lime stone several feet high, the jet coming from the cone. The concretion is in the shape of a pyramid. Other springs have the appearance of wells, the water constantly bubbling from the gas it contains. Drank of the water and found it quite palatable. The surface of the earth here bears distinct marks of having once undergone volcanic action.

Thursday 24th. This morning we left Bear River, it turning due south at a point of rocks called "La Roche du Mouton" or Sheep Rock, taking its name from the number of sheep killed on it. Made our course N. N. W. for the South Fork of the Columbia River. After traveling about 24 miles, camped on Port Neuf Creek which empties into the South Fork of Columbia, called Snake or Lewis River.

Friday 25th. Came on the Port Neuf 14 miles and camped. Course N. N. E. 14 miles.

Saturday 26th. Crossed over to Ross' Fork, a branch of the Port Neuf. After traveling over a very rock country, camped on Ross' Fork, making 17 miles N. N. W.

Sunday 27th. In about four hours travel, reached Fort Hall on the banks of Snake or Lewis River. Camped near here. Fort Hall was built by Captain Whyth (Wyeth)[27] of Boston,

26—THOMAS L. (PEG LEG) SMITH—A native of Kentucky. Was a trapper and Indian fighter, having lived with the Blackfeet and Snake Indians. He claimed to have first arrived in California in 1829, though this statement has not been verified.

While on the plains he was known as a friend of the settlers. He asserted that he always scalped the Indians he killed. He was the reputed leader ("El Cojo Smith") of a band of horse thieves operating in the San Joaquin Valley during the fifties.

The story of the loss of his leg, as follows, is not given much credence. While Smith was alone in the mountains he had a severe accident which he knew necessitated the amputation of his leg. He took his bowie knife and hacked teeth on it; proceeded to amputate his own leg; dressed it as best he could; and then made tracks for the nearest settlement. In due season he was able to navigate with a wooden leg. This story was told the writer, by one of the '49ers who knew Smith.

In after years he was very fond of relating his escapades and adventures, some of which were undoubtedly true. The lost Peg Leg Smith gold mine, which lured many prospectors to their death, is still sought for in the Colorado desert. Smith died in a San Francisco Hospital, in 1866.

27—NATHANIEL J. WYETH was the leader of a party of twenty-four immigrants from Baltimore, Maryland, to Oregon. An account of this trip was printed for John B. Wyeth, a relative who accompanied him, in Cambridge, Mass., in 1833. It consisted of 87 pages, titled "Oregon, or a short history of a long journey from the Atlantic Ocean to the region of the Pacific." In 1928, a copy sold at auction for $275.00.

an enterprising man who was engaged in the Indian trade for about six years. He then sold his Fort to the Hudson Bay Company, who are the present owners. Captain Richard Grant is the present commander. His kindness and hospitality to the emigrants are almost extreme, and it appears to give him much pleasure to have it in his power to serve them.

Monday 28th. The company today purchased what they stood in need of, such as dried meat, flour and sugar. The Fort has but a small supply and of course, every article is very high. Sugar 75c. per pound; flour 50c. per pint, dried meat 25c. per pound.

Tuesday 29th. The Oregon Company left this morning. Will continue their course down the river. They have before them a journey of 800 miles to the Willamette River before they will reach any settlement. Many of the company must suffer for want of provisions. The country through which they have to travel is entirely void of game. I shall remain at this place until the small company behind comes on; will then proceed for the valley of California by an unexplored route.

Wednesday 30th. Captain Gantt, Colonel Martin[28] and myself pitched our tent near Fort Hall, purchased some horses and mules for the purpose of carrying our baggage and provisions. Leave the wagons at this place. The company we expect should arrive in a few days.

Thursday, August 31st. Our little camp was honored by a visit of about 50 "Snakes." Snake Indians appear very civil. Smoked with them for some time. One old withered crone, who looked worse than the witches in Macbeth, was particularly desirous to sell me a young and quite pretty squaw for a camp keeper and cook. The price she set for this copper colored damsel was a "Bungo," the Snakes' word for horse. At my refusing to strike a trade, she left camp in a great pet, spitting out all the maledictions the tongue could make use of.

Friday, September 1st. Remaining in camp.

28—COLONEL JULIUS MARTIN—A native of North Carolina, member of the Chiles-Walker party, 1843. Settled near Gilroy, 1844. Was one of Purser Dangerfield Fauntleroy's Dragoons, and afterwards served in the California Battalion in the Mexican War, 1846.

He was accompanied across the plains by his wife, Elizabeth McPherson, and three daughters, Mary, Arzelia and Martha. He resided in Napa County for many years.

This ends the account of Reading's journey with the Oregon party. The following is the record of his trip on horseback, with twelve other men, to California through an unexplored section of Northern California, which is the route now called the Yellowstone Cut-off. This route passes through Shasta County. Miss Alice M. Reading states that "The complete narrative of this trip is made public here for the first time."

[September 1843]

Saturday, September 16th. Left Fort Hall this afternoon, our animals having been recruited well at this place. Set off for Fort Boise, about 300 miles distant below, on Lewis' Fork of the Columbia River. Camped on Port Neuf, four miles and were joined in the evening by Mr. Childs' (Chiles') wagons. Numbered in our company are 13 men and 26 horses and mules, each man being provided with a riding horse and pack mule with provisions for 10 days, as we are expecting to reach Fort Boise in that time. Our destination is Northern California, Bay of San Francisco. The following are the names of the persons in our party:

Samuel Hensley[29], Milton McGhee (McGee)[30], John Myers[31], Captain John Gantt[20], William Martin[13], Charles Bradley[32], Joseph B. Chiles[17], Henry Chase (Chace)[33], James Williams[34], John Williams[35], Isaac Williams[36], Squire Williams[37], and myself. After traveling about seven miles, camped on a small creek near the river.

29—SAMUEL J. HENSLEY—A native of Lexington, Kentucky, born in 1816. His parents moved to the Platte Purchase while he was a child. As a young man, he hunted and trapped in New Mexico.

He was a member of the Chiles party, 1843. After his arrival in California, he entered Captain Sutter's employ at Sutter's Fort. He was in the Micheltorena campaign, and was prominent in the Bear Flag revolt. He enlisted in Fremont's California Battalion, and was on detached duty in Southern California, afterwards commissioned Major in the Battalion.

In 1847 he proceeded to Washington, where he testified for Fremont in the court martial. He returned to California in 1848, and formed a partnership with Pierson B. Reading and Jacob R. Snyder, in a trading post at Sutter's Fort, under the firm name of Reading, Hensley & Co., which was very successful until the partnership was dissolved in 1850. Hensley was one of the founders of The California Steam Navigation Company, in 1854. He was also in various other enterprises, which brought him wealth and renown.

Hensley was a fine type of super-pioneer, well thought of by his contemporaries. He died at Warm Springs, Alameda County, January 7, 1866. He was a member of The Society of California Pioneers.

30—MILTON McGHEE (McGEE)—With the Chiles-Walker party. No other available information.

31—JOHN MEYERS—With the Chiles-Walker party. No other information available.

32—CHARLES BRADLEY—Undoubtedly Thomas Westley Bradley—Born in Sumner County, Tennessee, December 22, 1818. His parents then moved to Missouri, where in May, 1843, Bradley was induced by Joseph B. Chiles, to join the emigrant party for California. He arrived at Sutter's Fort, with Reading and the others, November 10, 1843. He worked for Sutter until March, 1844, then went to Napa County where he worked for George C. Yount (who arrived in California in February, 1831, according to records of The Society of California Pioneers.)

In 1845, Bradley worked for Joseph B. Chiles in Chiles Valley, Napa County. He enlisted in Captain Grigsby's company in the Bear Flag War. After the close of the war, Bradley returned to Chiles Valley and married Rebecca Allen. They reared a family of nine. In 1849 he moved to Contra Costa County, and kept a hotel in Martinez. In 1850 he moved to Lafayette; in 1868 to Merced. In 1871 he was back in Lafayette, where he was still residing in the '80s.

33—HENRY CHASE (Henry P. Chace) was a native of Providence, Rhode Island, and was born in 1820. He arrived with Chiles' party on October 28, 1843, and went to Monterey and then to Los Angeles on his way to Sonora, Mexico. He was a member of The Society of California Pioneers.

Sunday 17th. Left camp late and after traveling all day near the bank of the river over a miserable barren country producing only wild wormwood, camped on a small creek about two miles from the river. We here overtook Mr. Isaac Williams and party. The country bears every indication of having undergone volcanic action. Passed in the evening the American Falls, the river pouring over a ledge of rocks about 60 feet high. Twenty-four miles, 10° south of west.

Monday 18th. Made an early start; traveled 10 miles and nooned on a small creek with good grass, about 10 miles from the river which we leave to the right. After an hour's rest for our animals, set off and traveled until about 9 o'clock at night, not finding water before. Made our camp in a small valley with a good spring. The country very barren and mountainous. No game. Nights very cold, ice forming an inch thick. Thirty-five miles, 10° south of west.

Tuesday 19th. Left camp late. Traveled some distance from the river, which is very crooked, with high perpendicular banks of solid rock, in many places passing through chasms several hundred feet deep. Camped about 2 o'clock on the bank of the river. Twelve miles west.

Wednesday 20th. Set off in a snow storm; high wind from the west and the weather very cold. After traveling about 10 miles were obliged to camp from the severity of the storm. Snow continued during the day, covering the ground about four inches in depth. Suffered very much from the cold. Our camp quite unprotected, being made in some willows on the bank of the river, with scarcely wood enough to cook with. Our poor animals are standing around camp drawn up with cold, their heads turned from the driving blast. Ourselves

34—The four WILLIAMS BROTHERS—James, John S., Isaac and Squire, were members of the Chiles-Walker party. After reaching California, all four evidently settled in Santa Cruz.

James was a lumberman and blacksmith; was naturalized in 1845 and was granted a lumber claim with his brother, Squire. He married Mary Patterson the same year. He afterwards was a miner. In 1846 he had an altercation with Henry Naile, who challenged and threatened "to kill Williams on sight." Williams, however, got the first sight, killed Naile and was acquitted. James Williams died in Santa Cruz in 1858, aged 45 years. He was a member of The Society of California Pioneers.

35—John S. Williams was a tanner by trade, settled in Santa Cruz, worked for Sutter, and was possibly one of the Bear Flag Party. He lived, at various times, in Santa Cruz, Monterey, Benicia and Colusa. He was married to Miss Gordon, at Gordon's Ranch on Cache Creek, in June, 1847, and moved to Butte County in 1849, where he died in May, 1849.

36—Isaac Williams was born about 1823. He settled in Santa Cruz County, and later moved to Los Angeles. He died about 1870. He was a member of The Society of California Pioneers.

37—Squire Williams was in Company F, California Battalion; subsequent career not known. He is said to have died at one of the Yuba mines in 1848, yet he was named as a clerk for the Arroyo de la Laguna, in 1852.

in a bunch of willows about six feet high with blankets over our shoulders, shivering by a small fire not large enough to warm a room 10 feet square. Ten miles west.

Thursday 21st. After passing a most disagreeable night wrapped in cold wet blankets, had the cheering sight of seeing the sun rise, with every prospect of good weather. The snow melting fast. Were detained in drying packs and blankets about four hours. Set off and traveled about 14 miles to a small creek where we camped with good grass and some dry willows as firewood. Mountains on every side covered with snow. Fourteen miles, 10° south of west.

Friday 22d. Set off around 8 o'clock After about nine miles travel struck Rock Creek, remarkable for its steep rocky banks. Continued down this creek. Made a short nooning about half past 2 o'clock. After traveling down this creek about 20 miles from the place where we struck it, we camped after passing down a rocky ravine into a small valley of a creek and finding good grass, water and wood. Twenty-nine miles, 8° south of west.

Saturday, September 23d. This morning commenced raining about 4 o'clock and continued until noon. Some of our pack being wet, concluded to remain in camp for the day. Some of our company short of provisions, are anxious to proceed to Salmon Falls for fish, about one day's travel from this place.

Sunday 24th. Left early and traveled at a brisk rate. About 5 o'clock reached Salmon Falls of Lewis River where we camped. (Salmon Falls has a descent of about 60 feet over ledges of rock. The fall is not abrupt, but continues 300 yards). Found here about 200 Indians with plenty of dry salmon but none fresh. Traded for fish but did not find it very good. These are the most miserable creatures I have yet seen, many of them entirely naked, living on fish alone. Their huts are made of rushes and are both small and uncomfortable. Twenty-two miles, 6° south of west.

Monday 25th. This morning we started late. Some of our party being detained in trading for fish. After traveling 22 miles S. W., camped on the river near the foot of a high mountain. An Indian village opposite on the north side of the

river. Some of the men crossed to us and traded some roots good to eat. The country passed today very mountainous. In many places we were obliged to dismount our horses and lead.

Tuesday 26th. Started late. Came on five miles to where we should cross the river. Attempted to ford, found the river swimming. After an hour's delay concluded to travel down the south side of the river. Came to a small valley at the foot of a high bluff, with good grass. About 3 o'clock we noticed the appearance of a storm and camped. Some Indians visited us and remained during the night. Were very peaceable, but the most miserable creatures I ever beheld, making their beds of leaves in the bushes, in fact, no better than hogs. Many of them wear but a string around the waist to which they attach a small bunch of willow leaves to cover their nakedness. Some are entirely naked. Ten miles, 8° S. of W.

Wednesday 27th. Made an early start this morning. The weather very cold, with a high wind from the N. W. After traveling about six miles on the river, we turned to the left and struck a creek of some size. About 12 o'clock nooned, with good grass. In the afternoon followed down this creek with its windings through a chasm in the mountain. On both sides of the stream are perpendicular walls of stone at least 400 feet high, leaving on the bank of the creek a path scarcely wide enough for a single horseman to pass. Saw many Indians and traded with them for fresh salmon. One of the gentlemen remained in camp during the night, chanting till nearly daylight a song singularly wild and musical, sometimes in a low whisper, then breaking forth at the very top of his voice. Perhaps it was some love ditty, sung with its peculiarities as well as variations. He did not, however, look like a lovesick swain, being a fat, round faced and round bellied, jovial, joking kind of a fellow. He gave us to understand by signs that he would like to travel with us. We declined his company as we were short of provisions and he was a great eater.

Thursday, September 28th. By sunrise we were saddled and off. Traveled over a very rough, rocky, barren country. In many places would travel several miles without seeing a sign of vegetation. Found large quantities of pumice stone. The

whole country seems to have been thrown into a mass of confusion by volcanic eruptions. Camped about 9 o'clock without water or grass which is very severe on our animals. Have traveled very briskly since morning. Thirty-five miles, 14° north of west.

Friday 29th. Made a late start. Found we had camped only about half a mile from the river, it having been so dark we could not see it. Traveled about 20 miles on the bank of the river and camped with good grass and some dry wormwood for fires. Had soup for dinner. Passed many hundred Indians as miserable as those I have before described, living entirely on fish, which they take by spearing. The salmon ascend the stream in great numbers at certain periods of the year. When the Indians find a shallow place in the river, they drive stakes from the shores, leaving but a narrow place for the fish to pass and here they stand and spear. It is in this manner they take great quantities. Eight miles, 15° north of west.

Saturday 30th. This morning our horses, having strayed some distance from camp, detained us until about 10 o'clock. Continued our course down the bank of the river. Passed many Indians. The country very barren. No grass. Twenty-five miles, 12° north of west.

[October]

Sunday October 1st. Left camp early. In about two hours crossed a large creek where we shot a goose, the only game we have seen for the past two weeks, except a few fowl in the river. About 12 o'clock reached Fort Boise, on the north side of Snake River and about four miles below the Junction of Boise River with Snake River. We camped on the south bank opposite the Fort. This establishment is owned by the Hudson Bay Company, under charge at present of Captain Francis Payette. It is built of sun-dried bricks, is about 150 feet square with walls 14 feet high and three feet thick. Its principle trade is for fish to supply other forts with provisions. Fifteen miles northwest.

Monday, October 2d. Passed the day in making preparation for the trip through to the California Valley, having determined to leave Snake River at this place. We will be the first party

that ever attempted to pass through. Captain Payette, who has been west of the Mountains for 33 years, informs us he has traveled to some lakes on the course we shall take, but knows nothing of the country beyond. Says the Indians are very bad, having killed many of the trappers who have been in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. The mountains he also represents as being high and rugged. After some consultation we determined, although our party is too small to be safe, to set off in the morning through this unexplored region, believing a south-west course from this place will be at least the shortest distance to the California Valley. Most unfortunately for us, we are not able to furnish ourselves with provisions, the Fort having had scarcely enough for its own demand. Captain Payette, I found a very kind, hospitable man. He informed me that he came out in the second vessel sent out by Mr. Astor[38], under whose employ he came to the country more than 33 years since. Was well acquainted with Wilson P. Hunt[39] (a relative of Reading) and had traveled with him on the Columbia River.

Tuesday, October 3d. Captain Payette, taking into consideration the length of our trip and the uncertainty of finding game, kindly shared with us his stock of provisions. With the greatest economy we have sufficient for about 15 days to eat but once a day and a scanty meal. We hope to be able to reach the valley in 30 or 35 days. Set out about 12 o'clock, leaving Snake River to the right. Came on to Malheur River which empties into Snake River after about four hours' travel. Camped on the East Bank, opposite a range of high, white stone bluffs. The valley of the stream is about two miles wide

38—JOHN JACOB ASTOR—John Jacob Astor, of New York, was born in the village of Waldorff, near Heidelberg, Germany. He arrived in Baltimore in January, 1784, went to New York and invested his small capital in furs, which he took to London in 1784, and disposed of at a profit. He returned to New York, and devoted the remainder of his life to the fur business.

In 1810, he started two expeditions to the mouth of the Columbia River, one by land, under the leadership of Wilson P. Hunt, and another by vessel around the Horn, in the ship *Tonquin*, Captain Jonathan Thorn. (For an account of these expeditions, consult "Astoria, or Enterprize beyond the Rocky Mountains," by Washington Irving, 3 Vols., London, 1836, or the first American edition, 2 Vols., Philadelphia, 1836).

39—WILSON PRICE HUNT—A native of Trenton, New Jersey. A merchant in St. Louis, where he became one of the partners with Astor in the Pacific Fur Company.

Hunt was assigned to command the company's overland expedition to the mouth of the Columbia River, Oregon. This party left St. Louis during August, 1810. After crossing the Rocky Mountains, the party divided. Experiencing terrible hardships, the Hunt party, consisting of thirty men, one woman and two children, arrived at Fort Astoria, February 15, 1812. Later in the year, Hunt voyaged by ship to New York. He then returned to St. Louis, and was subsequently elected Governor of Missouri. A full account of Hunt's journey to Astoria, is recorded in Irving's "Astoria."

with succulent grass and some brush willow. Malheur River is 25 yards wide, rapid and shallow, running southwest. Fifteen miles west.

Wednesday 4th. Made an early start. Traveled about 15 miles and nooned. Passed 10 miles over high ridges. The creek passes through deep chasms which obliges us to leave it frequently. Came in the afternoon 12 miles and camped about 5 o'clock on the bank of a creek. The valley here is about two miles wide and eight miles long, surrounded by high hills. Grass tolerably good. Twenty-seven miles S. W.

Thursday 5th. Left camp early, following the course of the creek, which winds through the mountains. Find the stream bears more to the west than yesterday. About 40 miles distant can discern a mountain with timber on it. The country very mountainous and rocky. Camped on the creek with a few dry willows for firewood. Saw some ducks and geese. Twenty-two miles W. S. W.

Friday 6th. Came nine miles over a very rough country and stopped at noon in a small valley where a small stream comes in W. N. W., the main creek running about N. E. In the afternoon came about seven miles taking the main stream. Camped on the creek with good grass. An Indian well equipped for hunting, riding a good horse, came into camp late in the evening. Sixteen miles S. W.

Saturday 7th. Left camp early, came in to noon 14 miles. The roads very bad, a continuation of high hills. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, came to where our course bears S. W. and takes us from the main stream, which bears off N. W. A small stream which we take runs about 5° east of south. This stream is an important point, being on the course for Lake Selvaille. It will be known by a cut rock bank on the main stream, a short distance before you strike the Fork. Also on the east bank of the Fork you find cut rock. In the afternoon came eight miles. Twenty-two miles S. W.

Sunday 8th. After about four miles travel on this Fork, came to a beautiful valley 10 or 12 miles long and three miles wide, surrounded by mountains. The stream here receives two small Forks, one from the right, the other from the left. Main stream our course, which we take. In about 1½ hours travel

from this point found the banks of the creek high and very steep which continued for several miles. Nooned about 2 o'clock in a small valley running N. S. W. The creek now begins to fail of water. Camped close under the foot of a mountain with a scattered growth of stunted cedar. Twenty-five miles S. W.

Monday 9th. Made an early start, crossed a small mountain ranging nearly east and west. Struck a large valley, made our course 5° north of west. In about 25 miles from last night's camp, reached a stream called Selvaille River 10 to 15 yards wide. Sluggish and deep and empties into a lake a few miles from this. Last night an Indian came to camp, to whom we gave something to eat and some presents. In the morning he was absent, as was also one of our finest rifles. Camped, having traveled four miles south. Twenty-one miles, 5° N. of W. Twenty-five miles in all.

Tuesday 10th. Early this morning a large number of Indians made their appearance and began to crowd into the camp. Deemed it prudent to leave this place as soon as possible, as the character of this tribe is very bad, they having killed several white men in their attempt to trap this stream. An old Indian prophet, whom we took with us and who, so far, is an advantage to us, will act as our guide. After traveling a few hours, came in sight of two lakes lying about four miles distant from each other, one, the smaller, being fresh water which receives Selvaille River; the other being much larger, I should judge about 20 miles in circumference, is salt water. At the west end of this lake we found a village of Indians which we passed through, and camped about 5 o'clock on a creek passing through a marsh. After we had camped, the Indians began to be troublesome and we were forced to drive them away. Ten miles S., five miles, 5° S. of W.

Wednesday 11th. Captain Payette, having previously marked on our chart some springs not far distant, we concluded to move camp early again, avoiding this rascally tribe of Indians. In about one hour's travel came to the spring which rises close under a range of bluffs running west from the lake. This is a warm spring about 70° Fahrenheit, and affords a considerable stream. Our guide informs us of water

about a half camp ahead, and the grass being not good at this place, we pushed on for the next water. In view, about one camp distant, is a mountain partly covered with timber, being about W. N. W.; and a large red butte, about two miles from the spring, near which we pass, taking a course of about 12° west of south. Country hilly with some cut rock. Near 12 o'clock struck a dry creek with water in holes. The creek has very high cut rock bluffs and is difficult to descend. Grass and water good. The country bears traces of having once undergone volcanic action. Find some specimens of white pumice stone. Fourteen miles, 15° west of south.

Thursday 12th. Remained in camp, our animals standing much in need of rest and grass. The whole of this country has traces of volcanoes. In many places and particularly here, are large quantities of white pumice stone. Weather clear and cold.

Friday 13th. At sunrise we left our camp. The animals much refreshed. Continued our course S. W. and directly ahead saw a point of very high mountains which we supposed to be 60 miles distant. Country very hilly and rocky, in many places almost impassable because of the steep chasms with almost perpendicular banks. After about six hours' travel came to a small pool of water, being the first seen today. Concluded to camp as the country ahead appears to indicate a want of water. The grass immediately around the pool is good. Some Indians must have left the camp but a short time before our arrival, as we found their fire still burning. Fourteen miles south-west.

Saturday, October 14th. Made an early start and held our course for the mountain in view S. W. from our camp, traveling over a very high plain much broken by deep cut rock canyons, which appear to lead to a dry valley at the foot of the mountains on our right. The valley appears dry and sterile. As we approached the mountain on our course south-west we found the country more broken and covered with a thick growth of cedar on the north side. About 12 o'clock came to the mountain which passed close to our left, keeping close around its foot. Passed one small spot with grass, some indication of a spring, but found no water. This is a dry mountain. As we

travel around its base we bear south, having on our right hand ranges of mountains as far as the eye can see; also mountains before us. Saw today several mountain sheep, being the first game we have seen since leaving the fowls on Lake Selvaille. Traveled on until night and camped without water on a very elevated spot, and about eight miles from the mountains which stand alone, rocky and nearly destitute of timber on the south side. Our Indian guide informs us we will reach the lake about 10 o'clock tomorrow. The weather warm and clear. Twenty-eight miles, general course S. W.

Sunday 15th. By daylight saddled our horses and packed mules. After traveling about five hours, came in view of a large lake situated in a low valley several hundred feet lower than our last camp. The appearance of this lake is very singular. The valley, for nearly a mile from the water, is covered with pure white salt, resembling snow. As you approach it, can easily detect the smell of salt, which we found clean and several inches deep. We were in hopes that this lake, when we first saw it, might prove to be fresh water, as we have been 30 hours without having seen one drop of water. The grass on the lake is poisonous. Traveled near the west end of the lake and to our great joy found some springs of excellent cold water where we camped, having traveled 14 miles south-west.

Monday 16th. Left camp at an early hour. Held a course about west over ranges of barren hills covered with stones. After four hours' travel came to a small valley with good grass, and a creek coming from a range of high mountains winding through the valley. As our animals were much jaded we determined to camp, it then being 12 o'clock. In the evening we killed a few ducks which certainly were most welcome in our starving camp. Our provisions are nearly exhausted, we having been living for the past three days on a pint of weak soup for each man twice a day, not knowing the distance we may have to travel before finding game. Leaves us in a most unpleasant uncertainty. Fourteen miles west.

Tuesday, October 17th. After about an hour's delay beyond our usual time of starting, set off, our old guide leaving, and for whom we substituted another Indian to guide us to the other lake, a short distance from the head waters of the valley.

Took over the mountain, and after traveling on it about eight miles, struck the creek, which we left in the morning, on our right. Traveled very slowly, obliged to dismount and lead our poor exhausted horses. Ourselves, too, were weak from the little solid food we have eaten for several days past. We trudged along, weary and discouraged, up one mountain and down another until near night when we camped at a small stream with some grass. To make our condition more deplorable, it set in to rain, with a cold driving wind. Again we partook of our thin weak soup, leaving only a sufficiency of flour and grease for one meal more. Sixteen miles south-west.

Wednesday, October 18th. Left camp early after a most disagreeable night with much rain and snow. Cold and hungry, with a knowledge of having but one scanty meal, we traveled along indulging in no pleasant train of thoughts. Our poor animals, too, seemed as dull and dispirited as their unfortunate owners. About 2 o'clock we came to a small valley where our dull spirits were revived by discovering some tracks of antelope. We called a halt and some of the company went out to reconnoiter in order to discover some game. In a short time we heard the sharp clang of the rifle which was music to our ears. We immediately set out in the direction of the report and soon came up with the hunters; and, to our great joy, found the shot had been successful, having killed a small buck antelope which we butchered, cut up and lashed to our packs. We now pushed on to make a good camp, determined to make at least one good meal. After about two hours' travel, found a small creek with good grass and plenty of firewood, where we halted for the day, and soon appeased our appetites of five days' hunger, not leaving much of the antelope for another meal. In the evening it commenced snowing, but with a large fire we made ourselves comfortable. Twenty miles.

Thursday 19th. Were delayed in starting in consequence of the snow and rain which fell last night, many of the packs getting wet. Set off at 10 o'clock and after about an hour's travel came to a very large lake. It is fresh water and one of the most beautiful, romantic sheets of water I ever beheld. Surrounded by high mountains. Traveled on the south-west

bank for several hours; discovered some tracks of a deer. In the evening, just before camping, had the good fortune to kill a fine buck. Camped in good spirits on the shore of the lake in a small grove of pines, having traveled 24 miles south.

Friday 20th. Made an early start. Traveled on the shore of the lake, which is about 40 miles long and 10 miles broad. Has its length N. E. S. W. At the south-west end find the country not so mountainous; low points of the mountains running down covered with a scattering growth of cedar. In about six miles from the lake, camped on a small creek which has its source a short distance from the lake. Thirty miles S. W. 5° west.

Saturday 21st. Were detained this morning in making an early start as some of the mules feet were so worn by the sharp rocks as to require shoeing. Fortunately we were well provided with shoes. Followed down the creek about S. 5°, in its course and camped on its bank. No sign of game of any description. Twenty miles.

Sunday 22nd. Left camp about 9 o'clock. Traveled down the creek which we found abounded in beaver. Named the creek after that animal. The country exceedingly rough and barren. Constantly traveling over rocky ledges producing nothing but wormwood. The creek very crooked. After traveling about two miles from camp came in sight of a very high point of a high mountain covered with snow and running up in the shape of a sugar loaf. The snow entirely covers the top of the mountain, not a dark spot appearing and is no doubt perpetual. Saw some signs of deer and antelope; also found a cache of grass seed made by the Indians. Camped about 4 o'clock on the bank of Beaver Creek. Twenty miles W.

Monday 23rd. One of our horses missing. After searching some time were obliged to come off without him. The Indians, no doubt, stole him. After traveling a few miles came to numerous pits lying across our path. They were about nine feet deep with small mouths covered with weeds. To avoid riding into them were constantly on the watch. We suppose the Indians made them for the purpose of entrapping game though we see no sign of animals except the wolf. One of our company, Mr. McGhee (McGee), who was walking ahead

a short distance very suddenly disappeared. In a few minutes we saw the top of his head rising in the path, he having met with the misfortune of stepping into one of these traps. The accident was attended with no further injury than a few slight bruises. Fifteen miles, 10° south of west.

Tuesday 24th. Left camp at the usual hour traveling due south. In about four miles started across the valley, the creek running very crooked through it. Traveled about 20 miles and encamped in the valley near the mountains which are covered with pine and ash and oak timber, the latter the first we have seen. Captain Gantt's horse gave out toward evening. The weather warm and clear. Twenty miles.

October 25, Wednesday. Started a little after sunrise following the course of the creek through the mountain, several of the party hunting, as we are again out of provisions, having eaten nothing since yesterday morning. Camped on the creek at a small grove of ash and oak. The hunters came in, having no game. Discover that we were followed by a body of Indians. Again we go supperless to bed. Eighteen miles south-west.

Thursday 26th. Moved camp about 7 o'clock and traveled over a very mountainous country, passing through snow on the high points of the mountains. Found our stream increasing in size, receiving many tributaries. Passed on the banks of the creek in some places where the descent from the top of the bank to the water must have been 1200 feet, the stream pitching over rocks and ledges, forming beautiful cascades, one of which had an abrupt fall of about 150 feet. Saw many Indians who avoided us. They are perfectly wild. Attempted by signs to call them to us but without success. Came to a village which they had just deserted. Their houses are built under ground, a large hole or pit, covered with earth, supported by cross poles with a small opening three feet in diameter, which serves for both chimney and door. What these poor devils live on is more than I can even imagine. The country is entirely destitute of game and fruit. We are certainly able to speak as regards the resources of the country in the way of edibles, having eaten nothing since Tuesday morning. In this condition we suffer very much, not only from the pain of

starvation but from the fatigue of walking as we begin to grow weak, and walk we must, the mountains being so steep that our horses can scarcely climb them alone. Have traveled hard all day and only made 20 miles south-west. Saw some Indians perfectly naked and as wild as deer.

Friday 27th. We set off this morning in no pleasant mood. The company appears disheartened and discouraged. Nothing but high ranges of mountains before us. Our horses begin to fail very fast, and ourselves are now four days since eating one solitary mouthful. We passed today more Indian villages. In the evening came to a creek which was accessible only by a path winding down a very steep bank about 400 feet in height. We saw that should we camp in such a place the Indians would, in an attack, have the advantage. We have every reason to believe them hostile and should always be on guard, but here was no alternative. Water we must have or lose our animals. About ten minutes after we camped a number of Indians who had been concealed, commenced with deafening yells an attack by shooting arrows. It was then every man to his rifle. In a few rounds we drove them across the creek when we continued to fire. Kept a vigilant guard but were not troubled any more.

Saturday 28th. Started out of our canyon camp as soon as possible and traveled about seven miles to a small prairie which we passed yesterday on our left. Stopped about 2½ hours and let our horses feed. Traveled slowly to the east of south of the river, and camped on a small prairie near a small stream coming in from the mountains on the right, and forming a marsh on the prairie. Deer, geese, ducks. Twelve miles.

Sunday 29th. Set off early, traveled down the little valley on the edge of the timber to a second creek from our camp, coming from the mountains on the right. This creek we followed to its source, taking a trail. On reaching the summit found ourselves very elevated, with hills to the west and south lower than where we were. Continued on trail in good spirits for seeing the valley. After traveling about 16 miles camped half an hour to sunset. The day cloudy and some rain. Camped in timber at a small stream. Course in the morning four miles east of south. The balance of the travel about 5°

west. Let our horses loose, a proposition I did not agree to, deeming it unsafe though we saw no signs of Indians. Each mess had a handful of antelope grease for supper. Men weak from starvation. Four miles south of east, 10°. 12 miles. Sixteen miles in all.

Monday, October 30th. In searching for our horses and mules found three dead and several missing, having been shot with arrows by the Indians in the night about 200 yards from camp. Several went in search and after much delay found all but four. Some of the best animals killed. We now swore vengeance against the diggers and have come to the conclusion to kill for two days all the men we may see. Our company having been in a state of starvation for several days past, butchered the animals killed by the Indians and we now have to subsist on horse and mule flesh entirely. Last night held a council about killing my horse but concluded most fortunately to give him another day. After much delay of fixing and arranging, and burning packs and saddles, left our camp about midday and traveled about seven miles, camping on bench land. Growth of pine, black oak, white oak, principally the latter. Saw signs of deer, but alas, can kill none. Course S. W. Seven miles.

Tuesday 31st. Made an early start, finding an open timber country called table land, making a good deal of descent. The country to the south-west presenting the same low appearance. After traveling about eight miles and crossing a pretty high hill, saw the valley close to us; and never were a set of poor worn out travelers more gratified than we were, after so much toil and travel, to have the Eldorado in view. No one can imagine our feelings after traveling through a hostile country, Indians watching every movement to take advantage of the weakness of a small party and shout over our scalps. Struck the valley about 4 o'clock and camped on a small stream with good grass and little timber. The general appearance of the country in the valley here broken by small hills covered with a scattering growth of oak. The grass green, birds singing,

with the appearance of Spring. Weather soft and balmy. Heaven has so far prospered us and thanks to the great Giver of all Good for our success! Horsemeat for supper. Fifteen miles, course south-west.

[November]

Wednesday, November 1st. Some of our men left camp early and set off for a hunt ahead of the company. After leaving camp two miles found them with two deer which they had killed. Stopped, unpacked, threw away our sack of horsemeat and made a plentiful repast on good venison. Traveled through a beautiful country about 16 miles on a creek 10 yards wide. Killed two large grizzly bears. Saw seven at this place. Country broken in small hills. Indians followed us and yelled at our venison camp. Sixteen miles S. S. W.

Thursday 2nd. Set off in good time. Left the creek we camped on about 10 o'clock. Traveled about two hours to the left of our main stream. Continued on it and camped at 5 o'clock on a small creek about one-half mile from the river. Saw today many Indians. They were friendly and the first of that character we have seen for a long time. On their approach they were rather timid and brought with them a kind of bread made of acorns which they offered us as a token of friendship. Came with us several miles. They were naked. Eighteen miles.

Friday 3d. After some delay set off. The appearance of the weather bad. Raining and cloudy. After traveling about eight miles find the stream very crooked and cut with canyons. Crossed a high ridge, rocky, and descended from there into a beautiful valley, very large, being the main valley of California. No hills and the appearance of an immense prairie, the streams winding through it with a considerable growth of timber. Continued our course down the east bank of the Sacramento, the valley gradually growing wider as we descended the river, passing through the middle of it skirted with a growth of oak and sycamore and some ash. The climate is most delightful, the grass and trees are as green and fresh as in the latitude of Philadelphia in the month of May! Saw plenty of deer, elk and bear. Of the latter we saw a great

many. They are so numerous as to have worn large paths five or six inches below the surface of the earth. Today, without hunting, saw 14. They are of the grizzly species. Camped in the evening on the river, having made but 14 miles. Our animals are in such a condition as to oblige us to proceed very slowly.

Saturday 4th. Left early, our animals having fed well on grass and bushes. Found a species of small grape in great abundance, much resembling the winter grape in the United States in appearance, but much superior in taste, being very sweet and pleasant. The valley today presents a more beautiful appearance than any we have passed through. Should suppose its width to be about 60 miles, length ranges north and south. In the last direction appears the same beautiful country as far as the eye can reach.

Parallel with the valley and on both sides, extend high ranges of mountains covered with snow. The valley itself is a very beautiful level prairie, covered with the most luxuriant growth of grass, with beautiful streams which take their sources in the mountains, winding through it skirted with timber. Saw today many Indians who appear very friendly. Offered as presents everything they possess. They live almost entirely on acorns which they roast, and beat into a kind of flour, then making it into cakes which they cook on hot stones. Their huts are made of rushes in an oval form, and are ranged along the bank of the river. The men are entirely naked. Out of many hundreds I have seen, not 10 of them were provided with anything in the shape of clothing. The women wore very little in the way of clothes. I think to these Indians the term of "Natures' Children" can be applied with the greatest propriety. Traveled late and camped on the river. My gun bursted in firing a signal for some of our party to come into camp. Fortunately I received no injury from the accident. Twenty-five miles, east of south 5°.

Sunday 5th. After receiving a visit from some Indians, one of whom stole a cup from our mess, they all ran away. No arms. Each carrying a chunk of fire. We made a late start, and traveled until the sun was up about two hours high, when we camped on the river in a grove of beautiful oak timber.

Entirely out of provisions. Most of our company started out to kill deer, seeing a great deal of signs. Returned, however, to a hungry camp without having killed anything. The country we passed today is very rich in soil. Fine oak timber in groves through the valley. The general course of the river runs south and is very crooked. Weather mild and pleasant. We suppose this stream to be the Sacramento. In view are three buttes or hills. We take them to be those at the junction of the Feather River with the Sacramento. The buttes are about 30 miles distant. The company in good spirits. Hope in a few days to strike the settlements. Fourteen miles E. of S.

Monday 6th. Early this morning some of our company started on a hunt and in about two hours brought in some poor deer meat. After cooking our breakfast, made a late start and camped on the river early. Made about 14 miles.

Tuesday 7th. Made an early start and traveled about 25 miles. The buttes near, in the forks of the Feather and Sacramento Rivers. My horse gave out. Cloudy. Camped in a grove of oak near the river. Soil rich. Went some distance for water near a large marsh. Feather River in view. Twenty-five miles.

Wednesday 8th. Left camp about 9 o'clock in the rain. After traveling about 12 miles saw some cattle. We knew from this welcome sight that we must be near the settlements on the Sacramento. In the evening crossed Feather River, a considerable stream flowing into the Sacramento from the east. Camped on its south bank at the ranch of Captain Sutter, which lies on both sides of the river. This is the first settlement we have seen for nearly six months. We here fared well on bread, coffee and beef. Mr. Bidwell[40] came from one of the ranches in the evening to our camp. Eighteen miles, 10° east of south.

40—JOHN BIDWELL—Gen. John Bidwell was born in Chautauqua County, N. Y., August 5, 1819. In 1829 his parents moved to Pennsylvania, and in 1834 they settled in Darke County, Ohio.

At seventeen years of age, young Bidwell walked three hundred miles, through sleet and snow, to enter Kingsville Academy at Ashtabula, Ohio. When he was eighteen, he was elected principal of the Academy and 1839 found him teaching school in Weston, Kansas Territory. He took up a land claim, and became a farmer. He went to St. Louis for a visit, and on his return in six weeks, found some one had jumped his claim. As he was not of age, he was unable to fight the claim jumper, so continued to teach school.

During December 1840, Bidwell heard about California from Antoine Roubideaux, a well-

SUTTER'S FORT. 1847.

Thursday 9th. This morning made a plentiful breakfast on fat young beef, coffee and bread. Such a meal we had not set to for many a day. Left camp in good spirits about 9 o'clock, traveled 14 miles south and camped on Feather River, about three miles below a small creek. Near our camp is a small ranch owned by a German from whom we obtained some salt. The weather very fine. Made a good camp in a grove of oak. Fourteen miles south.

Friday, November 10th. Left camp about 9 o'clock and started for the extensive estate of Captain Sutter near the Sacramento. After six hours of brisk traveling, crossed the American Fork of the Sacramento and came in sight of the Fort Nueva Helvetia (Sutter's Fort), an extensive establishment owned by Captain John Augustus Sutter[41]. This gentleman made us all welcome. Congratulated us on our safe arrival; gave us such information of this beautiful country as to induce most of our party to abandon going any further than the settlement of the Sacramento. Captain Sutter is a civil officer under the government of California, having

known French trapper and plainsman, who claimed that he was a member of the Pattie party from New Mexico, which arrived in San Diego in 1828.

In the spring of 1841, Bidwell decided to start for California. He was joined by others, until the party numbered sixty-nine, mostly women and children. This—"The Western Emigration Society," as they called themselves—was the first organized party to start for California. When they reached the vicinity of Fort Hall, about half the party left and decided to go to Oregon. Bidwell and his party, consisting of thirty-two, obtained such information as they could from Captain Thomas Fitzpatrick, an old plainsman and trader. Under the leadership of Capt. John Bartelson, they continued towards California. After a very hard journey over the desert, often lacking food and water, they finally followed up Walker River and presumably reached Sonora Pass, and then the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees. They continued down the Sierra, thence across the San Joaquin Valley, and then to the ranch of Dr. John Marsh at the foot of Mount Diablo, where they arrived November 4, 1841. (Marsh arrived in California in January, 1836 according to the records of The Society of California Pioneers).

Bidwell went to Sutter's Fort, and entered Captain Sutter's employ. Sutter sent him to Fort Ross, Marin County, where he superintended the transfer of all the movable property from that Russian establishment and also from Bodega to Sutter's Fort, Sutter having purchased Fort Ross from the Russians when they decided to return to Alaska. It took Bidwell fourteen months to accomplish this task. He then managed Sutter's Hock Farm on the American River, for one year.

In 1844 Bidwell was naturalized, and received a grant of land from the Mexican Governor. He afterwards participated in the Micheltorena fracas, was captured and released. Bidwell was one of the original Bear Flag Party, and later a captain in Fremont's California Battalion.

In 1848, after the discovery of gold at Coloma by James W. Marshall, Bidwell prospected, and discovered gold at Bidwell's Bar on the Feather River. He settled at Chico in 1860, became Brigadier General of the State Militia in 1863, and a member of Congress from 1864 until 1866. He refused further nomination for Congress and for Governor of California. Afterwards he was the Prohibition Party candidate for Governor in 1890, and its candidate for President of the United States in 1892. He devoted the remainder of his life to farming and to his various enterprises. While watching workmen on his ranch who were clearing timber from a field, he had a heart attack and died April 4, 1900. Bidwell was very well liked, and one of the most prominent of the super-pioneers. He was a member of The Society of California Pioneers.

Bidwell wrote an article, "The First Emigrant Train to California," which was published in The Century Magazine, November, 1890, and was afterwards printed in book form under the title of "Echoes of the Past," at Chico, California.

41—CAPTAIN JOHN AUGUSTUS SUTTER—Born of Swiss parentage in Kandren, Baden, at midnight February 28, 1803 (or March 1, 1803); died in Washington, D. C., June 18, 1880. His remains rest in the cemetery at Lititz, a small hamlet in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

under his charge the government of the Northern frontier. The Fort itself is large and imposing, with its high walls, and its bastions frowning with heavy cannon. It is the largest and best built Fort in California. The walls encompass an area of about 400 feet square, built of sun-dried bricks, three feet thick and 15 in height. It is defended by several large cannons, planted in reverse bastions. Sixty soldiers, principally Indians, comprise the military force.

This establishment was built by Captain Sutter at his own expense, and the military force is in no way connected with or controlled by the government. In one corner of the yard is a mill for grinding wheat. There is a blacksmith shop, carpenter and shoemaker shop, and a tannery. In short, you may say that the enterprise of Captain Sutter is such as to provide all that man may want within his own resources. It is almost impossible to conceive in what manner and in so short a time Captain Sutter has made such extensive and permanent improvements, but when you read the character of the gentleman you will at once perceive that with his intelligence he is also remarkable for his perseverance. No one could have labored under more disadvantages than he has in carrying forward the improvement of this beautiful property so far removed from where he could obtain the necessary equipment. All of this, however, he has most certainly overcome. He has converted the wild Indians into good and faithful servants of whom he employs a large number, and has in his management strictest but not severe discipline. They are called in the morning by reveille, and at a certain hour the bell calls them to breakfast and then again to their labors, and such is the

The career of this super-pioneer is too long and colorful for a foot-note. The following are a few of the salient episodes in his life.

He arrived in California in 1839; was naturalized and obtained a Mexican grant of 11 leagues (about 44 square miles); established New Helvetia and Sutter's Fort; bought out the Russian possessions at Fort Ross and Bodega in 1841; participated in the Micheltorena "opera bouffe" war in 1845, was captured and released. He raised the American flag over Sutter's Fort, July 11, 1846.

In 1847 he formed a partnership (the papers of which were drawn up by John Bidwell) with James Wilson Marshall, for the building of a saw-mill at Coloma, where on January 24, 1848, Marshall discovered the first little flake of gold (now in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.)

Sutter was a member of the first Constitutional Convention in Monterey in 1849, and in that year was nominated for Governor of California, but was defeated.

In 1850, he brought his family out from Switzerland, having paid H. Leinhard, an employe, ten dollars a day to go to Europe and guide them back to Sutter's Fort. He was unquestionably robbed of most of his holdings. He endeavored to obtain redress from both the State of California and the Federal Government, but without success. He died a broken-hearted man, worn out after years of fighting for his rights and for justice. His grandchildren are, at this writing, planning to attempt to regain some of Sutter's former holdings in Sacramento.

case with the other meals. The drums again in the evening announce the hour for bed. They are in far better condition than in their wild state, and I can see that Captain Sutter has certainly been, and is, a great benefactor to this tribe of Indians. I cannot speak too highly of the hospitality of this gentleman. He received us most cordially, as it affords him a pleasure to administer to the wants of the way-worn, weary traveler. What could be more gratifying after we had been for nearly six months traveling among hostile tribes of Indians, half starved as we were, than to reach a haven such as this castle proved to be.

Captain Sutter is originally from Switzerland. A few years since he crossed the Rocky Mountains from Missouri, in which state he resided for a short time. On his arrival in this country, he petitioned the government for a grant of land which was allowed, giving him 30 leagues of land. A league is three miles square, containing nine of our sections which is 5,760 acres, making his grant 172,800 acres. On this land the Fort is erected.

On the different ranches of this tract, he has about 10,000 head of cattle and about 4,000 head of horses. Among the latter he has 1,500 brood mares.

DECEMBER—(NO DATE)

After a residence of four weeks at this establishment, determined to visit Monterey, the Capital of the two Californias. For that purpose I took passage on the *Schooner Sacramento*, belonging to Captain Sutter, and after two days sail down the river came to the Bay of San Francisco, one of the largest and most beautiful harbors in the world. It is surrounded by high mountains, with a narrow passage about ¾ mile in width, connecting it with the Pacific. The only town situated on the Bay is called Yerba Buena, which signifies in the Spanish language "good herb," taking its name from a species of wild mint growing on the neighboring hills. The population of this place is about 150 souls, principally foreigners, English, French and Americans.

I found in Port the ships *George Henry*, Captain Smith[42] from Baltimore, *Barnstable*, Captain Hatch[43] from Boston, and a French Whaler from Havre; also the Barque *Juan Josea*, a Mexican vessel owned by Don Miguel Persidino, a gentleman whose acquaintance I feel happy in having made. I was introduced to him in Yerba Buena by a merchant to whom I carried letters from Captain Sutter.

Don Miguel, on learning I was desirous to proceed to Monterey, offered me passage on his vessel which sailed for that port on the following day. I embraced the opportunity and was once more on the wide ocean, with light winds and delightful weather. We entered the Port of Monterey on the morning of the third day after leaving San Francisco. I could but regret our passage was so short, for in the entertaining and pleasant company of Don Miguel, I could pass weeks without growing tired of the sea.

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42 —CAPTAIN STEPHEN SMITH, master of the ship *George Henry*, a native of Maryland, first arrived in California in 1841; brought the first saw-mill to California, was naturalized and set up his mill near Bodega; was arrested in 1845, in San Blas, Mexico, as a filibuster; released and returned to California; invested in Yerba Buena real estate; raised the American Flag at Bodega in 1846. He died in San Francisco in 1855, aged 69.

43—CAPTAIN JAMES B. HATCH, master of the ship *Barnstable*, was possibly sailing along the coast before this time and afterwards, as he arrived from Boston, July 7, 1841 and on the return trip sailed for Boston, December, 1844. He afterwards commanded the U. S. Transport *Loo Choo*, leaving New York, September 26, 1846, with Companies A, C and K of Stevenson's Regiment. The *Loo Choo* dropped anchor off Yerba Buena, March 26, 1847.

Announcements and Reports

SECRETARY'S REPORT

September 30, 1930.

Fellow Members:

During the past three months the Society has received a number of very notable additions to our library and museum, a list of which you will find following this report. Let each member constantly bear in mind that the Board of Directors and his fellow members deeply appreciate the generosity and thoughtfulness of the many donors of these gifts, as well as every effort you may make to influence others to make our museum a depository for their relics of early California days.

Since June we have added seven new members' names to the membership roll:

Charles A. Belden
Robert Hawxhurst, Jr.
Errol MacBoyle
Henry Camile Pasquale
Frederick Mills Russ
John Jacob Smith, Jr.
Stuart Henry Smith

July first was an open forum meeting. On August fifth Hon. Harry L. Todd, Postmaster, gave a comprehensive talk on "Postal History in California," and on September second Col. E. V. Smith, U. S. A., Retired, spoke on "Reserve Officers' Training Camps and their benefits to the Citizenship of the Nation." Both talks were very much enjoyed by all present.

Yours very sincerely,
H. L. Van Winkle,
Secretary.

CURATOR'S REPORT

Accessions to the Library and Museum

September 30, 1930.

The following gifts have been received since March 31, 1930.

Mrs. Jean Algie. A group of letters and postcards written from San Francisco by Duncan M. McLeod in 1879, describing the city of that day to his wife.

Mr. M. J. Aguirre. A group of interesting relics, including coins, photographs, student "report cards," receipts, etc.

Miss E. W. Allyne. Invitation to a public reception in honor of Richmond Pearson Hobson at the Palace Hotel, December 23, 1889.

Mr. L. H. Breidenstein, in memory of his mother. Framed blue satin dance program of the St. Francis Hook and Ladder Company, 1855.

Mr. Warren C. Butler. Certificate of appointment of Joseph J. Butler as First Lieutenant, Light Guard Company F., National Guard of California. Signed by Gov. Pacheco.

Mrs. Henry L. Byrne. Random biographical notes of the life of Mr. Henry L. Byrne.

Mr. John W. Classen. Several business cards of Geo. J. Hobe, Tobacconist; a Union ticket for Abraham Lincoln for President; a gold nugget; and a beaded purse sent by George J. Hobe to Miss Harriet Wright in June 1849.

Mr. Frederick C. Clift. Stock certificate for shares in the Meiggs Wharf Company 1889; and checks of the Mariposa Mill Company (1872) and the Trench Mill Company (1874).

Mr. Geo. A. Kennedy. A number of checks of the Gould & Curry Silver Mining Company, of Stateler & Arrington, Bankers, and of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco. These bear dates from 1868 to 1879, and the signatures of John W. Mackay and James G. Fair.

Mrs. Jennie Morrison Earl, in memory of her husband, John Ogden Earl. An oil painting by Thomas Hill entitled "Mt. Hood."

Mrs. Elotia Craddock, and her children, in memory of Mr.

John Craddock of Shasta, California. Framed colored Britton & Rey lithograph of the "California and Oregon Stage Company. Carries Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express & the U. S. Mail." Framed picture of Southern Poste Chaise.

Judge Harold Louderback. Silver trowel used in the dedication of the I. O. O. F. Building, May 14, 1884.

David Leith McKay. Statuette "Trail of '49" by Mr. McKay.

Mr. Fred R. Muhs. File of letters from Ross Marsh to Margaret Marsh, written from German Bar, California in 1852.

Mr. Charles A. Shurtleff. A Tape Worm Ticket used in the general election of 1871 at Vallejo, California.

Mrs. Rachel K. Snyder, in memory of Major Jacob R. Snyder and Mr. Franklin Sears. Records, receipts, expenditures, and requisitions of the California Battalion, U. S. Troops in 1847, kept by Major Snyder. These bear the signatures of J. C. Fremont, Louis McLane, John Sears, Henry King, Richard Owens, Henry L. Ford, G. P. Swift, John Grigsby, L. W. Hastings, Bluford K. Thompson, Edwin Bryant, Jos. Wilson, and others. Brace of double barrelled pistols used by Major Snyder during the time he was Quartermaster in the Mexican War. Two rifles, one the property of Mrs. Snyder's father, Franklin Sears, and carried by him during the Mexican War, and the other, used by Major Snyder for over fifty years. A powder horn used by Franklin Sears during the Mexican War. Memorials of the Society of California Pioneers to Jacob Snyder and to Franklin Sears. Remarks of W. F. Swasey before the Society of California, preceding the delivery of the memorial on the death of Major Snyder.

Mr. James P. Taylor. A check for $250.00 to be used for the purchase of something of historical interest.

Mrs. Mabel Thornberg. A circular of the Montgomery Hotel, 227-9 Second Street, in early days.

Mr. F. Tiffany Van Pelt. Some currency of the Confederate States of America; a Union Ticket Ballot, Abraham Lincoln for President; a letter concerning the election of R. J. Tiffany as a member of California Lodge, No. 1, of Free and Accepted Masons.

Mr. H. L. Van Winkle. An ox shoe of 1849 picked up at Echo Lake, summit of the Sierra, near the trail over which the emigrants of 1849 passed on their way to Placerville.

Mrs. Mabel Violette. A group of interesting relics and papers including the door plate of A. E. Kennedy used at Mokelumne Hill in 1853; portraits of the Kennedy family; letter written by Mr. Kennedy in 1853 mentioning John W. Mackay; miner's horn spoon; miner's candle stick; Mark Twain's "Roughing It," and a number of other books.

Mr. William G. Wilson. Several certificates of the Gould & Curry Mining Company, 1860-1873, and some bank notes of the Bank of California, 1866-7.

Pictures

Woodcut—"Vue de San Francisco en 1850." Framed.

Britton & Rey lithograph—"Birdseye View of San Francisco, 1856." Framed.

Lithographed letterhead—"Tremendous Excitement" showing Samuel Whittaker and Robert McKenzie being rescued from the authorities and hung by the Vigilance Committee, 1851.

Framed woodcut—"The Overland Mail starting from San Francisco."

Photograph of Washington Square, 1867. Gift of Mr. A. R. Balm.

Two photographs of U. S. soldiers leaving San Francisco for the Philippines in 1898. Gift of Mr. W. H. Williams.

Framed woodcut—"Le Fort Sutter" by Outhwaite.

Photograph of a print—"Sutter's Fort in 1847." Gift of Mr. Phil. B. Bekeart.

Photograph of a Britton & Rey lithograph—"Southern approach to Jamestown, Tuolumne Co., 1859."

Photograph of a woodcut—"Bridge across the American River at Leslie's Ferry, California." Courtesy of Mr. John Howell.

Photograph of Sonoma taken about 1869. Gift of Mr. A. W. Adler.

Photograph of Sonoma Mission about 1900. Gift of Mr. Otto von Geldern.

Photograph of Mr. Charles T. Blake. Gift of Mr. Anson S. Blake.

Two photographs of Mr. Thomas Breeze. Gift of Mr. Wm. F. Breeze.

Portrait of Mr. James R. Curry. Gift of Mrs. Samuel R. Curry.

Four daguerreotypes of the Isaac K. White family. Gift of Mr. Fred Roy Drinkhouse.

Portrait of Mr. Warren Dutton. Gift of Mr. J. Warren Dutton.

Photograph of Wm. S. Jewett. Gift of Mrs. Charles Janin.

Photographs of (1) Active and exempt members attached to Volunteer Engine Company No. 7, (2) certificate of membership in San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856. Gifts of Mr. John Crawford.

Colored Britton & Rey lithograph of the California & Oregon Stage Company. See Craddock, Mrs. Elotia, on page 200.

Maps

Photograph of Map of San Francisco published for Wheeler's "Land Titles in San Francisco, California" by Joseph J. LeCount. Gift of Mr. Phil. B. Bekeart.

The Lands of the Paul Tract Homestead Association, showing subdivisions, 1871. Gift of Mr. H. C. Kirkpatrick.

Topographical sketch of the gold and quicksilver district of California, July 25, 1848, by E. O. C. Ord, Lt., U. S. A. Gift of Mr. Phil. B. Bekeart.

Map showing the positions of the Upper and Lower gold mines on the South Fork of the American River, California, July 20, 1848. Gift of Mr. Phil. B. Bekeart.

Map of Mexico including Yucatan and Upper California, including the chief cities and towns, principal routes of travel, etc. Published by Augustus Mitchell, Phila., 1847.

Newspapers and Magazines

Miscellaneous clippings concerning early California. from San Francisco newspapers. Gift of Capt. A. G. Capron.

The San Juan Press, May 1862. Gift of Mr. James Farley.

Article from the Pacific Underwriter, Aug. 10, 1911—"The last word as to conflagration payments." Gift of Mr. R. W. Neal.

Articles concerning California, cut from the Hartford Daily Times. Gift of Mr. Frederick W. Payne.

Annual subscription to the "Reflex." Gift of Mr. John Wineberg.

Four copies of "The Westerner" containing articles on California. Gift of Mrs. Edna B. Buckbee.

Books

Banning, Capt. Wm. Six Horses. Century Co., N. Y., 1930.

Barrett, S. A. The material culture of the Klamath Lake and Modoc Indians of Northeastern California and Southern Oregon. Berkeley, Univ. Calif. Press, 1910. Gift of Mrs. Edna B. Buckbee.

Choris, Louis. Voyage Pittoresque autour du monde. Paris, De L'Imprimerie de Firmin Didot. 1822.

Cummins, Sarah J. Autobiography and Reminiscences. Cleveland, A. H. Clark Co., 1914.

Davidson, E. C. Notes on California Indian Shellmounds. S. F. Nat'l Soc. Colonial Dames of America. Gift of Miss L. G. Woods.

Davidson, Winifred. Where California Began. San Diego, McIntyre Pub. Co., 1929.

Forrest, Earle R. Missions and Pueblos of the Old Southwest. Cleveland, A. H. Clark, 1929.

Gifford, E. W. California Indian Nights Entertainments. Glendale, Calif., A. H. Clark, 1930.

Gilbert, F. T. & H. L. Wells. History of Butte County, California. S. F., H. L. Wells, 1882.

Harte, Bret. The Heathen Chinee. S. F., Bray & Beran, 1930. Gift of the publishers.

Ince, Henry. Wonders of the world in nature, art and mind. Lond., W. J. Sears, n. d. Gift of Mr. A. R. Balm.

King, Clarence. Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada. N. Y., Scribner, 1926.

Knoche, Herman. Also Pioneers. Reprint from the Quarterly of the Society, Dec. 1929. Gift of the author.

Kruckeberg, Henry W. George Christian Roeding. L. A., Calif. Asso. of Nurserymen, 1930. Gift of the publishers.

Lardner, W. B. History of Placer and Nevada Counties, California. L. A., Historic Record Co., 1924.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated history of the Civil War. N. Y., 1895. Gift of Mr. Jacob Lesser.

Lyman, George D. John Marsh, Pioneer. N. Y., Scribners, 1930. Gift of the author.

McGroarty, John S. Mission Memories. L. A., Neuner Corp., 1929.

Masters, R. S. An historical review of the San Francisco Exchange. An historical review of the East Bay Exchange. Pac. Tel. & Tel. Co., 1927. Gift of the publishers.

Pancoast, C. E. A Quaker Forty-niner. Phila., Univ. of Penn. Press, 1930.

Peters, Fred J. Clipper Ship Prints by N. Currier and Currier & Ives. N. Y., Antique Bulletin Pub. Co., 1930.

Peters, Fred J. Railroad, Indian and Pioneer Prints by N. Currier and Currier & Ives. N. Y., Antique Bulletin Pub. Co., 1930.

Ross, Blake. The Golden Crucible, an introduction to the history of American California, 1850-1905. S. F., Paul Elder, 1930.

Sherman, E. A. The life of Rear-Admiral John Drake Sloat. Oakland, Carruth & Carruth, 1902. Gift of Mr. H. L. Van Winkle.

Society of California Pioneers. Constitution, By-laws and List of Members, etc., 1881. Gift of Mr. Francis Doud.

Stow, Nellie. The Russians in California. S. F., Nat'l Soc. Colonial Dames of America. Gift of Miss L. G. Woods.

Taylor, Ray W. Hetch Hetchy, the story of San Francisco's struggle to provide a water supply for her entire needs.

S. F., R. J. Orozco, 1926. Gift of the Spring Valley Water Co.

Teggert, F. J. Diary of Patrick Breen, one of the Donner Party. Berkeley, Univ. of Calif. Press, 1910.

Tuomey, Honoria. History of Sonoma County, California. 2 vols. Chicago, S. J. Clark Co., 1926.

Wagner, Henry R. Some Imaginary California Geography. Worcester, Amer. Antiquarian Soc., 1926. Gift of the author.

Wentworth, May. Fairy Tales from the Gold Lands. 1st series, 1867, 2nd series, 1868. S. F., A. Roman & Co. Gift of Mrs. E. A. Hobe Kelly.

Wentworth, May. The Golden Dawn and other stories. S. F., A. Roman, 1870. Gift of Mrs. E. A. Hobe Kelly.

Loans

Latham, Mr. William C. Chinese Gold scales used in 1849. Map of salt march, tide and submerged lands in and adjacent to the bays of San Francisco and San Pablo, 1874.

Patterson, Mrs. W. B. Copy of the Alta California of April 22, 1865.

H. P. Van Sicklen,
Acting Curator.

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Secretary

HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN
Editor

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MR. AND MRS. GEORGE H. BAKER
1854

Records of a California Journey

By George H. Baker

FOREWORD

This *Record* consists of three parts, two little volumes of George H. Baker's diaries and a letter written from San Jose, Mexico, where he was marooned for a time. The letter described to his parents his experiences while crossing Mexico from Vera Cruz to San Blas by way of Mexico City—the second part of his journey. The story of his experiences during the first part—from Boston to New Orleans—is interesting because it shows in fair detail the vicissitudes of travel in our eastern and southern states at that time. The third part deals entirely with his experiences and observations in California and Oregon, and will be published in a later issue of the Quarterly. The following brief sketch of Mr. Baker's life was written by his daughter, Mrs. George Lilly of San Francisco.

"My father, George Holbrook Baker, pioneer publisher, artist and lithographer, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, March 9th, 1827. Both of his grandfathers were soldiers in the Revolutionary War, his mother's father being Major George Holbrook. The Holbrooks were organ builders and bell founders, the first bell founders in America. Two of the bells at the Santa Barbara Mission, one large and one small one, are Holbrook bells, as is also, one of those at the San Gabriel Mission.

"At the time of the discovery of gold in California my father was in New York, a student of the National Academy of Design. He was twenty-two years old when he left Boston on January 8, 1849 and arrived in San Francisco on the following May 28th. In the next succeeding years he wrote numerous articles of his travels which were published in eastern papers. He also edited and published the first evening paper in Sacramento."

To Mrs. Lilly and to her brother, Mr. George H. Baker, Jr., we herewith express our appreciation for their permission to publish this record of their father's travels to California.

Shortly after his arrival in California, young Baker became associated with General Winn in a general merchandising business in Sacramento. Of course he went to the mines, too, but he was an artist and writer, and 1856 found him editing and publishing the *Granite Journal* in Sacramento, as well as *The Spirit of the Age*. A little later he engaged independently in the lithographing business, and in 1862 moved his home and business headquarters to San Francisco, where he resided until his death in 1906. Today many of his numerous lithographed sketches are counted among the most authentic pictures of early day California.

FROM BOSTON TO VERA CRUZ

Vera Cruz, Mexico
February 7, 1849.

The accompanying quotation from a Boston Newspaper of January 8, 1849, is a notice of departure of a body of California Gold Hunters, of which I have the fortune to be one.

"The 'New England Pioneers,' a company of twelve respectable young gentlemen, left this city by railroad Monday Afternoon, for California, by the way of Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico. The company go armed with proper defensive weapons, take with them a tent, and each man has a trunk of clothing, the contents of which may be simplified and packed otherwise if necessary. Many of them have sent invoices of merchandise by sea. The company is commanded by Captain Paul, late of the Massachusetts Volunteers, and is so constituted as follows:

"Captain, Edward A. Paul of Boston; Lieutenant, Charles F. Read, of Lowell; Quartermaster, Jonathan Gavett, of Boston; Messrs. Charles Liscom, George H. Baker, and C. Willard Gleason, of Boston; T. Henry Haskins, of Gardiner, Me.; Charles Austin of Charleston; John L. Read, of Brattleboro. Vt.; Edward L. Kittredge of Nelson, N. H.; James H. Fickett and Thomas M. Gridley of Roxbury.

"A large party assembled at the depot to see them off and wish them success."

Few but must remember the excitement caused by the publication of the marvelous account respecting the California gold regions. At first very few were disposed to give any credence to the strange tales of the new found El Dorado, but after the Message of President Polk and the publication of letters from Gov. Mason and others—men of standing in the community what was at first treated with ridicule began to be listened to with wonder; and finally all were eagerly awaiting the publication of an "Extra" containing the latest intelligence from California.

"More Gold discovered! A new mine found!" was the newsboys' cry until the panic pervaded all classes of the community. Stocks rose in Wall Street two or three per cent. Shipping was soon in great demand. All unemployed ships were immediately advertised "For California"; and as they were soon filled, others entered for the same destination. The spread of the cholera occupied the attention of some few minds, but it was mostly lost sight of in the spread of the "yellow fever."

I was a young artist in the great city of New York, with reputation and standing in the community yet to be acquired by long years of diligence and industry, and though I had much to encourage me, I was sensible that these were not to be obtained but at great cost and sacrifice. I loved my art, but I hated to be bound down in tastes and feelings by the stern hand of necessity. To me then, and to many others similarly situated, the new "gold diggins" presented great inducements to emigration. Accordingly I caught the prevailing infection, and dropped my brushes and left for Boston in order to make the necessary arrangements for departure, which with little difficulty I effected in the course of three weeks.

Now I am on my way to San Francisco, soon I hope, to realize the expectations which I have indulged in, despite the arguments of nearly all my friends.

It was my desire to go by way of Mexico, as presenting a more interesting and adventuresome route in preference to a long and dreary voyage on the ocean, which to me appeared little preferable to six months in prison. Becoming acquainted, therefore, with Captain Paul of the Massachusetts Volunteers and he agreeing to guide Col. Gavett and myself through, it was determined to undertake the journey with such others as would accompany us. By the 6th of January we had twelve stout men ready, and after organizing, as is before noticed, we met on the 8th of January for final departure, armed and equipped ready for California.

The day was a fine winter day in Boston. The snow was some eighteen inches deep, and the jingle of the sleigh bells still linger fresh in my memory. After a parting glass and being reminded by Mr. Reuben Lovejoy, in a short address,

to stick to our "New England Principles" and not to leave one in exchange for every lump of gold taken out, we bade adieu to friends and home, and were soon drawn with the speed of the iron horse towards the far off regions of our destination.

We were all apparently stout men and hearty, capable of enduring any hardships we might be called upon to endure, and all were persuaded we should have enough of them before we should have any of the riches of California. So we had concluded to take deck passage to New York as an initiatory step, and for the first time I experienced what to me was a hard bed, lying, as we did, on bales and boxes of merchandise. But we have found many a harder one since. Nevertheless we enjoyed ourselves in perfect freedom. Indeed we were singing at so late an hour in the evening that the Captain came forward to request a stop as many were below who wished to sleep.

There was also on board another company for California under Capt. Cutten of Lowell, who were intending to go by way of the Gila River.

On the 9th of January we arrived in New York, but too late for the nine o'clock train for Philadelphia. Consequently we were detained until twelve, when we took a steam boat down the bay to Perth Amboy. That run is but a few miles, and in the summer season is one of the most pleasant rides the stranger can take about New York, affording as it does a fine view of the city, the Bay, the Narrows, and the opposing shores of Long Island and Staten Island, and the beautiful seats that line the shores and highlands. But at this season the shores were dreary and covered with snow, and the river with floating masses of ice. Yet our spirits were high and cheerful, for we looked forward to the time when we could again enter that city with the rich products of the mines of California.

From Perth Amboy we proceeded on the Camden and Amboy road to Philadelphia, crossing in the Delaware Bay Ferry in which we were delayed until late in the evening in consequence of a slight ship accident which left us to drift with the current for more than a mile. We merely passed the night in Philadelphia and left there for Baltimore at half-past eight a. m. on January 10th. Arriving late at the depot it was

with great difficulty that we were enabled to get our baggage on board the cars, and had it not been for the strenuous exertions of some colored men to aid us, we might have left some behind. One poor fellow ran hard after us for some distance with a saddle, and in the successful effort to throw it aboard he fell upon the ground and, unfortunately, had not the satisfaction of even a penny for his trouble.

On account of the little time at our disposal we were unable to purchase the tickets before entering the cars, in consequence of which the conductor charged each of us one dollar and a half extra, besides a dollar each for the dogs which accompanied us! To this imposition, rather than create trouble, we submitted, but not without the satisfaction of expressing to all within hearing our contemptible opinion of the conductor, corporation, and all concerned in sanctioning such tyrannical monopolies.

We arrived in Baltimore at twelve o'clock, entering the city by horse power, the engine being left at the suburbs according to the city regulations. The road is built for about a mile through one of the principal thoroughfares. Obtaining dinner, we were again on the road to Washington where we arrived at 7.30 in the evening. The following day was spent in traversing the streets, viewing the public buildings, etc.

Having obtained our passports and feasted our eyes on late intelligence from California, we left at midnight of the 13th for the *Steamer Powhattan* which was to carry us down the Potomac. In the morning we were awakened by the breaking and cracking of ice as we pushed our way down the river. It had been an unusually cold winter and the river was frozen some four inches in thickness.

Arriving at Acquia Creek we were soon off on a Southern Railroad, hardly more agreeable than a stage coach, and but little more accelerated in speed. However, we passed a number of plantations whose buildings to me had quite a feudal aspect, the houses of the master being surrounded by the humbler cabins of his slaves. The appearance of the country was not very inviting. There were very few trees and nothing to indicate a prosperous state.

At two o'clock we arrived at Richmond, and as the train

to Weldon left at twelve, we were obliged to remain here till the morrow, which afforded us some time to view the city. It is mostly built on a high and elevated ground and is pleasantly situated. We indulged ourselves in a little horsemanship as a slight foretaste of what we might have in Mexico. These few days' travel had now brought us from cold and snowy regions into a warm and pleasant climate.

We left Richmond the following day, Sunday, and arrived at Weldon at nine o'clock in the evening. Obtaining supper here, we were soon off again in a railroad car in which we traveled all night. Between sleeping and waking we managed to get through the night without any broken bones, and at dawn found ourselves wheeling through the pine forests of North Carolina. Occasionally the train would stop at some dilapidated old log hut to take in or let out some dweller of the wilderness. And then, with a few puffs, we were off again on our winding way.

We reached Wilmington at an early hour. It is a city built for the most part on a sand hill, but having a neat and pleasant appearance. Our stay here, however, was likewise short, for in the afternoon we were gliding down the bay in an ocean steamer bound to Charleston, S. C. The sight of sharks and porpoises occupied my attention for some time, as well as shooting at sea gulls. But I soon was induced to lay aside such sports as ill in harmony with the disturbed state of my feelings. Those who have been thrown about on the high seas can, doubtless, imagine them.

We left Charleston by nine o'clock, so that it was only a half hour from the time we were enjoying the scenery of the harbor until we found ourselves in the same mood on a railroad car viewing the beautiful gardens on the borders of the city. We found the railroad from Charleston to Augusta much better than we had anticipated from our experience in southern railroads thus far, and we arrived in Augusta in good season. A very pretty town, the only remarkable feature being that the gutters were constructed in the middle of the streets.

At Augusta we were transferred to other cars being constructed with berths for the accommodation of night passengers. But a man must be fatigued indeed who could sleep

among such infernal clatter on such rough roads. I sat up all night and in the morning was glad indeed to get upon terra firma again at Atlanta. I hurried out amid bales of cotton and polished niggers and found the hotel where I fancied I would make amends for the wear and tear on my person during the night. But oh! Presumption! Bad cook, bad house, bad landlord!

But I will pass by Atlanta as we did then and proceed to Griffin. Here we, the New England Pioneers, took to stages and for one hundred miles were shaken about in a little box, both day and night, until we could not have been identified by our passports. We almost quarrelled for the outside seats, notwithstanding we were met by continued showers. Over rocks, through forests, swamps, and amid corduroy railroads, we were thrown toward all points of the compass, besides being subjected to upward and downward beatings, until we arrived at Opelika at twelve o'clock just in season for the cars for Montgomery, Alabama.

Fortune favored us now, for at Montgomery there were two steamboats at the landing due to start the next day, so we were not subjected to extra charges. We took passage on the better one, called the *Orleans St. John*. It was a beautiful boat built on the Mississippi plan and the first one of the description I had ever seen. The cabin ran the whole length of the boat, and was highly ornamented and completely furnished. It was lighted by stained glass windows. The table was set accordingly, and the Captain was a prince of a good fellow. He was formerly from Maine and had made a fortune in a few years of steamboating on southern waters. He was the owner of the beautiful boat he was now commanding.

We floated down the Alabama River which met my preconceived notion of a southern stream. Fortunately the river was high and the snags did not interrupt our course very materially. The rudder on one occasion got out of order and we laid by a few hours for repairs. We stopped at various points along the river to take in cotton, of which we took on over twelve hundred bales. I remarked the great absence of people along the river at the landings, and was told that it was from fear of the cholera that was raging in various parts of

the south at that time. People had become so fearful of the infection that the towns along the river were nearly depopulated. But if keeping up good spirits can be said to frighten the cholera away, our passengers had nothing to fear. I think the Captain's wine, though, had an influence to this effect.

After three days very pleasantly passed, we arrived at Mobile, which place we left the next day on a high pressure steamboat for Lake Ponchartrain, on the border of which we took railroad conveyance for the city of New Orleans. There we put up at the Planters' Hotel, and we can positively recommend it as the worst hotel making any pretension in the city. However, we managed to get along there for about twelve days which we were obliged to pass in the city for want of some way to get to Vera Cruz. We had arrived one day too late for the regular packet, and in consequence had to wait for the next semi-monthly packet. However, we were not much at a loss in a city like New Orleans and the time wore away rapidly until we found an opportunity to embark in the *Schooner Nancy Bishop.*

We engaged deck passage, expecting pleasant weather; and the day before we were to leave, we took up our quarters on board amidships. That night we all slept under an old sailcloth, and in the morning on the 30th of January, I was awakened by our Captain scolding the Master of the tow boat engaged to tow us down the river. In some way they had become provoked and the *Nancy Bishop* had her hawser unceremoniously cut off, and for a few minutes was left at the mercy of the current. But soon the matter was accommodated and *Nancy* brought her gallant alongside, who escorted us down stream in a becoming manner.

The following morn we rose with gay hearts to bid adieu our native land. We early spread our sail to the wind and with a favorable wind from the S. E. we were directly on our course. For ten miles out the yellow waters of the Mississippi refused to mingle with those of the Mexican Gulf. With our sails "wing on wing" we soon reached the deep blue sea. A heavy fog lay on the surface of the waters and a lookout was kept aloft who could see over it. I went up myself and it appeared strange to see only the spars of some strange vessel peering out

of the fog beneath. We amused ourselves singing, to the discomfiture of our crabbed old sea captain, but he said he'd warrant we wouldn't be singing an hour hence. And true enough, for many of us found that we were in no mood for singing. I had never been fairly at sea in a sailing craft before, and I thought I hardly should ever be again. Indeed I considered my chance of being able to get through this experience as extremely doubtful.

We had a fair wind all the way, but five days out, on a Sunday, we were notified of an approaching Norther, which the Captain had promised us on the way. The wind blew furiously and our craft was scudded before it under close reefed mainsail and jib. At one time it was found impossible to keep even them, and we were before the wind under bare poles. Then I had an opportunity to view the sublimity of the sea. The waves towered high above and rolled along with a crest of white foam. Now we were deep in the trough of uplifted waves and now lifted on their raging surf. Then would come a high advancing wave which threatened to engulf us, and as if by magic, we were lifted over it completely. Then would come another, smaller, dashing furiously at us, leaping against the side and over upon us. Another and another. We were perfectly drenched from head to foot. The vessel rolled about and when it became impossible to stand we laid down, lashing ourselves to the spars, etc. I thought of all the poetry I had read of storms at sea and how much better it seems in books than to one on board.

The following morning we had the satisfaction of seeing land which revived my spirits wonderfully. Under full sail we kept along shore, everyone straining to catch a glimpse of the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa and the City of Vera Cruz. Early in the afternoon we were fortunate enough to enter and anchor in the open harbor behind the walls of the renowned castle. Having no pilot, or he not coming until we had anchored, our Captain took his own course and luffed around behind the castle walls and before the *Bark Eugenia* of New York. She had just arrived from thence with one hundred and thirty passengers, all bound for California under command of Capt. Hutton. Our Captain slipped his cable too near the New Yorker and

our boom stay became entangled in the *Eugenia's* bowsprit. Her Captain ordered a hand to cut it adrift, which gave another occasion for our Yankee Captain to vent his anger.

We were all anxious to enter town immediately, but were forbidden until the morrow. The lazy Captain of the Port consulted his own convenience, in preference to our comfort. So we lay all the afternoon looking at the strange city and meditating on its history, etc. The harbor is open from the north, but on the south and east protected by a long range of coral reefs terminating at its northern point with the renowned castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. This latter, although a fine castle, did not come up to my ideas of the Gibralter of America, as it has been styled. I think Boston Harbor can boast of a better fortification in Fort George or Independence. The town had a beautiful appearance from the water, its irregular outline, the spires of its many churches, the sea wall which here and there showed the effects of its terrible bombardment, and also the desolated country around, gave it a decided character.

The following morning opened beautifully, and in good season our vessel was surrounded by numerous boats filled with natives, and we soon chartered some to take us to the shore. While we were in New Orleans the cholera was quite prevalent, and I presume it was this fact that prevented us from landing the previous day, the port captain having first to ascertain if we had a clean bill of health. Besides he was not inclined to hurry himself very particularly.

At the Mole, where we landed, I had to exhibit passports and unlock my trunk for the inspection of the officers. I regarded it as a most foolish and insulting institution for a civilized country, though I'll do the Mexican Officials credit by saying that they dealt as mildly as possible, merely looking into the trunk as I unlocked it and evincing no desire to scrutinize my wardrobe. For aught he knew I might have had my trunk half full of lace or jewelry.

With this slight detention I was allowed to pass through the gates into the city and the first beings I met were apple,

candy, and orange venders. Treating myself to a few I passed on with the rest of our company to our quarters which were in the house of a widow woman, formerly a slave in Philadelphia. We engaged lodgings and took our meals when and where most convenient. In Vera Cruz we accepted as part of our company John H. Keyser of New York, a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, David Smith of New York, and also Mr. Winchester, master of the *Nancy Bishop*. This last incensed the fiery Captain more than ever, but even the Consul could not help him in this or his other difficulties.

FROM VERA CRUZ TO SAN JOSE

San Jose, Lower California
April 23, 1849.

Dear Parents:

I little expected ever to have the opportunity of writing to you from this part of the world. But by adverse circumstances I am left here with seven other Americans awaiting the course of human events. Now that I have plenty of time at my disposal I will give you a concise narrative of events that have transpired since the date of my last letter written at Vera Cruz.

You may wonder why I have not written since then, to which I must plead the want of an opportunity. I commenced one letter on the 26th in Mazatlan, and after having written four pages I found that with my limited means, I could not well afford the postage. Therefore I did not send it. I think I spoke in my letter of the grandeur of the mountains as viewed from the water at Vera Cruz far exceeding anything seen since then. Nothing in Mexico is superior in grandeur to the lofty Orizaba as seen from the vicinity of Vera Cruz. I regret very much that I did not sketch it. I counted on better opportunities when ashore, but I soon found that they were few, as other duties absorbed most of my time. While not on the road we were engaged in the duties of the camp, and were tired enough of the *la journada* to seek a little repose, even though on the hard ground exposed to the midnight dews.

Our party, numbering seventeen, after having disposed of many things at a sacrifice, things which were impossible to carry with them well, set out on the long journey before us on the 9th of February. On account of the difficulty of obtaining good horses and the high prices asked for them, it was deemed more advisable to hire our baggage carried as far as Jalapa. This was accordingly done under a contract for a hundred dollars, in a United States baggage wagon left at the close of the war. Two of our company, Mr. Emerson and

Mr. Fowler, were left behind to come by diligence, they having business to transact before leaving Vera Cruz.

Our course lay along the hard sandy beach of the gulf for three or four miles, when we entered the sand hills, so well known to all who have had the fatigues of traveling there. We had proceeded inland but a short distance before we were overtaken by Capt. Hungerford and Wilson of the New York Volunteers. With Mr. Price and Dan Converse they had arrived that day in the *Brig Harriet*, and learning that we were leaving, made haste to join us. Our party now numbered nineteen men. We carried over two hundred shots, and were ready with the expectation of meeting hidden foes everywhere on the road. Although traveling was hard, I experienced but little fatigue on account of the novelty of the scenery. Great varieties of cactus lined the road, and for its growth the sandy soil seemed well adapted. Besides this there were many varieties of bushes and trees. A thing that particularly attracted my attention was the great variety of flowers, for almost every shrub and tree seemed to have its portion. The country, however, as a general thing, had not the green appearance I had expected to find. But I should remember that it was the most unfavorable time of the year to view it in, though for traveling it was far the best, in fact the only season in which it can be done.

Our first day's journey was to Sante Fe, a distance of nine miles, but a hard one on account of the nature of the soil. It was thought, in time of the United States Army here, the hardest day's march, a day's march ordinarily being twenty miles.

We encamped near a rancho soon after sundown, built our camp fire, and after an evening meal, a guard being detailed, the rest gladly and quickly spread their blankets and were soon in the arms of Morpheus. The middle watch, by chance, fell upon Mr. Brown and myself. I had not entirely recovered my strength after the seasickness I wrote you of, and I found I had lost ten good pounds of flesh. This, added to the fatigues of the day and a little sickness of the stomach, placed me in no favorable mood to keep guard. But not wishing to enter any excuse or appear unwilling to do my portion, I

thought to undertake it. But a little aching here and there soon made me willing to seat myself on the ground and in this position I fell to dozing with my rifle by me, notwithstanding occasional howling of wolves and barking of dogs. Mr. Brown took advantage of this circumstance and took my rifle slyly from me and gave it to the Captain. He had hardly time, however, to do it before I discovered the loss, and reported myself to the Captain and asked for my rifle. Of course that made sport for somebody, but before we got through Mr. Somebody did the same thing. They tried hard to persuade me that the Mexican had stolen it, but I felt very confident from the nature of the ground that no Mexican could have done it unobserved. And in the morning I found it on the ground at my post.

The next day we broke camp at 3 o'clock and soon were again on our way through the fine level country, the soil being less sandy and covered with superior vegetation. We amused ourselves in passing along the road in shooting the wild birds, and of these there were great quantities and they gave a cheerful effect to the landscape with their joyous music and gay plumage. Some of them we should have considered quite objects of curiosity at home. Parrots were seen in abundance flying about mid the lofty palms and tropical trees that lined the road. We passed many trains of mules loaded with goods and bound for Vera Cruz. Some of them numbered over two hundred. It is in this manner that nearly all the transportation is done in this country. Indeed, until the American Army brought theirs here, wagons were unknown as a means of transportation except it be those of the specie trains of the English mining companies.

The greater part of the day we found the road to be very rough and hard traveling by wheel. It was formerly well paved and deserved the name of a National Road. But since the days of Spanish dominion it has been allowed to decay, and the heavy artillery of the Americans in passing over it has destroyed it, and rendered it almost impassible to travel. No desire is evinced to restore it by the present government.

We passed but few towns on the road and the houses therein are little better than the roads. They were built, for

the most part, of cane with palm thatched roofs, affording suitable abode for this climate and an indolent people. Some of them were built larger with higher roofs, affording a cool retreat for travelers on foot in this warm climate who are quite glad to enjoy a few moments' rest.

Our second day's march reached to Passo Ovejas, a distance of 21 miles, where we encamped about sunset, and this evening it came my turn to serve on police, or attend to the cooking, etc. I find it will be necessary to condense my narration, for at this rate I should make a quarto volume. So I'll extract a few items from my notes and if anything be interesting to you, you may have the opportunity of some day seeing them, too. The third day we traveled eighteen miles, encamped one league east of Plano del Rio. This day we met a specie train from the City of Mexico of about thirty wagons guarded by companies of Indian soldiers. Had we been disposed we could easily have taken their trust away from them. We also passed this day Col. Hutton's party of one hundred from New York, who left Vera Cruz on the day of our arrival. Passed the noted National Bridge, a most romantic and beautiful place, and well meriting the reputation for strength which it possessed.

We were obliged to regulate our marches in some measure by the watering places and at this place of encampment we found a most romantic spring. There was a descent of three hundred feet down a narrow ravine, in the bed of which, shaded by high bluffs and overhanging trees, ran a pure stream of water over a hard and rocky bottom. It far surpassed in beauty anything of this nature I have ever seen before. Passing on we came to Plano del Rio, another romantic spot. I could have made a beautiful picture, but we were hurried on. The old Spanish bridge had been pulled up by the Mexicans to prevent passage of the United States Army, and its ruins still stand stretched over the river, for the Mexican government is too indolent to repair it, and have cut a road through the bed of the river where it was forded by the army.

From this place we made a continual ascent, the road winding about the sides of the highlands and presenting many strong points for defense. The wheeling in many places was

very bad, and we were often, during the whole route to Jalapa, called upon to put our shoulders to the wheel, which sometimes made our day's task a hard one. During this day we passed the heights of Cerro Gordo, and many testimonials of the Americans were found on the road in shape of grape and cannon shot.

The following day started at five a. m. Continually ascended and arrived soon in a much greener country. From the high lands we took a retrospective glance over the land we had traveled and far in the distance saw the rim of the ocean beyond the blue earth below. At two o'clock in the afternoon, having traveled fifteen miles, we arrived at Jalapa. And gladly we welcomed it, tired as we were accompanying the wagon with which we were burdened and which had caused no little vexation. The muleteers had agreed to furnish teams sufficient to transport seven thousand pounds and, if desired, two or three persons. But instead we were obliged to aid him although our baggage did not amount to seven hundred pounds.

Jalapa we found situated on a beautiful and fertile valley, surrounded by mountains whose summits were hidden in the clouds. The green appearance of the gardens, which seemed to contain plenty of fruit and the tasty displays therein, gave us a favorable impression of things on entering this city. Still we found on further acquaintance that the same torpidity which had characterized the Mexicans thus far, existed plentifully here, too. To those who are accustomed only to the toil and hustle of a Yankee city, it would seem like a deserted city. The same idea came to me on entering Vera Cruz with its battered walls and ruined towers, haunted by the many turkey buzzards, its streets as clean and solitary as though no human being trod upon them.

Nearly all our party had purchased horses two or three days from Vera Cruz, but myself and two others had made the whole journey on foot. But here it was necessary that all should be mounted, and having purchased a horse for thirty dollars and disposed of other baggage, we left Jalapa before sunrise on the morning of the 15th. Many who had brought much baggage with them to this place were compelled to see it sacrificed here at great loss. Fifty pounds besides the rider

is considered abundant weight, though I suppose my horse had on his back in all 250 pounds. He was a stout well built animal. Never-the-less it was too much for him. This day we traveled a distance of 37 miles, coming in view of the castle at sundown at Perote, and seeing reflected on the eastern heavens, the beautiful sunset which all enjoyed. During the day we had noticed in many places the effect of the mirages of which travelers often read but are loth to credit. They appeared as lakes on the plains, and vanished as we approached.

We encamped for the night at a hacienda at the foot of a barren mountain that skirted the plain, having traveled thirty-five miles. We had a lovely view of the distant mountains and the magical effect at sunset was magnificent indeed. The plain abounded in game with which many enjoyed themselves in sporting. In the forenoon, as well as all the preceding day, we were troubled much with the dust, and often were enveloped in clouds of it.

The following day we started at two p. m. and had a fine view of Puebla with its many churches, and in the distance the volcano Popocatepetl. We entered Puebla by a beautiful road, and it being Sunday, we had an opportunity of seeing it in its best dress. Puebla is, next to the Capital, the largest town in Mexico and the most important in manufactures. The houses here had a much more cheerful appearance than any we have seen before. We stopped here but two hours and resumed our journey, encamping ten miles beyond.

The next day was through a beautiful portion of the country as far as Rio Frio where we encamped at four p. m. We passed in sight of the noted pyramid Cholula and had many glimpses of the mountains covered with snow, which gave a chilly feeling to the air in the mornings. However, we found the days very warm, indeed. From this place we had a continual and steep descent until we arrived in the beautiful valley of the City of Mexico. At one point on the road the valley lay before us spread out to our view like a map, and we could point out various towns and villages with great facility. From the point where we entered the valley, the City of Mexico could not be seen, it being obscured by a small mountain. Here and there were patches of grain and trees which gave a green appearance to the landscape.

The valley has a number of lakes. The largest of these is salt, and it was on this that the City of Mexico was built. But the lake has since been drained off by tunneling the mountains, so the City is now situated two miles to the southwest. We entered the City on the 20th at four o'clock. Thus it had taken us twelve days from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, a distance we could have accomplished in eight days had we started with horses and mules from the first. We remained there until the 25th.

I have given you a little account of our journey to Mexico City, and you will perceive that it would be impossible to crowd much more into the limits of a letter. We proceeded on in a like manner to Guadalajara taking the road through Morelia to Zamora. This road we found but little better than a cow path. In fact it was far worse, for these mule paths often run in dangerous places where any other animal would refuse to go.

Seven days from Mexico City I changed my white horse for a large, strong sorrel horse, and I could then boast the best horse in the crowd. He cost me twenty dollars extra, which in the then low condition of my funds, was seriously felt, but this was but little compared to the loss I received the next day when I had one of my Colt's pistols stolen from my holster. It was taken soon after dark while a guard was posted around the camp and I engaged in finding feed for my horse. These pistols are very heavy and it was my custom to carry only one on my person, the other in my holster. From circumstances I am forced to believe, as others did, that it was taken by one of the company. I offered forty dollars reward for its return, but never heard further from it. The pistol was worth one hundred dollars in Mexico, and I am told on good authority that it would have brought two hundred in San Francisco last January.

We arrived in San Blas on the 5th of March, and gladly, indeed, did we welcome the first sight of the Pacific as the end of our hardships. But there they only began.

We found a far different state of things here than we had anticipated. Great dissatisfaction was felt here by the Americans towards our Consul, who was said to be engaged with

Mr. Forbes, the English Consul, in chartering vessels for conveying Mexicans to California to the exclusion of Americans, and thereby heightening the price of passage. However this might have been, it is certain that the American Consul had very little regard for the interests of Americans. The cost of passage ranged as high as two hundred dollars for deck passage. I applied to the Consul on behalf of myself and five others who had found themselves here with very little funds, but we got no satisfaction. We made many ineffectual attempts to obtain passage on the *Bark Mary Frances*, that being the first vessel bound out, but the Captain stated he had many more passengers than he desired, and many had been forced on him already. However, an affair occurred that inclined him to be more willing.

It is the custom here in Mexico for the inhabitants of the small towns to indulge themselves on Saturday and Sunday evenings. The landlady of whom we hired our apartments, it being Saturday evening, the 17th, requested us to move into the adjoining room as they wanted that which we were in for the fandango. We complied and were kept awake by them until midnight, but few being able to sleep in the continual noise. I managed to fall asleep but woke about two in the morning and found that some of the New York party were engaged in dancing a cotillion which the Mexicans, as well as they themselves, seemed to be enjoying heartily.

Very soon however, a Mexican with a hatchet struck one of the company, without provocation, on the forehead, cutting him badly. Immediately was a cry of "Pistols!" and "One of our men killed!" and the Mexicans were quickly driven from the room, while the door was barricaded. Pistols were used on both sides and stones thrown about quite freely. The doors of the center room were forced open and that of the room in which I was, broken in. We had some Englishmen with us, who, together with Mr. Gleason and Kittredge, made nine who held possession of the east room.

We expected that when they had succeeded in breaking in the door we were to have a close fight. Had they done so they would have found us posted to give them a warm welcome. But they satisfied themselves with firing a few shots and throw-

ing a few stones, one of which struck me on the arm while I was capping my pistol. The other end of the building was held by the New Yorkers, with whom were Mr. Gridley and Fickett. Many were for going into the street and cleaning them, but Lieut. Miller, who was elected Captain, ordered all to keep within. However, word was sent to the Alcalde that if they didn't cease, we would sack the town.

Two Englishmen who went out to reconnoitre from the rear of the house, were suddenly set upon by a dozen or more Mexicans and robbed of two guns and a brace of pistols. They were told in an authoritative manner that their lives would be spared if they desisted and that their arms would be returned to them in the morning. But all attempts to regain them proved ineffectual.

We ascertained in the morning that one man had been killed and two wounded, one being shot in the knee and the other in the thigh. (One of the wounded men died later at Mazatlan.) Fortunately most of the New Yorkers had left their arms on board their ship or the affair might have been more serious. There were twenty-eight Americans ashore in all, and in the morning we made another attempt to importune the Captain to let us go on board. Finally, we being the only Americans, he agreed provided the company of Capt. Mantune were willing. As they were about to embark from the beach, we ran down to know if they would consent to take us. Having obtained it, we set out immediately to dispose of our horses, and in the course of an hour were all on board the Bark which set sail that day at noon.

I obtained but twelve dollars for my horse, and others about the same, though those who sold theirs in Mazatlan did not do even as well as that, they selling from five to eight dollars. The passage on board the Bark was one hundred dollars. While among the five of us we could not raise more than half the necessary amount, we relied on our credit or the giving of our baggage as security for satisfying the Captain.

After a passage of six days we arrived in Mazatlan and here we found that a portion of our party, Liscom, Keyser, etc., had purchased a small schooner, of about thirty tons, called *Diana*. They were desirous that we should go up with them, they to

carry us for forty-five dollars, we finding ourselves.

The *Diana* had been purchased for eight or nine hundred dollars, and they were confident of being able to run her up the coast to San Francisco in 25 days. As some of our company were desirous to go up on her, I reluctantly consented, and we paid the Captain fifteen dollars each for passage to that port.

At Mazatlan we found the American Consul, though he paid but very little attention to matters brought before him by American citizens. Mazatlan is the most thriving town in the whole of Mexico, presenting some signs of life and modern improvement.

We left there in the *Diana* the 28th of March. My funds had become so reduced that I found myself with but about twenty dollars, and as others were in a similar condition, it was almost impossible to borrow any, and I was forced to part with my other revolver in order to raise the wind. I gave it to Mr. William Pierce for 38 dollars, reserving the right to redeem it in San Francisco for the same. Judging from the course of events taking place since, it will be doubtful if I get it again, though in honest hands. If I had the means now I would order a dozen of those revolvers for San Francisco, and shall do so the first opportunity.

It took the *Diana* ten days to this port, San Jose, a distance of only 160 miles. This, of course, gave us all much doubt as to her ability and all were disappointed in her. She is an old vessel but believed safe to undertake a voyage of two thousand miles on the Pacific. I didn't wish to come aboard her, but the company with whom I was associated desired it, and I reluctantly consented, which I now thoroughly regret. We were almost inclined to leave the vessel here, but were assured by Capt. Winchester, Mate of the *Nancy Bishop*, that when we had rounded the Cape San Lucas, she would have more favorable winds and he was confident of our ending our voyage in 20 days.

So after taking in more water, we left the same day with a fair wind. But after being out eight days we found ourselves but 150 miles west of Cape San Lucas. Besides it had become apparent that the vessel was getting into a leaky condition,

and in case of a storm it was evident that we should go down with her. She had no boats with her, and only one Indian canoe which any ordinary wave or motion of ourselves might turn over. She was pumped three times a day, and frequently we'd wake in the morning and find our blankets wet with leakage. Under these circumstances we were anxious to be set ashore anywhere even with no money in our pockets, and one evening we came very near doing it quite unceremoniously.

The Captain was engaged in talking with some of the passengers, when he suddenly cried out "All hands about ship. Quick, or she will be on the breakers!" And sure enough, peering through the darkness ahead, could we see the white crest of the breakers and hear their roaring on the beach.

We made out to tack ship, and put out to sea standing west point south, but she made so much leeway that our course became nearer southwest until Sunday, the 15th, we presented a petition to the Captain and owners to land us back in San Jose, agreeing to forfeit all claims on them. This agreement was signed by all the passengers. Accordingly we arrived back here in San Jose the 17th of this month and landed sixteen passengers and two of the owners (Hyson and Capt. Hungerford) who thought it more prudent to abandon her than sink themselves.

Mr. Liscom, however, was determined on running her to San Francisco if possible, and accordingly left the second day, having seven others with him who worked the vessel. But it is the opinion of us that it will never reach there.

I landed here with but sixty-two cents in my pocket, and there was in the crowd but about one hundred and fifty dollars. Property, however, was sacrificed and enough means realized to purchase eight horses and preparations were made to start by land for the Diggings. On the 21st eleven of our number started from this village, seven of us preferring to await here the arrival of some vessel. A vessel is now in port, a schooner of thirty-five tons, bound for Mazatlan. If no other arrives we shall deem it safest to return to Mazatlan. So we shall hardly get to San Francisco for sixty days more. The schooner leaves Saturday, 28th, and we are to pay eleven dollars each passage.

We have been obliged to raise the wind by a novel procedure, constituting ourselves a board of physicians, and having a doctor who has met with remarkable success among the natives, curing all of sickness, we have collected from forty to fifty dollars. San Jose, where we now are, contains a population of about four hundred souls mostly of Indian descent. They reside principally in rude cane huts and live for the most part on tortillas and meat as in most parts of Mexico. The town is about a mile from the shore. We landed in the canoe on a sandy beach. The swell was high and it was very difficult and some of us got a ducking as we came ashore. The natives however, are very expert, and watch a proper opportunity for landing.

I have a great deal I would like to write about, but I fear the already extended limits of this letter will tax you sufficiently. I would state, however, that I was sadly disappointed in the characters of some of the members of our party. Many of them, when free from the restraints of civilized society, abandoned themselves to excesses and most disgraceful behavior while passing through Mexico. They were most ungentlemanly in their manners to the inhabitants, bringing reproach upon their better mannered countrymen, besides being constantly engaged in little quarrels with their own comrades. I traveled but little with the Company from the time I left Morelia, being with three or four others and for the most part of the time in advance of the Company. It was found necessary to dissolve the Company at Tepic, though it had been virtually dissolved before this.

You will doubtless ask if I have taken any views of the beautiful country through which I have passed. To this I am sorry to answer "Very few. Not more than a dozen." But when I get to California I intend to employ my pencil more. I have given out as my intention to publish an illustrated work, and many of the "California Boys" I have seen and met on the road are anxious for copies.

We have much cheering news from California, and have seen many who were there last season. It appears that accounts here are even more marvelous than those we heard in the United States. I have seen a couple of gentlemen who

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THE PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 1st, 1849

each said they obtained a hundred thousand dollars, and others who obtained lesser amounts, and some sailors who dug out three or four thousand dollars worth and spent it. There was an old woman at Tepic whose husband was in the mines, and he sent her, last season, a hundred pounds of gold dust. From this place three hundred have gone, leaving but few male inhabitants, and we are informed such is the case all the way up the peninsula.

What the Government intends to do with the vast number of foreigners, Indians, etc., that will be collected there, is difficult to speculate upon. There was a report here that the Governor had forbidden foreigners to dig on their own account. Another report was current in Mexico that fifteen thousand stands of arms were being sent to some part of California for the use of Mexico, and that ten thousand were sent to San Blas. I saw them in the warehouse there. In Mazatlan it was believed by many that Mexico was trying to create some trouble in relation to the settlement of the Boundary Question, and thereby make an attempt to recover California.

I have enjoyed fine health since I left home. The horse riding was much better than I expected, and had we not made the fatal mistake of embarking on the *Diana*, we might have been now on the shores of the El Dorado.

San Jose is a beautiful place and we have hired a rancho for three reals per day, and are doing our own cooking, Robinson Crusoe like, with the remnants of what we have saved from the wreck. But a better day is coming we trust, and when you hear from me again, I hope that if I cannot write in golden letters, I can write of golden things. Remember me to all who take an interest in me, and believe me that all who remembered me in adversity will be remembered in my prosperity.

I have not determined what course to pursue precisely as yet, nor can I until I have gotten there to see for myself. But probably I shall go to the Diggings for a few weeks before the rainy season comes on, when I can attend to the sale of the few goods I have, and make preparations for the future. From all accounts it is an impossibility not to make money in California. The only trouble is how to keep it. Often as I lay down at night, I reflect on the wide differences in my condi-

tion, past and present. I realize, indeed, there is no home like my own, but though I have often wished myself with you, I have never regretted undertaking this journey; and if at home, I would undertake it again, but it would be done in half or less time.

Mazatlan, May 4th, 1849.

After five days more spent upon the waters, I again am found here in this port where I was forty days ago. We took passage on board the *Schooner Josephine*, and when we arrived in port were gladdened by the sight of some twenty sail. We were again thankful to reach the place, and still more so when we saw the harbor filled with so many vessels. Probably more than have ever been here before at this port, and the effect of this increase was very evident on the business streets even during the short time we had been absent.

We arrived yesterday afternoon and in the course of the evening, the *Steamer Edith* arrived, bound for San Francisco, having been to San Blas for coal and dispatches. She came from Upper California but a few days since, and reports the same old stories about gold.

This morning we went to the Captain of the Steamer. We stated our condition and after some talk with him, and having satisfied him of our respectability and ability to pay, he consented to give us passage, we agreeing to pay for the eight $1200 in San Francisco. Passage in the steerage. The regular passage is one hundred and twenty-five dollars and he has consented to take us for twenty-five dollars bonus each. This has, of course, put us all in good spirits. Bad as has been our fortune, it is far better than some who will be found sick and moneyless on their voyage to California. In Panama we understand much sickness prevails and starvation ever threatens there.

We spoke a vessel from that place about fifty miles west of Cape San Lucas which reported three thousand there waiting, and the steamers are prevented from running by the desertion of the sailors. They will have a hard fate. The only method is to place the seamen on board a vessel of war until

they are ready to depart again. The following gentlemen are those with whom I am. Mr. Levi Ayres and James W. Carlton from Georgia; Thomas C. Myers and George S. Broughton of New York; and Thomas M. Gridley of Roxbury, Mass.

I hope soon to write you again, and hope you will neglect no opportunity of writing to me, sending me a bill of lading, etc. My love is with you all, and I hope to see you again e're long and in better days.

Your son,
GEORGE.

Around Cape Horn with Colonel Stevenson's Regiment in 1846

By Joseph Evans, Sergeant Co. "I"

FOREWORD

Mr. Luke Fay of San Francisco has generously permitted us to print this reminiscence of Stevenson's Regiment and the voyage of the *Susan Drew*, as taken from the Evans' Diary. To him we express our sincere appreciation.

An account of the voyage of the *Thomas Perkins*, which carried another detachment of this same Regiment was published by the late James Lynch, a member of this Society, in 1896. "With Stevenson to California" is its title, and it is from this book that we quote the following paragraphs which tell briefly the reasons for the sailing of Stevenson's Regiment.

"In 1845 and '46 the people of the United States were very much excited about the trouble then brewing between the Government and England on account of our northwest boundary line. We claimed the line should run to latitude 54° 40′. The English differed with us. The excitement grew so high and widespread that "Fifty-four forty or fight!" was the cry, especially with the young men of the United States. It seemed to be a contagion, and I confess I was badly affected.

"After Texas had been admitted, General Taylor was sent to the Rio Grande with regular troops, and was fired on by Mexican forces, and thereupon war was declared by Congress.

"Our Government determined to occupy California . . . and Col. J. D. Stevenson was authorized to raise a regiment for service in California. After ten companies were fitted up, each company was marched to the Battery and then taken in boats to Governor's Island in the harbor . . .

"On the first day of August 1846, we were regularly mustered into the service of the United States, and we were furnished with uniforms, arms, and accouterments. A regimental band was organized, and each company had its drum and fife."

I will try to relate a few incidents that came under my own observations dating from the time the Regiment left Governor's Island, September 26, 1846. As a member of Company "I," which was formed at Bath, Steuben Co., New York, June 26, 1846, under Captain Wm. E. Shannon, I left with the Steuben Volunteers for New York Harbor, August 1, 1846.

At last the hour came for us to start on our long journey. The Regiment was put aboard three ships, one-third assigned to each ship. These ships were to take us to San Francisco, Cal., then continue on to China returning by way of Good Hope, thus circling the Globe. On the morning of September 25th, 1846, the transports under convoy of the Sloop of War *Preble* made ready to leave New York Harbor. As night settled in we passed out of the Harbor and followed the lead of the *Preble*. The fleet consisted of the *Susan Drew*, *Loo Choo*, and *Thomas Perkins*. As we passed out through the Channel a severe storm arose, and when daylight appeared our vessel, the *Susan Drew*, was alone on the great ocean. We did not meet the others again until we reached the Harbor of Rio de Janeiro, South America.

Our course took us well across the Atlantic when we struck the South West trade winds which carried us over to the coast of Brazil a little North of Rio Janeiro. We had then been two months at sea and the sight of land put new life in us. The voyage had been very monotonous as we had not seen sight of a sail since leaving New York. We had a change of things when we crossed the Equator. We rendered to King Neptune his toll, then he allowed us to pass on. It caused much laughter and cheered us for a time. On nearing the Equator the weather was intensely hot. The Surgeon, Dr. Alexander Perry, thought a bath would add to the comfort of the men, so an order was issued directing that each Company should go through the ordeal of having a bath in a large tub that was used for washing the decks. A portion complained of the order, others refused, as they did not care to bathe in the tub that some less clean than themselves had been in.

The Captain being an officer from West Point and a martinet in every sense, detailed men from another Company to wash them by force. Still they refused.

The Captain then ordered them under arrest until they obeyed orders. The guard room was a very small space below deck, therefore the space was limited and soon some fainted from the intense heat. The Surgeon was called but he refused to order the men released. The men of the other companies thought they would take matters in their own hands. It

being dark they procured a rope from the deck, making it fast to the grated door of the guard room. Then a hundred men or more, running the rope aft, they gave a pull and down came the partition setting the prisoners free. The guard gave the alarm, which caused the officers with drawn swords to come forward and see what the trouble was. The men were ordered to desist, but in reply the officers received a shower of boards which caused them to beat a hasty retreat, and the partition was consigned to the Sea. So ended that order of taking a bath as the Colonel thought it wise to drop the matter. On arriving at Rio Janeiro more lumber was purchased and a new guard room built and placed under a sentry. The first night out of port the new guard house met the same fate as the former. The sentry who had charge, was tried by court-martial and sentenced to lose six months' pay. He deserted at Valparaiso and was never seen again.

On nearing the Coast we saw a sail just above the horizon which appeared to be going the same course as we were. As we could not distinguish who she was we waited until dark, when we signaled her with rockets and found her to be one of our own fleet. Early in the morning we entered the harbor and, upon informing the Custom House Officers who we were, in a short time were allowed to anchor in front of the City of Rio Janeiro. We found all our fleet there. On coming to anchor we were immediately surrounded by boats containing fruits of all descriptions which were for sale, a treat we enjoyed as it was a great change from salt provisions. Soon our Commissary had fresh beef, vegetables, etc., sent aboard, which with the balmy air gave us new life. On reaching shore we found the people and customs quite different from those in our own country. The people were very kind and courteous to us. The Slaves were used worse than brutes. It was heart-rending to see how some were used. The streets were very narrow, in fact so much so that it was almost impossible for a carriage to pass without colliding with some object.

After a week's stay at Rio Janeiro, we were ordered to make ready for sea again. Many of our men were still on shore and Sergeants were detailed to hunt them up. I was detailed to that duty and as some of our comrades were missing we had

to obtain the assistance of the police. Some of our men were in the lock-up for disorderly conduct. One had drawn a pistol on a Police Officer, which made it necessary to appeal to the American Minister for his release.

At last we bade farewell to Rio Janeiro, laying our course for Cape Horn. Again we found ourselves alone on the Atlantic and until we sighted Cape Horn we did not see a sail. We sighted one that day which proved to be a French vessel and which soon disappeared. As Christmas was drawing near some of the men determined to give a Theatrical Performance on board in celebration of Christmas. Two characters were to be female and as there were a number of soldiers' wives on board, it was easy to procure female attire. Christmas came in due time and, although we were south of the Cape, it was a day of cold sleet and heavy wind. We had a fine dinner and in the evening our actors gave their performance which was greatly enjoyed, although we had to stretch ropes across the deck to keep the actors from falling, the ship was rolling so badly. I am certain no theatrical performance was ever given under such difficulties as that given on board of the *Susan Drew* off Cape Horn, Christmas Day 1846.

Soon after, we rounded Cape Horn. From there we had a fine trade wind and made a quick run to Valparaiso, Chili, arriving there after another two months at sea, and without seeing a sail except the French vessel mentioned. Afterward we learned that the *Preble* and the *Thomas H. Perkins*, the Colonel's ship, continued straight on to San Francisco and did not call at Valparaiso. On our arrival at Valparaiso our Lieutenant Colonel, Henry S. Benton, who was in command of the *Susan Drew*, refused shore leave to the company on account of their difficulties at Rio Janeiro. Water and supplies were obtained and orders given for the ships to get under way.

The men on the *Loo Choo*, the other ship, in command of the Major James A. Hardie of the Regiment, mutinied and prevented the ship's crew from hoisting their anchor, threatening all kinds of things if they persisted. The Major reported the condition of affairs on his ship to the Lieutenant Colonel who, being a very mild and considerate officer, issued orders

(From Revere's "Tour of Duty in California".)

MONTEREY—CAPITAL OF CALIFORNIA

allowing all hands one day's liberty ashore. Some of the men got into trouble and were put in the calaboose. Some who returned to the ship were court-martialed for disobedience and fined six months' pay.

It took us two days to get off from Valparaiso. We bade good-bye to the city at sun down and sailed out on the broad Pacific. We journeyed on up to San Francisco without any "events" taking place. As we neared the coast of California we began making ready, not knowing what our reception would be, thinking we might be the first of the fleet to arrive. When we passed Bird Rock, Alcatraz, in the Harbor of San Francisco, we saw not only our own ships but a number of Uncle Sam's War Vessels anchored in front of the town. There ended our long journey of six months since we left New York Harbor.

We soon learned that the sailors and marines, assisted by Colonel Fremont's Battalion of mountaineers, had driven out what few Mexican soldiers there were in California at the time, so our regiment was not likely to have much trouble with the natives. Leave was given us to go ashore, and recruit before entering on active duty.

From this point the regiment separated, one company remaining in San Francisco at the Presidio, five went to Monterey with the Colonel in command, two to Santa Barbara, and two with the Lieut. Colonel to Lower California. Company "I", to which I belonged, was one of those to go to Monterey, and embarked on the store ship *Lexington* for that port. I was ordered with two others aboard another ship in charge of the camp equipage and officers' baggage, and I remained on board until everything was discharged.

There was a Company of the 3rd United States Artillery just arrived, of which Gen. Wm. T. Sherman was Second Lieutenant, and they had begun the construction of a redoubt on the hill overlooking Monterey Harbor where they had encamped. A fatigue party from our Volunteers was detailed every day to assist. The work was in charge of Captain H. W. Halleck of the engineer corps. The men, to shirk work, would bury their picks and shovels.

About this time Brigadier-General Kearny came up to Monterey with Colonel Fremont under arrest in his train.

Colonel Fremont was the first to begin the fight in California. He was on detached duty exploring routes over the mountains to the Pacific Coast. He had entered California, and learning that war had been declared against Mexico by the United States, he enlisted a lot of mountaineers and with his own men formed what was known as Fremont's Battalion, and hoisted the celebrated Bear Flag.

When General Stephen Kearny came into the country from New Mexico and took command he ordered Colonel Fremont to report to him. This, Fremont refused to do, saying he received orders from the Secretary of War, as he was on special duty, and Kearny had no control over him. The General thought differently and put him under arrest—took him back east a prisoner, where he was court-martialed and dismissed from the Service. Through the influence of his father-in-law, Senator Thos. H. Benton, his sword and rank were restored to him. After this General Kearny prepared to return east. He gathered all horses and pack mules belonging to both his and Fremont's party and took with him a detail of two or three men to care for the horses. The remainder returned to town and joined their company. Kearny and Fremont took their departure for home, and Colonel Stevenson, with three companies of our regiment, sailed for Los Angeles, leaving companies "D" and "I" in Monterey.

Soon after the Artillery Company landed six of the men deserted, but were captured again and tried by a court-martial. Two were condemned to be shot and four were to receive fifty lashes on the bare back with a rawhide. Punishment at that time was not only severe but brutal. Congress later abolished such severe punishment in the navy. The prisoners were stripped to the waist and their hands tied to the wheel of a field gun while they received their punishment. Four men from their own company were drawn by lot to administer the punishment. Lieut. Wm. T. Sherman was the officer in charge and he gave evidence of his determined will, for which he was noted. One of the men selected to do the whipping was a tender hearted German. When it became his turn to apply the lash he did not strike the blows heavy enough to satisfy Sherman. He was ordered to strike heavier, but he

broke down and threw away his lash. Sherman, at this, folded his orders, placing them in his pocket, then drew his sword, and, taking the man by the collar, told him if he did not take up the lash and do as ordered he would cut him down where he stood. The poor German, knowing Sherman would do as he said, burst out crying, and, taking up his lash again, he performed the task to suit his superior officer.

The two less fortunate men were taken to the rear of the camp where two graves had been dug and two coffins placed over them. The men, being blindfolded, were seated on the coffins. Twelve men had been drawn to do the shooting. Twelve muskets were stacked, six were loaded with ball cartridges and six with blank cartridges. Each man took one as he passed by. As the muskets had been mixed the men did not know which were which, therefore none was aware which shot would take effect. Everything being ready Sherman gave the command "Ready, take aim!" But before the word "Fire!" was given, the word that would have ended the poor fellows' lives, a courier was seen riding as fast as his horse could go and carrying a white flag. He came from Commanding Officer Colonel R. B. Mason, Military Governor, and bore a reprieve, the Governor having found an error in the court-martial, which he had intended should occur, as he did not intend them to be shot. The suspense of the poor fellows awaiting Sherman's order, "Fire!" was almost death to them.

The Harbor at that time was full of War Vessels, there being two Commodores, Shubrick and Stockton, with their broad pennants, and we had a fine Fourth of July. They left soon after and made a fine showing as they passed out of the Harbor led by the old Battleship *Columbus*, a three decker, the largest ship in the United States Navy. She was on her way home from the China station and bore the blue pennant of Commodore Shubrick, the oldest I think in the service at that time. However that may be, he was shown great respect by Commodore Stockton, as not a sail was hoisted on his squadron until the battleship, led by her tender, was well under way going out of the harbor. Then at a signal the other vessels got under way and followed in order of their rank.

For some months nothing of importance occurred, except Company "D" was mounted and sent over to the San Joaquin Valley and into the Sierras to chastise the Indians, who were in the habit of coming into the valleys to run off bands of horses from the ranches.

During the summer Walter Colton, the last of the Monterey Alcaldes, erected the first school built in California. It was constructed of a peculiar stone which, when first taken from the quarry, was very soft. After being exposed to the sun and air for a time it became very hard. Some of our men, being both masons and stone cutters, were needed for the work, so the Alcalde had them relieved from duty to do the fine work on his building, and for this they received extra pay. It was a good job when finished and stands today as a monument to the skill of Stevenson's Volunteers.

About February 1, 1848, orders were issued from headquarters for Company "I" to go aboard a ship about to leave for San Pedro, and on arriving there, to start for San Diego to relieve a Company of Mormons who were in the United States service, and who were about to be discharged. As soon as all was ready, we sailed for San Pedro, and on the afternoon of the next day arrived off that harbor. The Captain of our vessel had never been there before, and sailed about all the afternoon trying to locate the town, but failed. As night was coming on, he concluded to run out to sea and wait until morning, but upon seeing a sailboat coming from the headland, he backed his mainsail and waited until the boat came along side. The Captain inquired if the men could pilot him into the harbor. They answered they could, came aboard, and in a short time we were anchored in the harbor. In the meantime we learned that the boatmen belonged to our regiment and had been detailed from Los Angeles to act as Custom House Officers at San Pedro.

We were anchored about half a mile from shore, and, as we had considerable army supplies on board, notice was sent to Los Angeles for teams to haul them away, since there was no place for storage on shore, as the town consisted of only one Spanish adobe building and a few Indian Huts. No wonder the Captain could not locate the town!

While there our Captain was called to Los Angeles on court-martial affairs. Some of us got leave to visit the town. We hired horses from a ranch near by and had a fine ride over the plains for about thirty miles. The troups stationed there were one company of United States Dragoons, General Kearny's escort across the Plains, and three companies of Volunteers, all under the command of Colonel J. D. Stevenson. Los Angeles was the Headquarters for the Southern Department. After spending a couple of days there we returned to San Pedro. On returning to camp we found that a large wagon with a six mule team had come up from Los Angeles to carry our camp equipage on our march to San Diego.

The next day we broke up camp and said good-bye to San Pedro. We were seven days on the march, and it rained much of the time on our journey. It was anything but pleasant. In addition to the rain we were swamped in the ocean for a time near the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, the cause being that the place is hilly and runs down toward the shore, causing the main trail to run about six miles along the beach. We entered this stretch at low tide and were overtaken before we reached the end. We were in water up to our knees. In the morning we got our wagon on high land and started to the Mission San Luis Rey. We reached San Luis Rey Sunday a. m. Here we laid over a day to rest and dry our blankets. We had plenty of room, the place having been deserted by the Mexican Troops, they having been driven out of California by our Soldiers. This Mission was one of the finest in California. At one time it contained four thousand converted Indians in the employ of the Padres.

We were two days more on the road, but reached San Diego all O. K. and took up our quarters where we could find room. There was a block house and redoubt on the hill back of the town, built by Commodore Stockton's men when they occupied the place. We occupied this, as it was the best we could do.

A month after our arrival a detachment of Dragoons from Los Angeles arrived bringing the remains of fourteen of their comrades who were killed in the encounter between them and a band of Mexican Lancers at San Pasqual. There were two

commissioned officers and twelve privates. The officers were buried in separate graves and the privates in one large trench with all honors due to soldiers killed in battle, and left to sleep on the hillside until the last bugle call.

There was little to enliven us in the town. Occasionally we received a paper from Monterey which told us what was going on. There we learned of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill. This greatly excited us and everyone was talking of going up to the mines. We were still in the service, and without money to make so long a journey even if we could get away. In the last part of June we were surprised by the arrival in town of a courier from the City of Mexico bringing the news that peace had been declared in May, and that the United States Troups had left Mexico. From that time until the 25th of September, when we were paid off and mustered out of service, nothing of interest occurred.

From this on I personally met with several adventures which I have written in this narrative, but as they have no connection whatever with Colonel Stevenson's Regiment and are only of interest to my friends at home, I will not write any more of the history of the Regiment. I was a California Pioneer and I assisted at the funerals of that grand old pioneer, General John A. Sutter at Bethlehem, Penn., and of General John C. Fremont, the pathfinder, who lies on the bank of the Hudson River.

Most of my comrades of the Mexican War have passed over the great divide. Their bones are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, on the Plains and in the Rocky Canyons of the Sierra Nevadas. Never more will they hear the roll call summoning them to arms. There let them sleep until the great last roll call shall summons one and all from their rest to answer Him who gave them life.

Some San Francisco Facts of Interest.

A letter written by Richard W. Meade.

FOREWORD

The following letter was given to The Society of California Pioneers by the Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California some years ago. It is chiefly of interest because of the mention of the naming of Bush Street, though it is unfortunate that Commander Meade did not state his reason for choosing that name.

ORDNANCE OFFICE

U. S. Navy Yard, New York.
Dec. 1st, 1875.

Gen. H. G. Gibson,
U. S. A.

My dear Sir:

I cannot remember the exact day in July 1849 on which I landed from the *California*, Capt. Budd, in San Francisco, but it was about the time the so called "Hounds" (a band of Regulators) were committing their outrages on citizens. I was with my father on board the U. S. Ship *Warren*, Capt. A. K. Long, when Roberts, the leader of the Hounds, with nine of his gang, was captured and sent to the *Warren* for safe-keeping.

My father went out to California on duty and took me with him. We left N. Y. in May 1849 in the Str. *Crescent City*, Capt. Stoddard; landed in Chagres; boated up the river to Cruces and crossed on mules to Panama, from whence we took the Str. *California* on her arrival from her first trip. Our trip in that vessel was her *second*. We had the Boundary Commission on board, and landed the members at San Diego.

I entered the Surveyor's Office at San Francisco and was employed with Mr. Wm. Eddy, afterwards, I believe, the

Surveyor General of the State, in making the first *regular* survey of the City of San Francisco. Many of the streets were laid out and named by our party, and I had the honor of naming Bush Street myself. It then crossed Happy Valley and was a waste of sand, dotted here and there by canvas tents.

I subsequently returned east and entered the Navy from California in September 1850, mine being the first Naval appointment from the Golden State.

Very truly yours,

Richard W. Meade,
Comdr. U. S. N.
Inspector of Ordnance.

Announcements and Reports.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

December 31, 1930.

Fellow Members:

I wish to extend the thanks of our President, Mr. Charles C. Moore, and the Board of Directors to all of our members and friends who have donated books and relics and documents and pictures to the Society during this last Quarter.

Three new members' names have been added to the membership roll. They are Angus Stewart Holden, Frank Sutter Link, and James G. Swinnerton.

In October the members at the monthly luncheon meeting were addressed by James G. Swinnerton, President of the Bohemian Club, who spoke in happy vein. In November Mr. Lincoln Hutchinson, Professor of Economics at the University of California and former member of the Herbert Hoover Relief Commission to Russia after the War, gave us a comprehensive account of the "Russian Five-Year Plan." In December Ex-Governor, Friend W. Richardson who had lately returned from a tour of the Orient, gave us a graphic word picture of "The Mysteries of India." All three were extremely interesting talks, and the meetings were well attended.

Yours very sincerely,

H. L. Van Winkle,

Secretary.

CURATOR'S REPORT

Accessions to the Museum and Library received since September 30, 1930.

Relics from Sutter's Saw Mill

Sutter's Mill was built on the south bank of the South Fork of the American River at Coloma, El Dorado County in the winter of 1847, by James Wilson Marshall, who later discovered gold in the mill-race, about a hundred and fifty feet from the mill, on January 24, 1848.

For long years, since 1880, Mr. Phil. B. Bekeart, a Director of this Society and a native of Coloma, had been endeavoring to re-locate the site of the mill which had been lost to view since the flood of 1861. During August 1924 the river was very low, and it was then reported to Mr. Bekeart that some pieces of wood were showing above the gravel bed of the river near Coloma. He, therefore, immediately made a trip to Coloma and identified the site of the old saw mill, about a hundred feet from the south bank in the South Fork of the American River.

Our Board of Directors then instructed him to have a part of the old mill excavated and a marker erected on the spot. So, under his direction workmen dug out the hewn timbers composing the southwest corner of the old mill. Next, a marker, twenty-two feet long, nine feet wide, and eighteen feet high, was placed by this Society on the spot where James Wilson Marshall discovered the first little flake of gold.

This little flake, together with the letter proving its authenticity, is now in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Sooner or later, the little town of Coloma may disappear, and with it the marker, for the State of California is contemplating erecting a dam which, if built, will flood the site of the old saw mill and the town of Coloma.

The excavated timbers of the old mill, the saw, and a number of tools and relics that were found on the bed rock, nine feet below the river bed, were brought to San Francisco and are now on exhibition in the Rooms of this Society.

The members of this Society and all those interested in the history of our State are indebted to Mr. Bekeart for his continued effort and untiring energy in re-locating the mill and assembling these relics. They are of great interest in connection with the old mill, which was the site of one of the outstanding events of the nineteenth century, and they also bring back to us knowledge of the methods used by our sturdy forefathers under the primitive conditions existing in 1847-1849.

The following is a detailed list of the above mentioned relics.

1. A 12 x 12 inch square hewn log 6 ft. 5 ins. long. This is part of the base log. It was resting on a large granite stone on bed rock, 10 feet below the surface of the river bed.

2. A 12 inch round partly hewn log 6 ft. 8 ins. with end cut for resting on the base log (No. 1) and also with a recess for an upright log.

3. An 8 inch partly round hewn log 6 ft. 3 ins. This was the corner upright.

4. A 12 inch square hewn log 4 ft. 8 ins. with mortise extension.

5. A 6 inch square hewn log 5 ft. 6 ins. This is probably one of the upright logs that was sticking out through the gravel which caused me to identify the spot.

6. A 9 inch square hewn log 4 ft. 11 ins. with mortise extension, with top worn off by the river and gravel so that it resembles deer horns. This was also one of the logs sticking out a couple of inches above the gravel. There was an inch of water over it.

7. A 9 inch square hewn log 3 ft. 10 ins. An upright log with a V end which set in a recess in another log.

8. A 1½ inch rough plank 15 inches wide, 6 ft. long. This plank was the only one found and shows how the lumber was sawed and afterwards split off the log.

9. The jig saw—the only one used in cutting logs at Sutter's Mill. Marshall had about finished the mill when he discovered gold. Lumber was cut for only a few months before the gold rush was on. The saw, evidently hand made like all of the small relics, was found at bed rock, having sunk through the sawdust and silt. This silt preserved logs Nos.

1, 2 and 3, as it did the small relics, whereas logs that were in the gravel were considerably worn and rotted. The saw—of the rigid type—was originally in an upright position, and it was attached to elbows swiveling on a round wooden disc, that worked it up and down with a slightly curved motion. This caused the saw to wear out near the top.

The log was run up against the saw and cut to within 6 inches of the rear end; it was then pulled back and a new cut started which cut a plank, and so on, until the log was entirely cut. The uncut 6 inches was then split and the plank (see No. 8) was the result.

10. A piece of the large granite stone on which the corner base logs rested.

11. A half circle shaped iron 19 inches long with two wedge shaped projections or teeth. This iron was driven into the rear end of the log to hold it in position while sawing. The sledge hammer burr on the center of the iron is plainly discernible.

12. A flat iron 9 inches long, 3¼ inches wide with a hole 2½ x 1 inch cut near the top. This was possibly the guide for the handle that threw the belt off and on.

13. A 2 inch chisel.

14. A hand made bolt and nut—8 inches long.

15. A piece of flat iron—12 long x 1¼ inches wide.

16. A leather funnel, possibly used for forcing tallow through for oiling purposes.

17. A piece of the leather belt with laces—this part evidently cut out when they used the belt for some other purpose.

18. A piece of wood 19½ inches long, evidently used on the top of the end iron.

19. An oak wedge—11 inches long x 2¼ inches wide.

20. An oak wedge—10 inches long x 2¼ inches wide.

21. An oak pin—8 x 2½ inches for keying logs together.

22. A round pin 12½ inches long, taken out of the mortised log.

23. A round pin 9½ inches long, taken out of the mortised log.

24. A piece of the root of the twin pine tree that stood alongside of Sutter's Mill.

25. Another piece.

26. An odd shaped curved piece of oak, evidently used as a belt guide.

27. A sack containing sawdust, silt, mica and gold dust.

Miscellaneous

Mr. Phil B. Bekeart. Photostat copies of two newspaper articles (S. F. *Chronicle*, 1893 and S. F. *Call*, 1889) containing statements regarding J. W. Marshall by Mr. J. F. Bekeart.

Mrs. Ethel W. Glenn. Small gold plated shovel, a replica of the one used by William Howard Taft in turning the first spadeful of earth for the Panama Pacific International Exposition.

Mr. R. W. Hersey. A collection of interesting San Francisco newspapers of April 1865.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Humphrey. A plaque entitled "The Covered Wagon, 1849."

Mr. Victor A. Link. Copy of the Will of Mrs. Anna Sutter, wife of Gen. John A. Sutter, written Nov. 27, 1880. Also, a collection of old Roman coins.

Mrs. Louise Litsch. An interesting collection of early papers of the Society of California Pioneers.

Mr. Myer H. Moss. Interesting newspaper clippings.

Mr. Robert W. Neal. A pair of Mexican spurs in use in 1854.

Mr. W. W. Neal. Broadside—The Great Seal of California.

Mr. Henry W. Root. Two stock certificates of the Buckeye Petroleum Mining Company, 1865.

Miss Lottie Wood. A scrapbook of cards of individual members of the I. O. O. F.

Pictures

Mr. A. F. Beritzhoff. Framed photograph of Mr. Alexander C. Beritzhoff.

Mrs. Ethel Woodward Glenn, Mrs. Isabel Woodward Melsted, and Mr. Robert S. Woodward. An album of 325 photographs of early San Francisco collected by their father, Mr. Thomas P. Woodward.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sutter Link. Three framed oil portraits of John A. Sutter and Mrs. John A. Sutter.

Mrs. Kate Roy. Photograph of Mr. Hermann Mast.

Mrs. Emma O. Walker. Photograph of Mr. W. H. Nash.

Bird's Eye view of Placerville, California. Published by the "Weekly Observer," 1888.

Manuscripts

Mr. Cesar Bertheau, Jr. Copy of the Diary of Mr. Cesar Bertheau, Sr., written in 1849.

Mr. E. H. Holden. The Pioneer Paper Mill, Taylorville, Marin County, California. History of a trip from Boston to Condemned Bar, California, in 1849, being an account of the journey of Dr. E. S. Holden and Mr. John Redington, 1849.

Mr. F. W. Payne. Copy of the Journal of Dr. J. R. Bradway, 1853. Portrait of Dr. J. R. Bradway. Several magazine articles by Mr. Payne on Indians, Rangers, Death Valley, etc.

Books

(*The name of the donor follows the name of the author and title of the book*)

Boyd, T. P. The how and why of the Emmanuel Movement. S. F., 1914. Gift of Mrs. E. W. Glenn.

Clark, Galen. Indians of the Yosemite Valley. Author, 1904. Gift of Mr. J. H. P. Gedge.

Coy, Owen C. Humboldt Bay Region, 1850-75. L. A., Calif. State Hist. Assoc., 1929. Gift of the Association.

Edwards, C. E. Bohemian San Francisco. S. F., Paul Elder, 1914. Gift of Mrs. E. W. Glenn.

Hart, Jerome A. In our second century. S. F., Pioneer Press, 1931.

In Memoriam Frederick Billings. Tokio, Shueisha, 1930. Gift of Mrs. Grace Barstow.

Malliard, Joseph. Handbook of the birds of Golden Gate Park. Calif. Acad. of Sciences, 1930. Gift of Dr. Barton W. Everman.

Panoramic San Francisco, 1877. S. F., Thos. C. Russell. Gift of the publisher.

Roster of the Graduates of the San Francisco High School, Boys' High School, Lowell High School, 1856-1930. S. F., Lowell High School Alumnae Association. Gift of the Lowell High School Alumnae Association.

Simpson, Sir George. Narrative of a voyage to California ports in 1841-42. S. F., T. C. Russell Reprint, 1930.

Three Pioneer Ballads. Rescued by Wells Drury. S. F., 1931. Gift of Mr. Wells Drury.

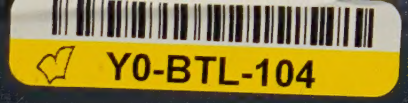
Tinkham, George H. California men and events. Stockton, Record Pub. Co., 1915.

Society of California Pioneers, Constitution and By-Laws of. S. F., 1874. Gift of Mrs. Louise Litsch.

Southern Pacific Bulletin. Copies of seven issues containing historical articles. Gift of Mr. E. H. Holden.

Wheeler, Homer W. Buffalo Days. Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill, 1925. Gift of Col. W. P. Kendall.

Wood, John H. Seventy-five years of history of the Mechanics' Institute. S. F., 1930. Gift of the author.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